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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1900.

IN THE EARLY FORTIES,

BY GEORGE M. SMITH.

THOUGH it has often been suggested to me by friends who have been interested in my recollections of people I have known that I should put on record some of the incidents of a long and busy life, I doubt whether I should have taken up my pen, had it not been for the friendly pressure put on me by a distinguished man of letters from Australia who was recently on a visit to this country. It is chiefly at his instance that I have made up my mind to attempt a few jottings of my remembrances, beginning with very early days.

There are generally but few incidents, and these often only of trivial importance, that rest in one's memory after some sixty years; but trivial as these incidents may have been in my experience, they brought me into contact with people and events which after so long a period of time may have a certain interest for the present generation.

Sixty years ago the business of Smith, Elder, & Co. was carried on at 65 Cornhill. It consisted chiefly of an export trade to India and our colonies. There was also a small publishing business, occasionally involving a certain amount of enterprise.

A recent festival in honour of the centenary of Lieutenant Waghorn's birth has brought to my mind incidents of my boyhood relating to that pioneer of the Overland Route to India, of whom I have a vivid remembrance. At that time the long route round the Cape, occupying three or four months, was the only means of communication with India, and Waghorn's scheme for

a shorter route across the Isthmus of Suez and through the Red Sea was eagerly welcomed by the commercial world. The English Government was chilly, if not indifferent, and private enterprise was left to demonstrate both the speed and the practicability of the new route. A number of merchants interested in the Eastern trade joined to bear the cost of some experimental trips by Waghorn. Letters to be sent to India in Waghorn's charge were brought to us to be stamped for express to Marseilles, where they were received by Waghorn and carried by him to Bombay. From Bombay in turn a packet of letters was brought by Waghorn to England.

I was eager, boy-like, to take part in this contest with time and space ; my ambition was to ride one of the expresses between Paris and Marseilles, and I remember a fit of sulks which lasted for more than a week because my father refused his consent to this performance.

Waghorn, as I have said, received in Bombay a number of letters addressed to the various firms interested in the enterprise, and brought them *viâ* the Red Sea and Suez to London, thus showing by how many days he could beat the Cape route. The cost of this trip was distributed over the number of letters he carried, and charged as postage. The postage on the early Overland letters under this scheme was naturally alarming in scale ; I can even now remember my father's face when he opened a letter brought by Waghorn, and containing a duplicate draft for 3*l.* or 4*l.*, the postage for which was assessed at something like 25*l.* !

My father's firm acted as Waghorn's agents. All letters were brought to 65 Cornhill and posted thence. We youngsters used to think the receipt and stamping of these letters, for which we had an office at the back of the shop, great fun ; it was like 'playing at post-office.' Waghorn was a sailor-like man, short and broad, excitable in a high degree, and of tremendous energy. He really did a very great thing : he opened a new and shorter route of intercourse between the East and the West ; but the greatness of his feat was never properly recognised or rewarded. He had an unfortunate gift for quarrelling with people ; his energy was unqualified by tact ; his temper was explosive. On one occasion I went into my little room and found its floor strewn with fragments of paper ; it was a copy of the *Times* which contained an article which did not please Waghorn, and he had expressed his sentiments by furiously tearing the paper into the

tiniest fragments. More than once Waghorn arrived at 65 Cornhill in the early morning when I was the only member of the staff present. On one occasion he arrived, travel-stained and dirty: he had just landed; and without a word of greeting he shouted, 'Have you any one here who can run?' I called in a ticket-porter from the street: Waghorn inquired if he could run. 'Yes, sir,' said the porter, 'if I am paid for it.' Waghorn handed him a packet and told him to run with it to the Foreign Office. The ticket-porter was stout and scant of breath; running for him was a lost art. Waghorn watched the man waddling down Cornhill; he burst out with a seafaring expletive, not to be repeated here, ran after the porter, seized him by the coat-tails, which he rent halfway up his back, grasped the packet, rolled the unfortunate porter into the gutter, and ran off himself with the despatches to the Foreign Office. I had to pick the astonished porter from the gutter and pay him handsomely for his damaged coat and outraged feelings in order to save Waghorn from a charge of assault.

Something of the spirit of modern trade, of its haste and keenness, its eagerness to outrace not only all competitors but time itself, was already visible in the operations of the firm. It seemed a great matter to them to get periodicals and parcels off to India up to the latest moment, and I can remember seeing a postchaise standing at the door of the shop in Cornhill to take parcels of the 'Quarterly' or 'Edinburgh Review,' I forget which, off to Deal to catch a fast ship there. It must, I suppose, have contained some article of special interest to the Indian public, but it was an expensive way of sending a magazine, and could only 'pay' in the sense that getting the Review to India before any other agent won for the firm a reputation for energy and enterprise.

I recall another instance of these same characteristics. The porter at the East India House, named Toole, used to be sent to Gravesend with the latest despatches from the India Office. He was a magnificent fellow, with a splendid red livery—who, out of office hours, was widely known as the best toast-master of his time; his son, Mr. John Lawrence Toole, is the genial actor who has delighted several generations of playgoers. Some arrangement was come to with this gorgeous being, and he used to carry, in addition to his despatches, packages of magazines and books for Smith, Elder, & Co.

As to my early attempts as a publisher, they began when I was about nineteen years of age. I had then no responsible position in the firm, but the business instinct was slowly awaking in me. I was shrewd enough to see that no steady policy was pursued in the publishing department. If a book made a success, then for a time almost everything that offered itself was accepted; this naturally produced a harvest of disasters; then for a while nothing at all was published. Various efforts were made to improve the management of the publishing department, to which the members of the firm were unable to give much personal attention. A Mr. Folthorp, who afterwards had a large Library at Brighton, was engaged as manager, but with little success; a Mr. Reid followed him, and he also was a failure. I had often discussed the matter with my mother, who had a keen and businesslike intelligence; I was eager to assume a responsible position in the business, and on the deposition of Mr. Reid, my mother persuaded my father, who in turn persuaded his partners, to put me in charge of the publishing department. I was to have the modest sum of 1,500*l.* at my absolute disposal. I stipulated that I was not to be questioned or interfered with in any way as to its use; with this sum I was to make what publishing ventures I pleased. Behold me then, a youth not yet twenty, searching the horizon for authors whose literary bantlings I might introduce to an admiring and, as I fondly hoped, purchasing world.

My first venture was the publication of R. H. Horne's—'Orion' Horne's—'New Spirit of the Age,'—a series of essays on well-known living writers. I doubt whether any publisher has ever been so much interested in a book as I was in these two volumes. It was, from the publisher's point of view, my first-born. I have since had publishing and commercial ventures involving comparatively very large sums, but not one has ever given me such anxious care as these volumes. I read every line of the book, first in manuscript and then in proof; I poured upon the unfortunate author all sorts of youthful criticisms and suggestions. I had sleepless nights over the book. At last we came to a deadlock. The book included an article on Colonel Perronet Thompson, a leading and very advanced politician of the day. Horne's study of Thompson was enthusiastic; his views were not in the least likely to commend themselves to the book-buying public of that time. I felt very much as I imagine the editor of the 'Quarterly Review' would feel if invited to accept an eulogium,

say, of Mr. John Burns by Mr. Keir Hardie. I remonstrated with Horne, who replied that Thompson was a man of sufficient distinction to find a place in the volume, and was a man with a future. A long correspondence followed, dreadfully in earnest on my side, but Horne was firm. At length I went to Horne's residence at Kentish Town to endeavour to settle the matter in person. I have still a vivid remembrance of the interview which followed, and had a sufficient sense of humour to appreciate its absurdity even in my anxious condition of mind. I argued the matter with great earnestness, employing all the eloquent phrases I had invented during my ride to Kentish Town on the outside of an omnibus. Horne at last said, 'My dear young friend, you are rather excited. Let us have a little music.' He fetched his guitar and played to me for half an hour; he then asked if my views were still the same. He found they had resisted even the strains of his guitar. Then Horne's good-nature came to my aid. He opened his bookcase, beckoned to me with the gesture of a tragic actor to approach. He took up the offending manuscript, written on brief-paper, held one corner in his hand, and motioned to me with the utmost solemnity to take the other corner. We then proceeded in funereal silence, keeping step as in a stage procession, to the fireplace, when Horne looked me in the face with a tragic expression, and said, 'Throw.' We threw; the offending manuscript dropped into the flames; Horne heaved a deep sigh, and I shook him warmly by the hand and departed much relieved. Any one who remembers the quaint and picturesque personality of the author of 'Orion' will be able to appreciate this scene.

Thackeray reviewed Horne's book in the *Morning Chronicle*, and on the whole favourably, though he sadly hurt Horne's feelings by in effect calling him a Cockney, which to Horne seemed the sum of all discredit. The droll little man came to Cornhill with the preface to a new edition in which he proposed to overwhelm his critics, including Thackeray. We adjourned to the 'Woolpack,' a tavern in St. Peter's Alley, Cornhill, where I generally had my lunch, and there in a quiet room upstairs the preface was discussed. I remember how vain I felt at having suggested an expression about 'the scorching glare of the Bay of Mexico, or the thunders of the Gulf of Florida,' which Horne accepted with acclamation as a substitute for some tamer phrase he had used.

Horne was a kindly, clever little man, but he was an oddity. He published the first three editions of 'Orion' at a farthing

a copy; the price of the fourth edition was, I believe, a shilling, and that of the fifth, half-a-crown. His quaintness took many turns. Amongst other eccentric opinions cherished by him was one that Shylock was a misunderstood character to whom justice had never been done. Shylock, Horne contended, only asked what was his due. Shakespeare's conception of the character, he held, had never been really placed before the public, and he determined to remedy this ancient injustice and repair the wrong done to Shylock by representing him as, in his opinion, he ought to be represented on the stage. The 'Merchant of Venice' was played at a theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, and Horne, the only amateur in the company, took the part of Shylock. The house was filled with his friends eager to study the new Shylock, and I can remember nothing more comic than Horne's rendering of the character. We bit our lips, we held our handkerchiefs to our mouths, we used every artifice at our command to conceal our laughter. We were fairly successful until Horne, with an air of much dignity, sharpened his knife on the floor of the stage; then we exploded, and Horne's efforts to give to the world a whitewashed Shylock came to an abrupt end.

Horne had undoubtedly a strain of genius, but it was linked to a most uncertain judgment, and was often qualified by a plentiful lack of common sense. He once submitted to me the manuscript of a most extraordinary novel. It was wonderfully clever, but, from a publisher's point of view, was quite impossible. It was written to sustain the proposition that every man and every woman had a preordained and natural affinity for some other particular man or woman, and this theory was illustrated from a rather coarse and physical point of view which certainly offended severe taste. The characters of the novel were extraordinary; one of the most extraordinary was a philanthropist impressed with the idea that the world was overpopulated and anxious on grounds of purest benevolence to remedy the mistake by murdering as many people as he could. His numerous murders were transacted in a very odd fashion. He had his own leg cut off below the knee, and a wooden leg fitted on in its stead. This innocent-looking wooden leg was really a disguised rifle or air-gun. Every now and again a corpse was found with a bullet hole in it; the neighbourhood was searched, but no trace of the murderer could be found. At last it occurred to the magistrate

that there was always an old man with a wooden leg somewhere in the neighbourhood when one of these murders was committed. This led to the detection of the eccentric philanthropist, who, in spite of the benevolence of his motives, was broken by unsympathetic legal authorities on the wheel. This curious philanthropist used to engage his intended victim in conversation, cock his wooden leg in an apparently careless fashion over the other knee, and suddenly shoot his unsuspecting interlocutor dead. And the writer of this extravagant novel was the author of 'Orion'! I refused, much to Horne's disgust, to publish the work, and it never, I believe, found a publisher.

My next publishing venture brought me into relations with Leigh Hunt, and did so in rather a strange way. I went to Peckham to dine with Thomas Powell, who, as well as being a confidential clerk in the counting-house of two brothers who were wealthy merchants in the City, dabbled in literature. The merchants were supposed to have suggested to Charles Dickens the Cheeryble Brothers in 'Nicholas Nickleby.' Powell afterwards went to the United States and contributed articles of a very personal character to the New York newspapers about English men of letters. While I waited in Powell's little drawing-room for a few minutes before dinner, I took up a neatly written manuscript which was lying on the table, and was reading it when my host entered the room. 'Ah,' he said, 'that doesn't look worth 40l., does it? I advanced 40l. to Leigh Hunt on the security of that manuscript, and I shall never see my money again.' When I was leaving I asked Powell to let me take the manuscript with me. I finished reading it before I went to sleep that night, and next day I asked Powell if he would let me have the manuscript if I paid him the 40l. He readily assented, and having got from him Leigh Hunt's address, I went off to him in Edwardes Square, Kensington, explained the circumstances under which the manuscript had come into my possession, and asked whether, if I paid him an additional 60l., I might have the copyright. 'You young prince!' cried Leigh Hunt, in a tone of something like rapture, and the transaction was promptly concluded. The work was 'Imagination and Fancy.' It was succeeded by 'Wit and Humour' and other books, all of which were successful, and the introduction was the foundation of a friendship with Leigh Hunt and the members of his family which was very delightful to me.

Leigh Hunt was of tall stature, with sallow not to say yellow complexion. His mouth lacked refinement and firmness, but he had large expressive eyes. His manner, however, had such fascination that, after he had spoken for five minutes, one forgot how he looked. He wrote the most charming letters, perfect alike in both form and spirit. I particularly enjoyed the simple old-fashioned suppers to which he frequently invited me. His daughter played and sang to us, and Leigh Hunt told us the most delightful stories of his Italian travels, and of Shelley and Byron (whom he always called 'Birron'). I lived on the north side of the park, and I remember I used to get over the palings to cross Kensington Gardens, and thus shorten the distance home; the palings of those days were easily negotiated by an active young man.

Business was by no means Leigh Hunt's strong point. In this respect, but not otherwise, he may have suggested Skimpole to Charles Dickens. On one of my visits I found him trying to puzzle out the abstruse question of how he should deduct some such sum as thirteen shillings and ninepence from a sovereign. On another occasion I had to pay him a sum of money, 100*l.* or 200*l.*, and I wrote him a cheque for the amount. 'Well,' he said, 'what am I to do with this little bit of paper?' I told him that if he presented it at the bank they would pay him cash for it, but I added, 'I will save you that trouble.' I sent to the bank and cashed the cheque for him. He took the notes away carefully enclosed in an envelope. Two days afterwards Leigh Hunt came in a state of great agitation to tell me that his wife had burned them. He had thrown the envelope with the bank-notes inside carelessly down and his wife had flung it into the fire. Leigh Hunt's agitation while on his way to bring this news had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. I told him I thought something might be done in the matter; I sent to the bankers and got the numbers of the notes, and then in company with Leigh Hunt went off to the Bank of England. I explained our business and we were shown into a room where three old gentlemen were sitting at tables. They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid officials, and addressing him said in wondering tones, 'And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day,

and never see the green woods and the trees and flowers and the charming country ?' Then in tones of remonstrance he demanded, 'Are you contented with such a life?' All this time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure. I fancy I can still see the astonished faces of the three officials ; they would have made a most delightful picture. I said, 'Come away, Mr. Hunt, these gentlemen are very busy.' I succeeded in carrying Leigh Hunt off, and after entering into certain formalities, we were told that the value of the notes would be paid in twelve months. I gave Leigh Hunt the money at once, and he went away rejoicing.

On the whole my first modest experiences in publishing were successful, and brought me into pleasant social relations with several authors. I remember I was very indignant that the firm would not allow me to add the profits of my ventures to the original sum which formed my publishing capital. I had reckoned on increasing that capital by the profits I made until I could undertake really large transactions ; but this expectation was disappointed, and my yearly profits melted into the general balance sheet of the firm.

PASTELS FROM SPAIN.

BY MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS.

VII.

SAN ILDEFONSO.

THERE are some weeks of late spring and early summer when even the tableland on which Madrid stands surprises you with beauty. Against the everlasting background of the Sierra, whose deep blue is still freaked with glittering snow, first runs a brilliant emerald wave of corn; then among it breaks out the burning scarlet of poppies, not in dots and patches, but in a broad lavish blaze, and almost as lavish, like beds in some Titan garden, flower whole fields of deep purple and blue, and thickets of feathery gold. It is not that the flowers of the cornland are very different in kind from those that England grows; it is the intense colour, the wild prodigality of blossom that startles. The barren country that lies at the foot of the Sierra is different, but it has its own surprises. Up to the last it seems to resist the spring; the occasional thin flicker of green where a lonely little deciduous bush duly puts forth its leaves, only marks the withered greyness of the surrounding landscape. With June comes transformation. The bushes which thinly overspread the ground, with a growth so dull at other seasons of the year, now burst into a foam of white blossom, large, fragile, milky cistus-flowers. And among them—yes! one can hardly believe one's eyes, but it is true—among them grow clumps of pale pink pæonies, a few of which would be the pride of an English garden. Then there are patches of royal purple, beds of some flower that, being no botanist, I fear to name, though I think it a kind of bugloss. And higher up the hill sides flame with such a wealth of broom and gorse as never English eyes beheld; for the bloom of it is at once more delicate, more luxuriant, and richer in colour than even where Linnæus thanked God for its beauty. Through all this the railway runs to Segovia, but before it has climbed so high the flowers are left behind.

For a place so little visited the city has been much described. Therefore I say nothing of its cathedral, its alcazar, its aqueduct, churches, and convents. Apart from these the town is so perfect in its picturesqueness that one trembles lest the modern improver should find it out. Rather let the hotels continue to be such that those who know avoid them as soon as the spring, which brings out so many things, has smiled on Segovia.

It can easily be visited from La Granja, the little town which has arisen round the palace and church of S. Ildefonso, built by the first Bourbon King of Spain. From Segovia to La Granja the ground rises steadily for two leagues. It is a somewhat dreary drive, through fields of long-legged meagre crops. Every now and then you come on the dispirited survivors of a lime avenue, with which Philip V. intended to beautify the approach to his mountain Versailles. Remembering the stately beauty, the delightful shade of the green avenues that converge on the real Versailles, one cannot blame the intention, in spite of its distressing result. The Palace of S. Ildefonso was intended by the grandson of Louis XIV. to recall the home of his childhood. Yet for all his love of France he had grown something of a Spaniard, and his piety was shown by his combining the Collegiate Church of S. Ildefonso with his new Palace. The wild and wooded Sierra had long been a favourite hunting-ground of Spanish kings. In 1724 Philip bought land from the Junta of Segovia, and in this savage Sierra, in a climate savage, too, for the greater part of the year, set to work to reproduce the stately and costly flower of French eighteenth-century civilisation. On the site of a former monastery, about the well and courtyard of the monks, he built his imitation Versailles. But the Palace of S. Ildefonso is not more than a quarter the size of the original, and partly for that reason is a prettier, more complete thing than lumbering, splendid Versailles; that immense *décor de théâtre* from which the actors are for ever fled. There is a grace in the long, columned garden front of S. Ildefonso, in its grey-slatted roofs and dormers, which is all its own. Towards the 'Plaza' it can hardly be said to have a front, as the church with its dome takes the centre of the building. There it must be admitted to be rather squat; but a modern improvement has had something to say to that. Close in front has been placed one of those unendurably ragged grass-plots which in Southern Europe do duty for lawns, and on it stand several stiff trees of the species *Pinus suburbana*; villa shrubs

which have contrived to grow abnormally large, and dwarf and conceal the buildings. It was, however, on the gardens rather than on the palace, or even on the church, that Philip and his Farnese Queen lavished the fortune of unhappy Spain. He wished to reproduce on this rocky soil, under the lashing storms of the Sierra, the gardens of Versailles. Ah, well! If he had seen them as we see them, those gardens of Versailles, the merest bigot of the English garden could hardly refuse him sympathy. Think of them in May, when the grass is very green round the broad mirror of Neptune's Fountain; when the walls of clipped lime are so luxuriantly green, yet so solid in their own deep shade; when a prodigal wealth of blossom overflows the nut hedges of the closed, neglected *bosquets*, while in one yet trim and prim it surprises you to find no fair Marquise love-making with her courtly swain! Think of them at fall of night, when from the windows of the Pompadour's hotel you hear out of the shadow and gloom below the nightingale sing, the plash of a leaping fish, and smell the deep scent of the hawthorn! Who that kept a djinn would not sometimes rub the lamp and say, 'Bring me the gardens of Versailles'?

It cannot have been thus that Philip saw them in his youth, when the lime trees had but just been planted; nevertheless its fountains and clipped limes remained for him the ideal garden, and he expended an appalling amount of money and labour in the endeavour to reproduce them. As one walks along the innumerable avenues of S. Ildefonso it seems incredible, and yet it is true, that for every tree planted a hole was blasted in the rock, and that the whole of the earth in which they grow was brought there on the backs of mules from the plain. Even so he could not hope to rival the lime-walks of Versailles; but when it came to the fountains the advantage was on his side. Everyone knows how the water is with difficulty conveyed to Versailles; but at La Granja the clear mountain streams were there, waiting but their tutelary nymphs. And nymphs he scattered with a lavish hand, besides other mythological characters. Probably there is no really admirable piece of sculpture in the whole multitude of fountains; yet they are all graceful and pleasing; with the exception of one called '*Las Ranas*,' where a desire for mythological realism has led the artist to plant the basin with a profusion of large disagreeable frogs. They are much admired. Under one green alley on any summer day the water flows swift and spark-

ling in cascades down marble steps, while up another the long pools of the Fountain of Neptune and the Horse Race lead the eye to the topmost fountain, and beyond it to the sullen purple of the Sierra. It is indeed part of the charm of S. Ildefonso, that everywhere this wildness of mountain and pinewood surrounds, breaks in upon its trim court graces. The little town of La Granja, too, would fain be another Versailles, but there still more the Guadarrama asserts itself. It lies in a semicircle of almost naked mountains, where once the 'Catholic Kings' came a-hunting from Balsain, amid forests of tall pine and stunted oak. Here Henry IV. dedicated a hermitage to S. Ildefonso and the monks of the Parral at Segovia had a farmhouse or grange; whence the name. The little town fills up this somewhat stern and rugged Bight of the Sierra with the gaiety of its pantile roofs, its verdure, and its towers. The secret of its freshness lies no doubt in the stream you cross approaching it; for there you leave behind the starved 'specimen' trees of the abortive avenue to pass under spreading groves. The road, indeed, lies through 'a green shade' to the gateway of the town. It is a jejune gateway, yet much better than none. Probably Florida Blanca, Minister of Charles III., built it when he laid out this couple or so of streets that would fain be handsome, to accommodate Infants of Spain, ambassadors, and other persons of quality. And a generation ago the English Ambassador still spent his summer in the high eighteenth-century house looking down on the gateway. I know not who has it now, but the large house opposite, with the well-kept garden, whose riotous roses climb over the iron railing and crowd into the street, belongs to a wealthy Jew.

La Granja is meant to be a foreign, a French town in plan and architecture, but it has broken away from the design, and, without being quite Spanish, has succeeded in being picturesque. This is largely due to the steep rise of the streets leading to the Palace, which are sometimes obliged to turn to steps. The red roofs break up and are full of colour and strong light and shade, and among them spring in May great bouquets of blossoming white chestnuts and rustling plumes of poplar trees. Opposite the House of the Infants of Spain a rusty iron gateway, once gilded and painted in different colours, leads into the Plaza, which is in fact a long approach to the Palace, flanked by buildings. Close to the gate, with chestnut trees clustering under it, shows the low tower of the not unpleasing quarters which Philip's

Queen, Isabella or Elisabeth Farnese, built for her guards. Yet when one comes to think, it was not she who built the barracks, but the luckless citizens of Segovia. The *Guardias de Corps* were at first quartered in Segovia, and many a July and August day they must have cursed those two blank shadowless leagues of white road between the town and that Folly of the King's, S. Ildefonso. Yet they found consolations in Segovia, as the citizens testified, for these complained of them as riotous, gallant, and generally troublesome guests. The Queen—notoriously a firm woman—replied that she would be happy to remove her guards to S. Ildefonso when the citizens had subscribed the necessary sum for building them quarters there. The request seems unreasonable, but the citizens of Segovia eagerly complied, and there stands the building to this day. The *Guardias de Corps* were cadets of noble families, 'who led,' says the historian, 'joyous lives, only embittered by the absence of money.' 'It is enough for me to say,' wrote one of them in a rhyme addressed to Charles IV.'s Queen, Maria Luisa, 'in order that your Majesty may believe that I am really in want, "I am a *Guardia de Corps*."' It is easy to understand that the citizens of Segovia were willing to pay a sum down to be rid of the guards; but even so they do not seem to have been quite successful. In the time of Maria Luisa there was a handsome young Guardsman, called Diego Godoy, who fell violently in love with a *tejedora*, a weaver, of Segovia. Her parents, in fear of his fascinations, sent her away out of his reach. He was inconsolable, and his frequent vows that neither rank nor beauty should prevail upon him to be unfaithful to the memory of his *tejedora*, piqued the vanity of every lady at the Court. Maria Luisa herself undertook to subjugate him, but plainly Diego was not born under a lucky star. She was at S. Ildefonso, and one day when out driving she saw a Guardsman of her escort run away with and thrown from his horse. Perhaps she mistook him for the Godoy she already knew, for she exhibited so much terror that the unfortunate, yet fortunate, Guardsman approached to thank and reassure her. He was Manuel Godoy, younger brother of Diego, and he found yet more favour in the eyes of the Queen. She accused the hapless and certainly innocent Diego of having made love to her, and he was banished by the King. Manuel Godoy was very young, but unusually well educated for a man of his class, besides being handsome and attractive. He became the ruler of Spain, and his

power over both Charles IV. and Maria Luisa lasted until their son Ferdinand snatched the reins from their hands twenty years later, to have them instantly snatched from his own by Napoleon.

Beyond the Guards' quarters the buildings of the Plaza are wanting in character, perhaps in consequence of having been several times destroyed by fire. The houses of the Abbot and Canons were formerly here. I know not where the Canons lay their heads, but the mitred Abbot of S. Ildefonso lives year in, year out at a boarding-house, clean but plain. Abbots and Deans are wicked in fiction, but in real life they are charming. This one is no exception—far from it. He is a Malagesian as well as an Abbot, and how genial, how gracious are the sons and daughters of Malaga! I think if it had not been for him we should have left the treasures of the Church of S. Ildefonso unvisited. The lateness of its date and the raptures of the local guide-book made it seem unlikely that it contained anything of interest. But whatever Elisabeth Farnese did was in good taste. St. Simon describes her as ignorant and too mentally indolent to learn. The days of learned Italian princesses were past—she was of Parma—but she appears to have been accomplished if uneducated, and if she was really responsible for the paintings she signed, she had a certain individuality as an artist. There is a little series of heads by her in the Palace, painted perhaps in her girlhood, which smack rather of Italy and the late Renaissance than of the Bourbon era. In truth she can have had little time for the arts after she became the wife of the tiresome Philip V., who was completely ruled by his two successive wives at such a cost to them that one wonders why they continued to think it worth doing. The first, Louise of Savoy, was in truth but the puppet of the Princess des Ursins, whom Louis XIV. had originally sent as his agent to superintend the young couple. The story of how this lady wielded supreme power in Spain, until the King himself trembled at her nod, is only less extraordinary than that of her first and last encounter with Elisabeth Farnese, who had scarcely crossed the frontier of Spain and had not yet seen her bridegroom, when she met, routed, absolutely annihilated in the space of half an hour the septuagenarian tyrant of king and country. Alberoni it was who, standing at a window with Madame des Ursins to watch the funeral procession of Philip's Savoyard Queen, casually mentioned Elisabeth Farnese, daughter of the Duke of Parma, as a fat, stupid Lombard girl, fed on cheese

and domestic chatter, and so particularly docile. Madame des Ursins swallowed the bait and arranged this marriage for the King. But when the wedding festivities were over and the bride on her way to Spain, the des Ursins suddenly became suspicious and hostile in her demeanour. Alberoni hastened to meet Elisabeth and impressed upon her the necessity of striking at once and hard for liberty and the crown of Spain, since no one questioned that Philip V. would be ruled by the woman who came out topmost in the struggle. Yet for a girl, a foreigner newly arrived in the country, and not secure of her husband's affections, it was a desperate venture. The Princess, already in a paroxysm of rage because her itinerary for Elisabeth's journey had not been observed, met her at Jadraque, between Pamplona and Guadalajara, where the King was awaiting his Queen. It is said that Madame des Ursins burst at once into violent abuse, and, turning the bride about, commented rudely on the defects of her figure. Alberoni, listening at the keyhole, had guards in readiness, and the Queen surpassed his hopes. 'Alberoni,' she cried imperiously, 'remove me this mad woman at once.' The thing was done, and in the twinkling of an eye the whilom unofficial regent of Spain was being whirled across the wintry mountains in her low court dress, as she had met the Queen, without even a cloak to cover her poor old bosom, driven furiously to the frontier to be shot over it like so much rubbish. When the news reached the King at Guadalajara, relieved as he was to be rid of his taskmistress, he was yet somewhat startled at the suddenness of her dismissal, and was just about to send a courier to intercept her, when his bride arrived. The bride had been well tutored in the right way of managing Philip, and nothing more was said about the return of the des Ursins.

It was this dramatic entry into her kingdom which gained for Elisabeth the title of The Termagant of Spain. She maintained her right to it to the last—and afterwards. Attached to the Church of S. Ildefonso is a kind of vestry dignified by the name of the Royal Pantheon. Here is the sarcophagus of Philip V. which his son Ferdinand VI. erected, purposely making it too small to hold his step-mother. He intended her to be buried at Aranjuez; although she had at least as much to do with the building of S. Ildefonso as her husband, had lived there during her widowhood, naturally wished to be buried there, and was not likely to put up with anything less than the royal tomb. Man

proposes, Woman disposes. The dead Queen was crammed into the King's sarcophagus sideways. Close to this narrow marble box which holds the two, stands a foolish little doll in a glass case to which Elisabeth did honour as the Virgin of the Conception. Once a year for ten years she presented this Virgin with a mantle, and all are carefully preserved in a special cupboard. They are beautiful specimens of French eighteenth-century work; the blue velvet exquisite in colour and texture, the gold embroidery in stars, fleur-de-lys and other delicate devices, altogether admirable. The marvellous mediæval vestments in the Cathedral at Segovia are of course more precious as works of art, but as clothes the mantles of the Virgin are surely supreme. The pity is that they only leave their press for the glass case in the vestry, when they should adorn the shoulders of ten princesses at jubilees and in wedding processions.

In the Chapter Room two dull portraits of Philip and Elisabeth simmer over the cupboard which contains the treasures. When the guide-book mentions with a thrill that there are 12,000 diamonds in the Monstrance, one yawns and thinks there are more in Mr. Streeter's shop. But the Monstrance is really a beautiful cross of its kind, and besides is a splendid memorial of the great imperial days of Spain. For the gold and the jewels came from Mexico and it was the work of a Mexican goldsmith. It was stolen by the French during the war of independence, but, strangely enough, left intact with all its 12,000 diamonds, for the English to take at Ciudad Real and return to its proper place. Besides the crosses there is a whole cupboardful of relics, the most curious being the staff of S. Elisabeth of Hungary, which was supposed to be a sovereign remedy for the Queens of Spain in their confinements, and was regularly conveyed by a deputation of Canons to Queen Isabella II. when Infants of Spain made their entrance into the world. The most interesting is the little wooden stool which S. Theresa carried about with her. For hers was a personality whose memory yet breathes a sweet and pungent perfume, such as legends affirm to have arisen from the bodies of older and less vital saints.

So great were the sums lavished on Church and Palace that Alberoni once impatiently told the Queen she had no other ambition than to be Countess of Ildefonso. Yet amid levelling, planting, building, adorning, she did not forget her interest in manufactories. The celebrated glass manufactory of La Granja

was founded in 1731. It suffered more conspicuously than most the fate of the industries artificially fostered by Spanish rulers of the eighteenth century. It remained so foreign, so exotic that at its final closure in 1898 it still maintained a large colony of French workmen. During its whole hundred and thirty-seven years of existence there was not one to mark with a white stone and the blessed word 'Profit.' It produced mirrors some of them of a size considered stupendous, so that a man and horse could be reflected in them, and some richly engraved with garlands, cupids and other devices. I have here before me a drinking-glass engraved with an arcade and letters within it thus : D^A VICENTA CORONADO. I know not who Doña Vicenta was, nor can I even guess at all exactly at what date she came, but I know that one day years ago she walked under the cupola of the great church-like building I have seen so deserted, and the hollow dome and the long nave were full of the stir and hum of work, and the bright fluid mirrors were moving evenly down their channels on either side, and the dark figures of the workmen were bending over them, and flitting here and there, while the imprisoned furnaces roared and now and again from an opened door flung out a ruddy glare. Vicenta Coronado, maid or matron, visited the Royal Glassworks and took away a tumbler, perhaps a whole set of tumblers, engraved with her name ; for they engraved it 'while you waited.' The bulk of the glass was packed on mules and so despatched for distribution through the length and breadth of Spain. It is not surprising that half of it was broken before it reached the customers ; and the price of each piece was consequently calculated to pay for two. Even so the business did not pay. All is cavernous silence now in the deserted nave, while in and out and round and round under the blackened vault of the dome flit and pipe the bright-winged swallows. In the courtyard a few heaps of blue-green translucent rubbish glitter in the sun, and a donkey with its foal finds the grass good. Formerly sixteen thousand mule-loads of wood were deposited here every year. Even now along the road from the forest the mules ply with their load of logs, but they must be few compared to those that fared to La Granja in old days, and few, alas ! to those which may pass that way again. For it is said that a Frenchman has bought the old glassworks with a view to turning them into an iron foundry. The scheme can only be made practicable at the cost of the final destruction of the pine woods, which have already been ruthlessly

exploited for nearly two centuries. A hundred years ago Bourgoing foretold that if the Spaniards continued to mow down their forests like grass, they would presently find themselves obliged to import masts for their ships from other countries. And so it is ; for I have seen tall trees already hewn into shape waiting to pass the frontier at Irun. They were being imported at large expense into a country whose forests once supplied it with mainmasts for the Great Armada. Even now I think among the pine woods of La Granja could a tree be found to equal the ' tallest pine ' hewn for ' the mast of some great Ammiral.'

They are but a remnant of the forests through which the Kings of Spain hunted when La Granja was still what its name implies, the grange of the Benedictine monks of La Parral. Elsewhere in Spain I have seen woods, but always, whether of oak or pine or ilex, somewhat low in growth. The pines of La Granja are tall as those of Vallombrosa. But though the place itself is green with chestnuts and poplars, the forest now stands a mile or two away from it. When Isabella II. was Queen the road thither would be gay on August evenings with carriages and horsemen, with half the smart world of Spain. The broom, so beautiful in May, was no longer blowing golden between the pines, but cool streams plashed from rock to rock beneath them, the sun shone redly on their boles and threw long shadows across the green meadow in the wood where they would alight and walk. The Infanta Isabella, then a girl, was often among the horsewomen. S. Ildefonso must seem lonely to her now when, a grey-haired woman, she returns each summer, the only royal visitor. Isabella II. was much at S. Ildefonso. It was here, they say, she began the descent to Avernus. Hers is a story which, though sad, is too ugly for tears, and happily her æsthetically vulgar period has left no trace behind, except a flourishing double avenue of chestnuts in the Plaza. There are a few touches of modernity in the Palace ; certain villa-ish upholsteries in pink and blue, and some brand-new pianos and other instruments in a room panelled with old red Oriental lacquer. Otherwise a Sleeping Beauty of a century since might awake and walk through it without surprise. The rooms are panelled and draped with silk damask which Maria Luisa probably chose, if not the Farnese herself. I remember a certain yellow saloon from which one emerges with a determination to go and sell all that one has and get a drawing-room like that. But there is no real danger in going to see, as

these infatuations seldom survive Channel-crossings. The pictures are numerous and uninteresting; although I would have liked to know more of some decorative Bourbon portraits on a staircase. It is not given to every generation to have its Velasquez or even its Goya, and because they were, one need not be ungrateful to a school of foreign artists in Spain who turned out some handsome stuff in the royal portrait pattern. But it is in bric-à-brac that S. Ildefonso excels. The rooms are strewn chaotically with unvalued treasures. The collector of clocks would revel there; a china fancier hardly retains his senses. There is priceless old Sèvres, of which some is positively pretty, and also Buen Retiro which personally I should describe in the language of Mr. Anstey's German on the 'Pickwick Papers,' as 'gurious and inderesding'—and no doubt be quite as much beneath my subject. It is rare, valuable, and greatly admired in Spain. The porcelain manufactory at the Buen Retiro was destroyed by Hill when he retired from Madrid, on the plea of military necessity. If he had been going to defend the city there might have been sufficient reason for it, but, as it was, the destruction of a national possession to which the Madrileños attached the utmost importance was a mere piece of Britannic stupidity. The remote chance of the French subsequently standing a siege in Madrid and making use of the building, outweighed in his eyes its intrinsic value, and the views and interests of the nation to which it belonged; and it is no wonder that its destruction left a legacy of deep resentment.

It was the Oriental china which roused my own enthusiasm. The jars which stand carelessly about the rooms—the very pairs sometimes separated—are immense in size and beauty. In the eighteenth century a vast quantity of Oriental objects were introduced into Spain, as into England. A certain Company of the Philippines, resembling our East India Company, was the main channel of importation. It must have drained a somewhat different area from that which supplied us, for however ignorant one may be in the lore of china, one is conscious, when looking at a Spanish collection, of a certain strangeness amid familiarity. I know not whether a pair of huge vases I saw dotted down in the saloons has its like in England. The ground was of rich blue, a small gold pattern giving it the effect of lustre, and on it were laid slim-petalled chrysanthemums of various colours. A series of low bare rooms opening on to the garden appear to be called by Spanish visitors the Gallery of the Idols. At first we

wondered why, since it was not the 'Idols' which came first and held our attention. It was a collection of Chinese jars with lids, belonging to what is called in auction-rooms the *Famille Rose*, but quite the noblest members of the family I have ever been privileged to see, their roses and their fluttering tomtits surpassingly beautiful. The 'Idols' were a number of exceedingly graceful, refined images of Siva with the child Buddha, each like a Madonna and Child in cream Della Robbia ware. Similar images may exist in England, but the only other one precisely like them which I have seen—and this scarcely so fine a specimen—is in the remarkable collection of Señora de Riaño in Madrid.

One wonders whether there still remain in S. Ildefonso any of the presents which the Turkish Ambassadors brought to Charles III. in 1788. The Ambassadors and their retinue bore them in procession through the town to the Palace. Since then, even the unchanging East has changed the costume of its Government officials, but the frock-coat-and-fez uniform was happily not then invented, and it was in turban and flowing robe, just as we see the Turkish magnates in that picture of Gentile Bellini's, showing the reception of Venetian Ambassadors at Constantinople, that the stately envoys of the Sultan passed up the Plaza to S. Ildefonso, amid gazing eyes of a patch-and-powder throng. The presents were exhibited for three days to the public, like modern wedding presents. So the embassy came and went; but if anyone in the inquiring spirit of little Peterkin asks what it was all about, I shall be constrained to admit, like old Caspar, that 'that I cannot tell.'

S. Ildefonso is deserted now, like the Pardo, like the Escorial, like Aranjuez. The Atlantic breezes, the banality and the economy of S. Sebastian attract the Queen-Regent and her Court year after year. To Spanish Royalty there is a loss of dignity involved in a change from palaces on which was once lavished all the gold of the Indies, to a seaside villa; to the inhabitants of La Granja the loss is more tangible, for five and a half million reals a year used once to be dispensed in the tiny town. To the lover of the past, of the picturesque, this desertion is pure gain. The taste of modern Royalty is almost uniformly bad, and woe to the palaces it delights to honour! The Spanish Bourbons of an earlier generation had taste good within its limits, and in planting his summer palace amid the fresh air and the pine woods of the Sierra, Philip even showed originality.

Eighteenth-century travellers visited Ildefonso as a kind of Royal Folly. They told how many mule-loads of earth King Philip had brought up from the plain for his lime trees, what sums had been spent on levelling the rocky ground; and, murmuring of Versailles, shrugged their shoulders at the result. But they admitted the fountains were a success. I have never seen the *Grands Eaux* at Versailles, yet I can easily believe that the fountains of S. Ildefonso are superior. Some of them used to play twice a week when the Court was there. The Infanta Isabella, aunt of the young King, still holds a semblance of a court in the gardens in August, but I know not whether fountains play to her, for even here, where water is abundant, they are an expensive entertainment. Four times a year they all play; once in January, amid ice, snow and solitude, a costly tribute to S. Ildefonso. Next on May 30; and that is the pleasantest of all days, for the trees are in their first spring beauty, and it is too early in the season for the crowd from Madrid.

The ideal arrangement would be that the fountains should all play together; that that exquisite dance of Undines should be woven through the whole bowery breadth of the Palace garden, and that we should wander from one maze of it to another at our leisure and return to the loveliest at our will. One must submit to the inevitable and follow with the crowd a presiding genius in uniform, at whose bidding fountain after fountain in succession leaps into the air, to fall, to die away again presently into a still glass for sailing clouds, which seem scarcely so ærial as the silver shapes which a moment since rose from its bosom. For what is there in heaven or earth so transcendent in its grace as foam and the falling of water? Could the race of man survive upon a planet whose surface was worn level, whose atmosphere had ceased to exist, Art would in a measure keep in remembrance the beauty of cloud and mountain. But the beauty of water! The fields of ocean foam, miles of them racing shorewards in one swift, immense, never-pausing movement, yet all the time across the surface of them a ceaseless soft interweaving of creamy curves, a playful buffeting of tiny waves that run over each other with a sharp crystalline splash! The smooth rollers of the Atlantic moving like live ranges of green mountains to the foot of some caverned cliff, where suddenly they are transformed into a sheet of tumultuous snow, rushing up to the very summit to fall backward from its height in white stupendous fountains! The beauty of weirs, breaking in on the wide slumber of Midland

meadows, and the still reaches of Midland rivers with the life of their tumbling foam; the beauty of mountain streams swirling in brown pools under the rocks, falling crystal-clear over the mossy rock-ledges, churning in chasms deep down where no foot of living thing can follow them, but the drenched lady-fern and the red-berried boughs of mountain ash quiver eternally in the wind of their course! No, there is no art in the world which can imitate the beauty of moving water; there is only an art which can 'tame and tutor to its will' this mighty Ariel, using its exquisite curves not, indeed, with the prodigal fancy, the inexhaustible power of Nature, but with a courtly elegance which possesses its own charm.

The crowd passes on to where the long pools of the Fountain of Neptune and the Horse Race break into life together. Their waters wave in a succession of silvery plumes up between the green walls of clipped limes. Then they too drop, and we tramp on to larger but not more beautiful fountains. There is the 'Bath of Diana,' which Elisabeth Farnese had made in her husband's absence. 'It has given me three minutes' pleasure,' he said drily, 'and cost me three million reals.' But he did not always look so closely at his bills, for he left debts to the tune of twenty-eight millions, which was about the sum spent on S. Ildefonso.

I do not know to whose sense of humour the peculiarity of the fountain of *La taza* is due, but it precisely suited Ferdinand VII.'s. He was fond of taking ladies in their best clothes to admire the slim shoot of water in the centre, and just as they thought the show was ended, a magnificent cascade would break out round the edge of the cup, completely drenching them and reducing all the surrounding gravel to a puddle.

The last fountain to play is the Fountain of Fame. Between it and the Palace lies an old formal garden with clipped box hedges, and stone vases, and a green avenue of limes on either side. Fame's winged steed prances on a rock, her victims are beneath its hoofs, and she, a-tiptoe on its back, trumpets forth a silver column of water which may be seen from far Segovia, waving and glittering in the sun. It drops, and quickly as crowds do, the crowd disperses, vanishes away. Fame on her steed stands there dry and deserted, trumpeting nothingness. A black-veiled nun winds slowly between the clipped hedges, her eyes on her breviary, her silent lips moving. The shadows of the limes lengthen across the garden: they are longer than they were a hundred years ago. Nothing else has changed.

THE LIEUTENANT'S HEROINE.

'THE third time I laid out the cards,' said the lieutenant, 'exactly the same thing happened again: the queen of hearts at the top, meaning love, the king of clubs to the right of her, showing heroic character, and the seven of spades in the last three, showing that the sign was to be fulfilled immediately. . . . I had always hoped that I shouldn't marry a heroine: I can't stand your masculine women.' He sighed with Slavonic resignation, and added, '*Róku ne minovát*,' which is Russian for *Kismet*.

I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, and was glad that the cards had no such power over destiny in England as they have in Russia.

We were marching along the white road under Kislovodsk, down into the green valley of the Terek, I with my wanderer's wardrobe and sketching pack slung over my shoulders. The six soldiers of the lieutenant's detachment tramped behind us, softly singing: the big corporal was taking his turn as soloist, the five privates joining in with a monotonous *Ay lulí, lulí* at the end of each line. The shadows of the hills were creeping slowly up to the white top of Mount Elbruz, which faced us imperturbably over velvet forests from the distance.

The lieutenant's orders were to reach Colonel Orsha's house on the lower slopes of the Okova by nightfall, and hold it against the rebellious Chechens; and I, the peaceful landscape painter, had been swept away protesting in the current of his march, sketching umbrella and all, from my roadside attitude of artistic unconcern with the quarrels of governments and subjects.

The trouble between the tribesmen and the Russians had arisen from the inveterate incompatibility of their ideas as to the right method of acquiring property in horses. Arak, son of the powerful chieftain Feraz, was to be married to Bela of Sizi-aûl; and by way of *kolým*, or dowry, the bridegroom was to present Bela's father with twenty mountain horses. Feraz had no horses to spare: what Chechen has? They must be got. But in matters of horseflesh a Chechenian aristocrat cannot stoop to the sordid methods of purchase; nor would a Chechenian bridegroom

be respected by a wife who could say of him : ' He bought a horse.' Therefore father and son raided the War Office pastures. A hireling watchman bewrayed them ; orders were issued for their arrest, and six villages went on the war-path for the honour of the tribal custom. It was plain that the tribesmen would try to hold the Okova range, as they had done in '93 ; the business of the lieutenant's regiment was to anticipate them ; and Colonel Orsha's house was one of the first positions to be occupied, for it commanded access to the hills from the Terek side.

The lieutenant and I stopped at the divide and waited for the soldiers to come up.

' Which is the way, Pavel ?' asked my companion of the big corporal.

' Up here,' replied the giant, pointing to a narrow path which wound its way up among the fir-trees to our right.

' Lead the way,' said the lieutenant, and the corporal joined us in the front.

He willingly imparted his large knowledge of the people and places about us. He told us of the exploits of Colonel Orsha against the hillmen in the days before he lost his right leg in an *ail* of the Gruzians.

' The apple lies near the apple-tree, as the saying is, masters : like father, like daughter. Varvára Petróvna's a fine lass, tall and strong, and as bold as a lion. When the Gruzians broke into the empty barracks that day and the stablemen fled to their stalls, she faced the rebels like a man and rated them for their cowardice, till they slunk away from before her with their tails between their legs. . . . A fine lass ! . . . But you'll judge for yourselves this evening when you see her. A heroine she is ! everyone says so : a true heroine.'

The lieutenant and I eyed each other with a ' wild surmise.' Were the cards true prophets ?

Half an hour's climbing brought us to Colonel Orsha's house, a low white building on a rocky promontory. Passing the wall which cut off the promontory from the hillside, we stepped on to a fresh green lawn running up to the house. From the rocks to the right bubbled a spring, whose waters ran in a little stream across the lawn and flashed down the sheer hillside to the left. Beyond the stream stood a girl—a little slender figure clad in pink and topped by a broad straw hat. She was feeding a flock of white Caucasian pigeons ; some were picking the breadcrumbs

from the grass at her feet, others were poised in the air waiting for a morsel to be thrown them, and one was seated on her arm helping himself from the plate which she held in her hand. Her back was turned to us, and she did not notice our approach, but as we stepped on to the planks which bridged the stream, the pigeons flew up into the cedars, and she turned towards us—a bright oval face, with loose brown hair shading the soft eyes. Her lips quivered in surprise at the sudden apparition of the armed band.

‘Forgive our intrusion, mademoiselle,’ said the lieutenant, saluting her: ‘have I the honour of addressing Mlle. Orsha?’

‘No, that is my cousin; . . . but what are the soldiers come for?’

‘To defend your house, mademoiselle. I regret to say that the hillmen are in revolt. And permit me to suggest that under the circumstances it will be better for you to retire within doors.’ . . .

There was no need for the recommendation: before the lieutenant’s sentence was ended the little pink figure was in full flight for the house. Another figure appeared in the open doorway as the fugitive disappeared: a tall, handsome young woman, with a high aquiline nose and a commanding presence, came down the steps to meet us. She listened without any appearance of surprise, while the lieutenant stated his mission.

‘Pray send your men to the kitchen,’ she said, ‘and follow me to the drawing-room. My father will be glad of the opportunity of putting his house and goods at the service of his country.’

The evening passed without alarms. The doors were barricaded, the windows loopholed with mattresses and bags of sand, and sentinels were posted on the hillside and a watchman on the roof. At supper the colonel regaled us with stories of his daughter and his family. The colonel was descended in a direct line from Boyarin Orsha of Ivan the Terrible’s time, and all his forebears had been mighty men of battle. Varvára Petróvna’s great-grandmother was the famous Princess Ochtenski, who had seen her two sons slaughtered before her eyes at Smolensk rather than yield to Napoleon’s soldiers the keys of the magazine, which her husband the commandant had left in her charge.

When the ladies left us, I ventured to question our host as to the young lady we had found in the garden. Sófía Semyónovna, or Sonia as she was called in the family circle, was a niece of the colonel, daughter of a younger brother who had disgraced himself by running away with a little Russian actress in the seventies, and had redeemed his disgrace and achieved his wife’s misfortunes by

getting shot on the heights of the Shipka two years later. The poor widow had returned to the stage, and struggled gallantly on for fifteen years, then died, leaving no fortune but a tender recollection behind her. Colonel Orsha had sought out his brother's child and made her welcome to his mountain home. There was a large admixture of contemptuous pity in his tenderness for her; she had none of the stern virtues of Varvára Petrónna. 'She is not an Orsha,' said the colonel. She seemed in this household like a tender larch budding among the pine-trees.

When we passed into the drawing-room after supper, the lieutenant went to Varvára Petrónna like a lamb to the slaughter: *róku ne minováť*. As an artist without a destiny I was able to devote myself to the less heroic charms of Sónia Semyónovna. She had a soft and pretty voice, and at the colonel's request she sang us two or three Little Russian songs, sad little *dúmki* of her native Ukraine, accompanying herself on a zitter. She ended the evening in disgrace. Fascinated by the sound of the music, a mouse crept out from a corner towards the musician. Sonia was the first to perceive it: dropping her zitter on the floor, she leaped upon a chair, holding up her skirts and uttering a series of little screams, as high-pitched almost as the mouse's own squeak. She was not an Orsha. Varvára Petrónna's cat rose at the sound, and the mouse fled for refuge to the window-curtains.

'Silly Sonia,' said the stately Varvára, rising and going to the window; 'it's only a mouse. . . . Here, Misha!'

She shook the curtains; the mouse fell to the floor, and the cat pounced upon it. With the utmost unreason Sonia burst into a flood of tears.

'Cruel, cruel Misha!' she cried.

'Hush, Sonia,' said her uncle; 'don't disgrace yourself before our guests.'

Sonia ran out of the room like a petulant child, and was no more seen that night.

We were up betimes in the morning. Long-robed hillmen had been sighted at dawn in the pass; we might expect an attack before many hours had elapsed. Going to the drawing-room at about nine o'clock, I found Varvára Petrónna and the servants kneeling before the eikons; Varvára Petrónna was reading Slavonic prayers out of a large leather book, while the servants crossed themselves vigorously at every pause, and answered

Hóspodi pomíľui—Lord, have mercy on us! Sonia was nowhere to be seen.

She was discovered later in the great servants' hall, amusing herself with the soldiers. When the lieutenant and I entered the apartment she was performing the national shawl-dance with the big corporal, while the rest stood by as chorus, singing 'Vo sadú li v ogoródě,' and clapping their hands in measured time. She was gliding coquettishly away on heel and toe with the shawl raised above her head, while the corporal stamped rhythmically after her in the *rôle* of the 'gallant lover.' At the end of the dance the singers broke into rapturous applause:

'Ay da Sória Semyónovna!' they cried; 'molodétz!'

The crash of a rifle-butt on the stone floor of the vestibule broke up our musical party; one of the sentinels had come in with the news that the Chechenians were ascending the hillside. Varvára Petrónna summoned the whole company into the drawing-room. We stood in a circle about the room and sang the national anthem, 'Bozhe Tsaryá chraní,' Varvára Petrónna leading the music in a clear ringing voice.

Our hymn was hardly ended when the crunch of a bullet in the top of the French glass over the piano, followed by the crack of a rifle outside, warned us that the attack had begun. Sonia turned pale and uttered just such another little scream as she had uttered the evening before at the sight of the mouse; then she looked round from face to face, with tears in her eyes and a little frightened smile playing about her lips. Varvára Petrónna took her by the hand and led her from the room; women were not wanted in the apartments facing the enemy.

The house stood, as I have said, on a promontory jutting from the hillside; on two sides the rock continued the lines of the walls precipitously downward; on the third there was no more than a terrace between house and cliff; attack and defence were concentrated on the side facing down the garden. The enemy took up their place behind the low wall which divided the garden from the hillside, and the fighting resolved itself into a dogged exchange of bullets between sheltered men. Meanwhile the spring bubbled and ran peacefully across the middle distance with cheerful unconcern.

The enemy had made their attack inopportunately, just at the hour when we had hoped to be sitting down to a comfortable *déjeuner*. As a man I resented the wrong to my appetite; as an

artist I could do no less than let off an ineffective gun through a loophole to add to the picturesqueness of our defence. Man and artist rejoiced together when Sonia and Varvára Petróna ran into the room with dishes of smoking cutlets in their hands, and stole along the shelter of the walls to distribute the delicacies among the warriors at the windows. For some reason or other Sonia had arrayed herself in a large white apron, and fixed a cook's cap on her head; in this setting her little slender figure and flushed face made the most bewitching picture in the world, as she held her plate daintily out towards me. There was still one cutlet left; she put out her hand to lay the plate in the bottom of the loophole, between the sand-bags, when an envious bullet howled through the opening, grazing the skin from her white flesh. It was a tiny wound—our first casualty. Sonia drew her hand quickly away, sank on the floor, and cried helplessly between pain and terror. She refused to be comforted, and was led away sobbing bitterly by the imperturbable Varvára Petróna.

The fortifications of our loopholes were made of inflammable stuff, and in spite of all carefulness we were in perpetual danger of setting our defences on fire. To prevent disaster from this cause, the lieutenant had had all the water in the house brought into the front rooms. The event proved the wisdom of his precaution: a bolster in one of the windows caught, and burst at once into a mass of flame. Our united efforts extinguished the main conflagration; but meanwhile the outer woodwork had taken fire, and the roof was in danger; without a moment's hesitation the big corporal leaped upon the window-sill with a bucket of water, and saved further peril with a douche. Before he had time to step back into the room a bullet from a Chechen gun struck him in the chest. With a loud cry he flung up his arms and fell crashing to the floor. The noise of his fall brought the women to the door; Varvára Petróna stepped stately into the room, and Sonia appeared behind her with a bandaged hand and tear-stained cheeks.

‘Through the lungs!’ ejaculated the lieutenant, as the corporal coughed heavily, and the blood flowed over his lips.

‘It's all over with him!’ murmured a soldier, wagging his head as one who knew. ‘God rest his soul!’

‘Ivan, take his place,’ said the lieutenant. ‘Ephim must have his window to himself.’

'Let Ivan stay where he is,' said Varvára Petrónna, coming quietly forward and loosening the dying man's grip of his rifle. 'I will take the corporal's place.'

She walked to the window, opening the breech with the air of an expert to see if the magazine was full. The dying corporal lay groaning on the floor, but we could not stop to attend to him. Sonia knelt down, took his head in her lap, and soothed him as one might soothe a sick child; her tears rained on his face as she kissed him and caressed him and murmured words of comfort.

'Water! water!' groaned the corporal.

'Akulina! Mâsha!' cried Sonia to the servants beyond the doorway; 'bring water quickly!'

'There is none, Báryshnia,' answered the frightened Mâsha; 'the corporal threw the last drop out of window.'

Sonia slipped a cushion under the wounded man's head, and went to seek in the empty cans; with all her zeal she could collect no more than a thimbleful, which she administered to her patient.

Varvára Petrónna stood at her post in the window, tall and terrible, levelling her gun and firing as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

'Ay da Varvára Petrónna!' said the soldiers approvingly; 'molodézt! she's a heroine!'

The dying man soon renewed his piteous cries for water.

'Varvára, uncle, lieutenant, for Heaven's sake get some water!' cried Sonia, going frantically from one to another.

'Hush!' said Varvára, without turning round, 'you disturb our aim.'

'There is no water but in the spring,' said the colonel.

Sonia disappeared from the room. A minute later we were stupefied with horror. A little slender figure in pink darted out upon the lawn from behind the corner of the house and sped towards the spring; it was Sonia with a bucket in her hand, running as fast as her legs could carry her. A bullet from the enemy ploughed up the grass at her feet, but she ran on unheeding. We held our breath and waited. . . . The Chechenians had ceased firing. A tall form arose and stood upon the garden wall—a handsome young hillman, dressed in a fez-shaped lamb-skin cap and a long Chechenian robe, with a belt full of silver-hilted knives.

'It is Arak himself, the son of Feraz,' said the lieutenant.

Varvára Petróvna slowly raised her gun and covered him.

'Down with your gun, Varvára!' cried the colonel angrily; 'the Chechens have stopped firing.' She lowered her weapon.

The young chief jumped down and walked towards Sonia, saluting gracefully. They exchanged a few words; Arak took the bucket from her and filled it at the spring. As she put out her hand to receive it from him he perceived the bandage on her finger. He paused and questioned her; question and answer were lost to us. Instead of handing her the bucket he advanced side by side with her up to the house. She took the water from him and ran round to the door by which she had made her exit. Arak came close under the windows and asked who was in command; the lieutenant stood forward in the open window.

'I congratulate you, sir, upon the valour of the women of your garrison,' said Arak, with a polite little smile; 'but Chechens do not fight with women. We are disarmed by the courage and devotion of this lady; the house which shelters her is sacred, and we have no more heart for the attack. . . . There are plenty of foes for us beyond the pass: we go to meet them. Farewell!'

He bowed and returned to his men. In a few minutes there were no Chechens to be seen on the hillside.

Some hours later a detachment of the lieutenant's regiment brought us news of an engagement in the valley. Arak and his father had both been wounded and taken prisoners; the discomfiture of the hillmen was so complete that the uprising was practically at an end.

Sonia attended the corporal till the end, which was not long in coming. As she rose from her place beside the couch where he had been laid, she fell fainting on the floor; the excitement of action ended, she had nothing to sustain her. She was put to bed in a state of high fever. After a thanksgiving service, which Varvára Petróvna held in the drawing-room, the lieutenant and I left the house, pursued by the hospitable injunctions of the colonel to be his guests as soon as our fortunes should bring us again to the neighbourhood of the Okova.

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I met the lieutenant a year later at a dance at Government House, Tiflis. We talked of the eventful day we had spent in the colonel's house.

'I shall always be grateful for that adventure,' I said; 'it supplied me with a subject for a picture.'

'It did more for me,' said the lieutenant, smiling. 'I spent a month there in the autumn and found myself a wife.'

'Then the cards——'

'Were true prophets.'

'I congratulate you, my dear fellow; Varvára Petrónna seemed to me a woman whom any man might be proud to. . .'

'Then go in and win her—she is still free. . . . Here comes my wife. . . . Sonia, you haven't forgotten our old comrade in arms?'

GEORGE CALDERON.

SARSFIELD.

PATRICK SARSFIELD is a popular Irish hero. Yet little is known of the story of his life. In 1690 he drove William III. from the walls of Limerick. On that achievement his reputation rests. Sarsfield and Limerick are still names to conjure with in Ireland.

The Sarsfields—De Saresfeld—were Normans. They came to Ireland with Henry II. There were two branches of the family. The head of the one, Dominic, was made a baronet by James I. and afterwards ennobled as Viscount Kinsale;¹ the head of the other, William, held the manor of Lucan, and was knighted while Mayor of Dublin by Sir Henry Sidney in 1566. The grandson of this William Sarsfield married Anne O'Moore, daughter of the famous Irish chief Rory O'Moore, and became the father of William, Patrick, and Mary. William married Mary, a natural daughter of Charles II. and sister of the Duke of Monmouth. On his death without male issue the family estates of Lucan descended to Patrick, the subject of this sketch.

Patrick Sarsfield was born, probably at Lucan, about 1650.² Beyond the fact that he was educated at a French military school, nothing is definitely known of his boyhood and youth. The first authentic bit of information which we get about him is to be found in Dalton's 'Army List' for 1678, where his name appears as a lieutenant in Monmouth's regiment of Foot. We learn from Sarsfield himself that he was in London in the summer of 1678 (whither he had come from France), lodging in the house of the king's saddler at Charing Cross; and that some time previously he had received a commission in Captain Dangan's regiment of Horse. This commission, he said, had been given to him by 'Colonel Dempsey or Mr. Trant at the Crown and Scepter Tavern, Pick-a-Dilly.'³

The next glimpse we get of him is in the journal of Narcissus

¹ In the reign of Charles II. the title was changed to Viscount Kilmallock.

² Dr. Todhunter, *The Life of Patrick Sarsfield*.

³ Deposition made by Sarsfield before the Mayor of Chester. The Mayor had arrested certain persons on their way to Ireland without passports, Sarsfield among the number. In this deposition Sarsfield gives an account of himself to calm the Mayor's fears. For details see Dr. Todhunter's *Life*.

Luttrell, where we read (under date September 9, 1681): 'There has been a tall Irishman to be seen in Bartholomew Fair, and the Lord Grey being to see him said he would make a swinging evidence,' probably in allusion to the witnesses in 'the Popish plot,' 'on which one Captain Sarsfield, an Irishman, sent his lordship a challenge, taking it as an affront on his countrymen.' No duel, however, seems to have been fought. Later on we read (under date September 18, 1681): 'Captain Sarsfield, who challenged the Lord Grey, was taken into custody, but hath since made his escape out of the messenger's hands.' Sarsfield, however, did take part in a duel on December 16 following. Says Luttrell: 'There was a duel fought between the Lord Newburgh and the Lord Kinsale as principals (two striplings under 20) and Mr. Kirk and Captain Sarsfield as seconds: the principals had no hurt, but Captain Sarsfield was run through the body near the shoulder very dangerously.' Over three years later we find him playing an important part on another stage. At the battle of Sedgemoor (July 6, 1685) he fought in the Life Guards under Feversham and Churchill.

'Monmouth's Foot,' says Macaulay, 'though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left, but the Somersetshire clowns with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets faced the Royal Horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead.'

When the Revolution came Sarsfield remained faithful to the king. He led the Irish Horse at Wincanton in the first brush with the enemy, followed James to France, and returned with the ill-fated monarch to Ireland. In all that he did he acted like a gallant soldier and a chivalrous Irish gentleman. Yet he was no favourite with the king, nor with Tyrconnel, the Irish viceroy. 'A brave man, but no brains,' said James, a competent authority, no doubt, on bravery and brains. This was not the verdict of D'Avaux, the French Ambassador, who accompanied James on his Irish expedition.

'Sarsfield,' he wrote to Louvois, 'is not a man of the birth of my Lord Galway nor of McCarthy (Mountcashel), but he is a man distinguished by his merit, who has more influence in this

kingdom than any man I know. He has valour, but, above all, honour and probity which are proof against any assault.' James landed at Kinsale in March 1689, and set out immediately for the capital. In the Parliament, which he then summoned, Sarsfield sat for the county Dublin. He took no part in the siege of Londonderry, but commanded in Connaught. 'I had all the trouble in the world,' says D'Avaux, 'to get Sarsfield made a brigadier; my Lord Tyrconnel strongly opposed this, saying he was a very brave man but had no head. Nevertheless, my Lord Tyrconnel sent him into the province of Connaught with a handful of men; he raised 2,000 more on his own credit, and with these troops preserved the whole province to the king.' Afterwards James, apparently, began to think that Sarsfield possessed 'brains' as well as 'bravery.' In exchange for some French troops a number of Irish recruits were sent to France in 1689—the first instalment of that brigade whose fame filled Europe, and the memory of whose deeds is still fondly cherished by the Irish people. D'Avaux asked James for Sarsfield to command these recruits, but James refused to grant the request.

'I asked the King of England,' says D'Avaux, 'for Sarsfield for one of the colonels to go to France, and command the corps. The king was so pleased with his success in Connaught that when I asked for Sarsfield he told me that I wanted to take all his officers, that he would not give him to me, and that I was unreasonable, and walked three times round the room in great anger. I bore all this meekly; and meanwhile I had a notion of my own, a very good one, as to Sarsfield. I obtained a promise from him that he would not go to France except to command this corps under the orders of McCarthy; so that if McCarthy (captured by the English) got out of prison, he should still have chief command with Sarsfield under him; while if he remained prisoner (he escaped soon afterwards), Sarsfield should have sole command.'

D'Avaux adds: 'Sarsfield will, I believe, be extremely useful, as he is a man who will always be at the head of his troops, and will take great care of them.'

Sarsfield commanded his regiment of Horse—Sarsfield's Horse—at the Battle of the Boyne. On the morning of July 1, 1690, he reconnoitred the English forces in company with Lauzun, Tyrconnel, and Berwick. 'While William,' says Macaulay, 'was at his repast a group of horsemen appeared close to the water on

the opposite shore. Among them his attendants could discern some who had once been conspicuous at reviews in Hyde Park and at balls in the gallery of Whitehall, the youthful Berwick, the small fair-haired Lauzun, Tyrconnel, once admired by maids of honour as the model of manly vigour and beauty, but now bent down by years and crippled by gout, and, overtopping all, the stately head of Sarsfield.'

William began the battle by an attempt to outflank the Irish left and get possession of the road to Dublin. Sarsfield's Horse and the French auxiliaries were sent to check this movement, and to secure the line of retreat, which they did. Meanwhile the English centre had forced the passage of the Boyne right under the Hill of Donore, from which vantage point James witnessed the fight. The Irish infantry, raw levies infamously led by Tyrconnel, gave way under the combined onslaught of English, Dutch, Danes, and Huguenots, but the cavalry, under Hamilton, made a gallant stand. Dashing into the stream, they checked the onset of Solmes 'Blues, drove back the Danish Brigade, scattered the Huguenot regiments, and overwhelmed the Enniskilleners. Caillemot, the Huguenot leader, Schomberg, the veteran Dutch commander, and Walker of Derry fame, fell while rallying their broken forces. It was the crisis of the day. Had James possessed 'bravery' or 'brains,' he would have hurled Sarsfield's Horse upon the enemy. But he showed neither the capacity of a general nor the courage of a soldier. Panic-stricken, he fled from the field while the battle was still raging, and carried Sarsfield's Horse with him. Far differently acted William. Seeing the peril of the situation, he hastened to the scene of danger, flung himself into the thick of the fight, galloped from point to point, wherever the conflict was hottest, brought up every available man, rallied every wavering regiment, and ultimately defeated the Irish Horse, which, though unsupported, yielded only when their ranks were decimated and their commander was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. 'In war,' says Napoleon, 'a Man is everything.' At the Boyne the Prince of Orange, and not the English king, was the 'Man.'

'Change kings,' Sarsfield is reported to have said subsequently, 'and we will fight you over again.'

Flying from the Hill of Donore, James did not draw rein until he reached Dublin Castle. 'The Irish ran,' he said to Lady Tyrconnel, who met him on the threshold. 'Your Majesty

seems to have won the race,' was the witty rejoinder. In an execrable anti-Jacobite farce acted in London immediately after the battle, words are put into the mouth of Sarsfield which probably represent his feelings on being withdrawn from the field to cover James's flight.

'James (*aside*): This fellow will make me valiant in spite of my teeth.

'Sarsfield (*aside*): Curse of my stars, that I must be detached. I would have wrested victory out of heretic fortune's hands.'

From Dublin James hurried to the coast, and embarked for France. Ireland saw him no more.

After the Battle of the Boyne the Irish fell back on Limerick. William marched immediately against that city.

The commanders of the Franco-Irish army—Lauzun, Tyrconnel, Boisseleau, Sarsfield—held a council of war. Lauzun believed that Limerick could not be held. He laughed at the 'fortifications.' 'It's unnecessary,' he said, 'for the English to bring cannon against such a place as this. What you call your ramparts might be battered down with roasted apples.' Tyrconnel agreed with the French General. But Sarsfield said the town could be, and should be defended. He would defend it. Then Lauzun and Tyrconnel retired with the French troops to Galway, and Sarsfield and the Irish soldiers remained to face the foe. Boisseleau remained with them. In describing the scenes which followed, I shall borrow from what I have written elsewhere on this subject.

On August 9 William sat down before the town with an army of 28,000 men. The defenders numbered an effective force of 10,000 infantry and 4,000 horse. William at once sent a message to Boisseleau to surrender. Boisseleau sent back a courteous reply. 'Tell the English king,' he said, 'that I hope I shall merit his opinion more by a vigorous defence than by a shameful surrender of a fortress which has been entrusted to me.'

William was not prepared for this reply. He had heard that Lauzun and the French had departed. He did not believe that the town, thus abandoned, would attempt to hold out. He was resolved to await the arrival of a siege train which was coming up from Waterford with guns, ammunition, and stores. On August 11 this siege train arrived at the little village of Ballyneety, within ten miles of William's camp.

The day before the news of its approach had reached Limerick

Sarsfield saw at a glance that the fate of the town must depend on the arrival of the siege train, and he resolved that arrive it never should. On the night of August 10 he issued from the city with a force of 500 horse, and, under the direction of a faithful guide, moved by a circuitous route towards Ballyneety, whither he had learned that the convoy guarding the siege train were bending their ways. During the day of the 11th he remained concealed in the Keeper Mountain. In the evening the siege train arrived at Ballyneety. That night Sarsfield resolved to surprise the convoy and destroy the train. His first step was to learn the password of the enemy. Here fortune favoured him. The wife of a soldier attached to the convoy had lagged behind in the march. One of Sarsfield's troopers came up with her and was struck by her forlorn position—friendless, tired, deserted. He dismounted and placed her on his horse. He learned who she was, and she told him that the password of the convoy was 'Sarsfield.' At two o'clock on the morning of the 12th Sarsfield's horse approached the lines of the enemy. The English sentinels challenged, and the password was given—'Sarsfield.' The Irish horse passed on, drawing nearer and nearer, until at length they came within striking distance of the foe.

The sentinels again challenged, when the leader of the foremost troop, placing himself at the head of his men and waving his sword, answered: 'Sarsfield—Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man.' The Irish horse charged, the English outposts were driven in, the camp was surprised. Sixty Englishmen were killed, one officer was taken prisoner, the rest fled, leaving wagons, guns, ammunition, stores, all behind. Then 'the victorious Irish made a huge pile of wagons and pieces of cannon. Every gun was stuffed with powder and fixed with its mouth in the ground, and the whole mass was blown up. The solitary prisoner was treated with great civility by Sarsfield. "If I had failed in this attempt," said the Irish General, "I should have been off to France." Intelligence had been carried to William's headquarters that Sarsfield had stolen out of Limerick, and was ranging the country.

'The king guessed the design of his brave enemy, and sent 500 horse to protect the guns. . . . At one in the morning the detachment set out, but had scarcely left when a blaze like lightning and a crash like thunder announced to the wide plain of the Shannon that all was over.

'Sarsfield had long been the favourite of his countrymen, and this most seasonable exploit, judiciously planned and vigorously executed, raised him still higher in their estimation. Their spirits rose, and the besiegers began to lose heart. William did his best to repair his loss. Two of the guns which had been blown up were found to be still serviceable. Two more were sent for from Waterford. Batteries were constructed of small field pieces, which, though they might have been useless against one of the fortresses of Hainault or Brabant, made some impression on the feeble defences of Limerick. Several outworks were carried by storm, and a breach in the rampart of the city began to appear.'¹

On August 27 William ordered an assault on the city. At three o'clock in the afternoon the storming party advanced. The Grenadiers led the way. Firing their matchlocks and throwing their grenades, they sprang into the breach. The defenders, confused and dismayed by the explosion of the grenades—a new experience to them—gave way all along the line and fell back rapidly. On came the English, flushed by success and accustomed to victory, and back went the Irish before them. Within a short distance of the breach they rallied and faced the foe, but the charge was irresistible and bore down all opposition. The English had now penetrated well into the town, and their victory seemed assured. But the Irish, driven to bay, rallied once more, and this time made a determined stand. A fierce hand-to-hand fight, which lasted for four hours, now began. The citizens of Limerick joined the soldiers, and, seizing whatever weapons lay ready to their hands, rushed into the fray. The very women mingled in the contest, flinging stones, bottles, and other missiles at the assailants, and being, as the Williamite historian, who was at the siege, says, 'nearer to our men than their own.' Hour after hour passed, but still the fight went on. Backwards and forwards, to and fro, the surging mass of combatants swayed, till towards sunset the English slowly and sullenly, but steadily and surely, commenced to give way. A splendid German regiment, the Brandenburgers, had entered the town, and were working round to the rear of the Irish, when a mine exploded beneath their feet and blew them into the air. Then, amid the ruin and carnage, the Irish redoubled their efforts and beat the English back to the breach. There the enemy made a last stand, but in

¹ Macaulay.

vain. They were hurled from the city, and driven pell-mell to their entrenchments. William, who had witnessed the fight from an old ruin called Cromwell's Fort, now saw his retreating army flying from the victorious Irish. He quickly hastened to his tent and summoned a council of war. But it was decided that the attack should not be renewed. A few days afterwards William sailed for England, leaving General Ginkel in command of the army, and on August 31 General Ginkel marched away from Limerick. About the same time Lauzun and Tyrconnel retired to France, while Sarsfield and Boisseleau remained among the people whom they had so well and gloriously defended.

At the commencement of the war Sarsfield was the soldier of the king. He was now the soldier of Ireland. 'The darling of the army'—so he has been described by a contemporary authority. 'The king,' said one of his colonels at Athlone, 'is nothing to me. I obey Sarsfield.'

The sentiment so expressed was no doubt general among the Irish soldiers, and may account for the fact that, despite the gallant defence of Limerick, James persisted in keeping the hero of the siege in the background. He suspected and distrusted the one man who had served him with conspicuous success. After the victory Berwick was made the Jacobite Governor of Ireland. Sarsfield was sent to command in Connaught. Early in 1691 Tyrconnel, the evil genius of the Irish army, returned, and Berwick was recalled to France. A Frenchman, St. Ruth, was appointed commander-in-chief. Another Frenchman, D'Usson, was made second in command. Sarsfield was ignored—save, indeed, that he received the barren title of Earl of Lucan. Yet he never complained. He did his duty. He took measures for the defence of his province, and awaited orders. In May 1691 the English army, under Ginkel, took the field and marched on Connaught. Sarsfield waited for them at Athlone, the best strategic point in the line of defence.

One part of Athlone—the English town—stands in Leinster, the other—the Irish town—in Connaught. The Shannon runs between, and was in those days spanned by a stone bridge. After a stubborn resistance Ginkel succeeded in seizing the Leinster part of the town, but the Irish, retreating, destroyed two arches of the bridge, and so checked the English advance. The real fight now began. To reach the Connaught side the river had to be

forded or the bridge crossed. St. Ruth, who had hastened with his army from Limerick and taken up his position on the Connaught side, considered the town unassailable, and, though warned by Sarsfield to keep on the alert, showed neither skill nor energy in directing the defence. In fact, he would neither command himself nor allow Sarsfield to command. 'At the crisis of the fate of Ireland,' Macaulay justly says, 'the services of the first of Irish soldiers were not used, or were used with jealous caution . . . if he ventured to offer a suggestion it was received with a sneer or a frown.' High words, it is said, passed between St. Ruth and Sarsfield, and the latter was ordered to his camp.

On June 26 Ginkel opened a fierce fire on the Irish town, dealing death and havoc around. He then tried to cross the bridge, but the Irish offered a desperate resistance. Throughout the 26th and 27th the fight continued. The English repaired the broken arch on their side and succeeded in laying beams across to the Connaught side, and in placing planks on these beams. The position of the besieged was now perilous to the last degree. Yet, as Dr. Todhunter observes, 'out of this peril came the most heroic action of the siege. A certain sergeant of Maxwell's dragoons, whose name as given in James's 'Memoirs' was Custume, getting together a party of ten other stout fellows, volunteered to pull up the planks laid down by the enemy. Donning their breast and back pieces, that they might as long as possible keep their lives, they rushed boldly out upon the bridge, drove back the carpenters, 'and with the courage and strength beyond what men were thought capable of,' say the 'Memoirs,' 'began to pull up the planks, break down the beams, and fling them into the water; a tremendous fire from the whole English line was opened on them, and man after man fell; but plank after plank was torn up and hurled into the stream. Then the beams were attacked with saw and axe, but the eleven were all killed before their task was finished. Then eleven more sprang out, and the beams began to yield, though the men dropped one by one as before. Two got back alive to the town; the other nine were left dead upon the bridge. But the last beam was floating down the uncrossable Shannon.'

The defence of the bridge filled St. Ruth with renewed hope, and Ginkel almost with despair. The English Commander sum-

moned a council of war. The question of an immediate retreat was discussed, but Talmash and Ruvigny urged that another attempt should be made to take the town. At one point the river was fordable. It was proposed to try the ford this time. Maxwell guarded the ford on the Connaught side. He sent to St. Ruth for reinforcements. St. Ruth returned a scornful answer: 'If Brigadier Maxwell is afraid,' he is reported to have said, 'another General shall be sent.' Sarsfield also warned the Commander-in-Chief, but his warning was despised, and he himself was forced to take up a position in the rear.

On June 30 the English crossed the ford; the inadequate Irish force sent to guard the river were taken completely by surprise. Maxwell was made a prisoner, his men were dispersed, and Athlone was captured almost before St. Ruth knew that the English had crossed the Shannon. The gallant defenders of the bridge had fallen in vain. The bravery of the soldier was not proof against the folly of the General. Athlone fell because St. Ruth had failed to do his duty.

St. Ruth now crossed the river Suck and took up a position near the village of Aughrim, some twenty miles west of Athlone and about thirty miles due north of Limerick. There Ginkel found him ready, and indeed eager, for the fray. St. Ruth's ground was well chosen. His army was posted on the slope of a hill; in front lay a morass passable for infantry, but not for cavalry. On the right was a stream issuing from the morass; on the left an old causeway only wide enough for two horses to pass at a time. Beyond the causeway was the Castle of Aughrim.

St. Ruth's dispositions were carefully made. In the centre, on the edge of the morass and screened by some old 'hedges and ditches,' were the infantry commanded by Dorrington and John Hamilton. De Tessé commanded the right wing facing the stream, and with him were the cavalry regiments of Tyrconnel, Abercorn, Prendergast, and Sutherland. Sheldon commanded the left wing, defending the causeway; in the Castle of Aughrim Walter Bourke with two hundred men was posted. Despite the lesson of Athlone, St. Ruth still treated Sarsfield with insolent *hauteur*. The most capable officer in the Irish army was, on this eventful day, placed in command of the reserves of cavalry, scarcely within sight of the field of battle and with strict directions not to move until ordered. He was not taken into the

confidence of the Commander-in-Chief, nor informed at any time of the operations in progress.

At five o'clock on the evening of July 12 the battle began. Ginkel tried to turn the Irish right, but failed utterly. Then he ordered a frontal attack. The Huguenot regiments led the way across the morass. The Irish held their fire until the enemy came to close quarters, then a fierce combat ensued. The English foot broke through the hedges, the Irish falling slowly back. Suddenly a flanking fire was opened on the Huguenots, who reeled under the shock. The Irish at the centre rallied and charged home; supports were sent forward on both sides. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict followed, sword to sword and bayonet to bayonet. Finally, the English gave way and were chased across the morass to their own ground. Again and again the assault was renewed on the Irish centre, and again and again it was fiercely repelled.

'This repulse,' says a contemporary authority, one who was on the field of battle, 'this repulse was no sooner given than a grand corps comes pouring down on the Irish for the third time. It was now the combat seemed more violent than before, and as if it were the last effort. After an obstinate storm the English were constrained to retreat. The Irish followed, making use of club musket, whereby the foreigners suffered much. The regiment of Guards and the whole Royal Brigade was particularly noted by the field to have performed uncommon execution. The Irish pursued so far that they gained the enemy's ground and maintained themselves thereon. General Gordon O'Neil with his regiment took some of their cannon.' 'Hurrah! my boys,' cried St. Ruth, 'the victory is ours. We will drive them along the road to Dublin.'

The fight had now lasted for two hours. Ginkel, as after the heroic defence of the bridge at Athlone, was in despair. He meditated a retreat, but Mackay urged him to hold his ground. The attempt to turn the Irish right had failed; the attacks on the centre had failed. Mackay now advised a turning movement against the Irish left. Ginkel agreed. Mackay and Ruvigny led the Horse by twos along the old causeway under a heavy covering fire. St. Ruth saw the movement and laughed at it. His left was his strongest position. He waited to hear the thunder of the guns from the Castle of Aughrim, but Bourke's batteries were silent; the Irish had run short of ammunition. St. Ruth hastened

to the spot. He sent to Sarsfield for supports, but madly would not allow Sarsfield to command those supports. For the third time, when the fate of Ireland hung in the balance, this gallant soldier was doomed to inaction. Sarsfield sent forward the supports, chafing under the order which fixed him to a spot from which he could not even see his men advance. St. Ruth was elated with joy. He believed that the English were delivering themselves into his hands. 'Forward, my boys,' he cried, 'we will sweep them before us.' The next instant he fell lifeless from his horse, a cannon ball had carried off his head. The death of St. Ruth was followed by total inaction on the Irish left. No one seems to have taken command. The news was kept from Sarsfield. Nothing was done to check the English advance. The Irish left seemed paralysed. Meanwhile Mackay and Ruvigny pushed forward along the causeway, and got close on the Irish side.

Ginkel then ordered his centre to advance once more across the morass to engage the Irish infantry in front. The Irish infantry resisted this attack with the gallantry which they had shown throughout the whole day. 'They behaved themselves like men of another nation,' says the self-complacent Story. 'The Irish were never known to fight with more resolution,' says the 'London Gazette.'

But the fate of the bravest soldiers in the world depends on the will of the general. The English were well served by Mackay, whose turning movement was well conceived and well executed. The Irish after the fall of St. Ruth were practically left without a leader, for Sarsfield was kept completely in the dark. Yet the Irish centre presented a bold front to the enemy until Mackay had worked round on the left and threatened their rear. Then they gave way, and their flight was the first intimation which Sarsfield received that the day was lost. He immediately took command, rallied the scattered forces, and retreated to Limerick. 'Colonel Sarsfield,' says an English authority in the French archives quoted by Dr. Todhunter, 'who commanded the enemy in their retreat, performed miracles, and if he was not killed or taken it was not from any fault of his.'

On August 25, 1691, an English army was once more before Limerick, and Sarsfield was within the walls of the beleaguered town. Limerick again held bravely out; but, with the rest of Ireland conquered, Sarsfield felt that he could do little more now

than fight for honourable terms of submission. Strange as it may seem, Ginkel was as anxious to treat as Sarsfield. Though successful, the English General did not feel safe. William himself was eager for peace. 'The king,' says Burnet, 'had given Ginkel secret instructions that he should grant all the demands the Irish could make that would put an end to the war.' Ginkel, having secured a strong position on the Clare side of the river, shutting the garrison up in the town, expressed his willingness, on the initiative of Sarsfield, to discuss terms of capitulation. On September 24 there was an interview between Ruvigny and Sarsfield. Negotiations for peace were opened, and on October 3 the rough draft of the famous Treaty of Limerick was signed on a stone on the Clare side of the river, just over Thomond Bridge. By this treaty the Irish were guaranteed civil and religious liberty. As Burnet tersely puts it, 'They were admitted to all the privileges of subjects on taking the oath of allegiance to their Majesties.' When the draft came to be engrossed it was found that some words of vital importance had been omitted. Sarsfield's attention was called to the fact. He insisted on the restoration of the words. A warm discussion arose between himself and Ginkel. It seemed as if the conflict would be renewed.

Meanwhile a powerful French fleet had arrived off the coast. The French officers in Limerick urged Sarsfield to break off negotiations; but the Irish General said that he would observe the treaty if the English would observe it too by restoring the omitted words. The words were then restored. But, incredible as it may seem, they were again omitted in the draft submitted to William for signature. To his honour be it said, William, on learning of the omission, replaced the words and then signed the treaty.

The rest of the story of the Treaty of Limerick, the story of its violation—'violated,' as John Bright once said, 'almost incessantly during two centuries of time'—does not properly belong to the story of Sarsfield's life, and shall not be told here.

In November Sarsfield, followed by 12,000 Irish soldiers, who marched out of Limerick with all the honours of war, sailed for France to enter the service of Louis XIV. The abilities of the gallant Irishman were quickly appreciated by the great General who now commanded the French army. On the recommendation

of Luxembourg he was at once raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

He was soon destined to meet his old opponents—Mackay, Talmash, Ruvigny, Ginkel, William himself—in the campaign of the Netherlands. On the hard-fought field of Steinkirk his valour was conspicuous among the most valiant soldiers of Europe. There Mackay fell rallying the broken forces of England, and Sarsfield joined in the crowning charge which gave victory to the arms of France. Twelve months later he fought his last battle.

On July 19, 1693, Luxembourg and William met again on the field of Ianden. The English held a strongly entrenched position in and around the villages of Neerwinden and Neerlanden, with a river, the Gette, in their rear. At four o'clock in the morning Luxembourg began operations, and for eleven hours the battle raged. Neerwinden was the key of the English position. Luxembourg concentrated all his strength against it. Again and again the French entered the village, and again and again they were driven back.

The Irish regiment of Dorrington, led by Barrett, were the first in the English trenches. Barrett died at his post, but not until the French supports had come up and the English were hotly engaged all along the line. Berwick, pushing impetuously forward, was taken prisoner. Solmes, bravely resisting the 'fiery onset of France,' fell at the head of his men. Ruvigny was captured but chivalrously allowed to escape, for his captors believed that if given up he would be doomed to a traitor's death. So the fight went on. Sometimes the scale went down on the side of England, sometimes on the side of France. At length Luxembourg ordered the Household Troops—the conquerors of Steinkirk—to advance. Driving the English before them, they entered Neerwinden.

Rallying under the eye of William himself, the English stubbornly disputed every inch of ground. But the Household Troops dashed on. Neerwinden was taken and held. William, covering the 'slow retreat of England,' fell back over the Gette.

Sarsfield, who from the early morning till the turn of the day was in the thickest of the fight, now pressed forward at the head of a French cavalry regiment in hot pursuit of the beaten foe.

The scene of Aughrim was reversed, and Ginkel, flying from his

old antagonist, narrowly escaped a grave in the waters of the Gette.

The field was fought and won. But in the arms of victory Sarsfield fell. Struck by a bullet in the breast, he was borne mortally wounded from the ground, and three days later died at the hamlet of Huy. The Irish people still fondly cherish the tradition which tells how, as he was carried dying from the battlefield, he exclaimed : ‘ Oh, would that this were for Ireland ! ’ That tradition will survive the written word of the incredulous historian.

All that the majority of Irishmen know of Sarsfield has been mainly gathered from the stories about him which have been handed down from generation to generation, spanning a period of two hundred years. Yet O’Connell himself has not a dearer place in the Irish heart than the hero of Limerick.

R. BARRY O’BRIEN.

SEA-FISHING MEMORIES.

YOUR angler is of necessity a dreamer. There is a touch of melancholy about his pastime, a sadness and solitude that reflects itself in his thoughts. And if he who casts the fly over the salmon pool or on the trout stream, with the constant company of inquisitive cows and a hundred birds of the waterside, in hearing of the village church clock and in sight of its steeple, can feel this loneliness, how much more so that other, a sportsman of more recent growth, who practises his arts on the open sea, miles maybe from the land, with no companions beyond stray gulls and gannets and perchance a passing smack or coasting-steamer! And the sadness of his fishing is enhanced by the tale and circumstances of the hard-worked, under-paid fishermen, who risk their lives for a pittance, and toil at straining nets with often no result. Very reticent they are for the most part on their troubles, for they leave the eloquence to the shore loafer, ever on the look-out for sympathetic hearers in townfolk who may be tricked by some plausible legend in which the fruits of laziness and intemperance are made to pass for undeserved bad luck.

Yet it is pleasant when the sadness of the lonely shore has faded, and the bad days stand out in memory less conspicuous than the good, to wander hand in hand with vanished comrades along the gallery of pictures of many lands and seas where one has in the mantle of Piscator tempted fortune, brought in this way face to face with Nature at her grandest, freed from the trammels of the conventional life, living for the moment in natural fashion. Half a dozen such pictures from my own album will never fade for me.

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The train slows down among the cornfields in the thick of Hardy's country, and drowsy Dorset porters place themselves in the way of carelessly opened doors and announce that we are come to 'ool, otherwise Wool. Of a ragged little trap we next take possession in the station yard, a primitive contrivance enough, between which and the shattered quadruped in front divorce proceedings are pending, we find, throughout our four-mile hill and dale progress to Lulworth Cove. Like a basin of molten

metal that haven gleams in the setting sun, small craft and the corks of lobster-pots dancing on its blue waters, white gulls dipping to the surface and laughing with that hyena note that is the gull's expression of joy. Our cross-eyed gillie—an inheritance from a friend who fished the place once, but will never, alas! fish more—meets us at the hotel and takes possession of our baggage. Then follows us straight into the hall and encourages us with accounts of a beautiful lot of 'rags' that he has got over from Weymouth, meaning thereby a consignment of lively ragworms, even now gambolling wantonly on a bed of green weed, and little dreaming, if dream they can, of the bright tinned hooks on which they will at next break of day be presented to long-jawed pollack. The usual and inexpensive way of getting bait at Lulworth is to set some of the lobster-pots for hermit-crabs, in the shell of which, wonderfully packed in the spiral end, is generally a nereid worm of finer growth, and, indeed, of different species. This, however, is uncertain work, too risky for those who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, so a telegram despatched in the morning has brought these pallid, centipedal-looking worms from Weymouth's puny river. No start can be made this evening beyond doing justice to the dinner prepared for us, and after that we wander down to the water's edge, smoking peacefully enough until first one, then another, stumbles over the lobster-pots and their mazes of rope. Lobsters are Lulworth's one industry, and every dead animal for miles around is requisitioned for bait, horses, cats, dogs, and even, when available, donkeys. Rabbits and badgers come not amiss to the blue-armoured gentlemen outside, and in times of scarcity, when the death rate is mournfully low on the farms, rough fish is even purchased from Weymouth or from any trawler lying to off the cove.

A short night's rest, with broken dreams of monster pollack and fitful gleams of gigantic red lobsters all alive, is all we care for, and, as the east is reddening, we are swallowing our coffee, and Michael has gathered up our rods and baskets, and the ring of his great boots sounds over the cobble stones of the little street that leads down to the water. We are not long in following, and a few strong pulls send his old boat—no gilded pleasure craft, but good for those who like to stretch their legs or stand up when gaff or landing-net has to be used with promptness and decision—out between the heads and round to the west in the direction of that beautiful natural arch, Durdle Door. The baits are out by

now, two worms on each hook, and Michael rows slowly and in zig-zag course down the coast. Down goes a rod top, with a twang on the fine line, and a wrasse of four pounds, locally known as 'carp,' its coat taking in the tremors of death all the hues of Joseph's coat, beats its own funeral march on the thwart. Pollack follow, of no great size, it is true, yet sufficient for their sudden diving to test the fine gear and the angler's skill. Young sea-birds squeak hungrily from the rocky ledges, and old cormorants wing their rapid way across the bay, putting mile after mile between their craning necks and the guns that boom across the waters from Portland anchorage.

.

Where the swift waters run down from Newton Abbot to the Channel, between red Devon cliffs and wooded hills, past uncovering banks riddled with the burrows of sand-eels, past grim old vessels brought to their moorings by fussy tugs, there the bass play merrily in the rising and setting sun. It is a little after four this bright July morning, and dead low water. Out on the mud banks opposite the boathouses on the strand men and girls and crows are all at work on the cockle beds, and a salmon seine is being hauled at the point. We have lively sand-eels towing in the cource as the boat is pulled out clear of the moorings, and one is quickly tendered on the hook, at the end of a long trace of single silkworm gut, and almost as quickly accepted by a bass of three pounds weight. Other little boats are there before ours, early as is the hour, and half a dozen drop up abreast on the rising tide, and sometimes, as an express goes shrieking down to the west, or to the more measured rhythm of a heavier luggage train lumbering up to Exeter, three or four rods are bending together, and the shoals moving up from the sea are so many fish the poorer. Eloquently this sea-fishing in fresh water, the counterpart of a like practice amid the tamer Sussex scenery, in the lower Arun, appeals as a compromise to those ambitious to try a new fashion in sport without a too close acquaintanceship with the more unruly waters outside. Why should they face all the risks and discomforts of deep-sea fishing when they can catch the sea angler's most coveted fish within five minutes of their lodgings, in perfectly smooth water, that permits of their smoking and even eating without qualms? And, indeed, so long as the bass are in the river, foraging among the grassy old ships' keels newly in

from the sea, there is no sound reason why they should. Days there are, though, on which the Teignmouth bass will have none of the muddy shallows in the river. It is in vain that the boatmen take their customers even as far up as Coombe Cellars. The silvery host has moved down to the sea on the ebb, ashamed maybe of its long idleness in land-locked waters, and bent on picking up strength and appetite by an hour or two in the open. Vainly the boats of the less venturesome play to and fro, and there is neither tightening of lines nor filching of baits. Then it is that the more knowing and less squeamish paddle unobtrusively past the salmon nets in the pool and out into the frolicsome waters where salt meets fresh, and the rising easterly breeze stirs up defiant little curling crests against the falling tide. More line is paid out here, and the boat bumps from wave to wave, passing in four fathoms rough ground beyond the red Ness. And bass after bass rewards the venture, with a sprinkling of the less active pollack whenever the bait drifts off the right ground and over the larger rocks beyond. The coast is not without its interesting landmarks. Babbacombe is there ahead; astern, the Parson and Clerk just shut in Dawlish and the entrance to the Exe; but the bass are 'right here,' and here stay we.

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Ten o'clock rings out through the pitch darkness from Charlestown church, and the veering of the lights on the pilchard fleet over by the Gribbin tells of the hauling of the nets. Sure enough, the creaking of the head ropes reaches us over the sagging waters, to be drowned in a moment in the mewing of a thousand gulls that float from their sleeping ledges in the Black Head to pick stray flotsam from the meshes. These in turn wake the little puffins and guillemots huddled on higher ledges, but they do not join in the feast, being fishers, not scavengers of garbage. We have been anchored in the lugger since sundown, catching first a few pollack and an odd shark or two; then, with a large bait of fish, catching squids on a peculiarly constructed engine of many hooks, squids for the undoing of great conger, many of which now writhe in the boat's well. For we have been hauling these great slimy barking eels out of the water since darkness fell over everything, shutting us out, who fished only for our own amusement and to kill the holiday time we had so dearly anticipated as unending, and also those toilers on the fleet of

twenty boats, fishing for dear life and home. And, lazily enough, when there comes a lull in the biting, we lie back, a hitch of the lines around our wrists in readiness for messages from below, each watching the dull red glow of the other's pipe, or blinking back at the blinking stars overhead and thinking that if no more congers put in an appearance when the next quarter comes reverberating over the still waters from the clay town we will assuredly haul the anchor and unfurl our red wings and run for the little harbour, seeking anon our humble quarters in the single cobbled street, its blackness unbroken by a single light, its peace undisturbed by the faintest sound. This is our second outing to-day, and we must in fairness give the skipper a day off to-morrow, for, while we simply fish and consume tobacco, he, poor devil! has the hauling of anchors and dipping of lugsails, the pulling of gigantic oars whenever we run into a calm, and all other manner of toil inseparable from the wooing of the deep sea in ships, however small. This morning at nine, as the gulls were still mewling their plaintive dirge over the fishy harbour still redolent of last night's silver harvest, its tarred quays glittering with the salt and scales from two hundred thousand pilchards gleaned in the bay and shared between the factory and the country jowders,¹ after we had consumed red mullet and cream with our breakfast tea, we clambered down the slippery street, despatched three messages over the wires, as a lazy way, economising time rather than money, of attending to holiday correspondence, and tumbled into the boat, scanning on our way out of the tiny harbour the *Western Morning News* for the latest details of two wars and a *cause célèbre*. Mackerel lines are paid out astern as soon as we are clear of the harbour, for the mackerel are busy in St. Austell Bay these summer mornings, and as it needs a good two hours' sail, even with a soldier's wind, to reach the Tom Ash grounds, off Fowey, we may as well half fill the well with blue and silver acrobats, the last not yet still before the next takes up the drumming measure, providing against scarcity of bait and adding a few shillings to the skipper's daily earnings. In 'splats' they come, with inactive gaps between. As sure as we see and hear the gulls 'working' ahead, or old green shags sitting in a patch right in our course, we tighten our hold on the lines, and three mackerel come aboard almost together, sheering port and starboard and under the keel, but all to no purpose, for we know

¹ Fish-hawkers.

well the psychological moment of their pointing for the boat, when they may be lifted bodily over the gunwale without a too sudden strain on the light gear. Good shoal fish these, yet inferior by several inches length and depth to the giant fish of an earlier year, or more vigorous growth, that must be fished at anchor down among the green weed. But we are nearing the grounds. Between us and the fading coast, brooded over by a summer haze that taxes all the skipper's lore in picking up his bearings, stretches a line of gleaming porpoises, a veritable sea-serpent of the tumbling units, rolling lazily among the pilchards, while great white gannets, dashing obliquely and with folded wings from the blue into the deeper blue, join in the *mêlée* and take all that escape the sea-pigs. We are on the third and last tack now; rigging up stout rods specially built for the work, and looking out a favourite treble trace, when, with an oath deep and tuneful, the skipper informs us that some—can the murmured word be the Celtic for fisherman, we wonder?—is on the ground before us. Close, very close, we sail to the little boat dancing at her anchor rope, and he proceeds by an easy transition to the vocative, meting out choice invective and scanning the while the distant cliffs through the other's rigging, and as soon as our rival, now replying volubly for the defence, is left well astern, the skipper, with a wink and a change of the quid from right to left, informs us that the silly—surely another interesting fragment of the ancient Cornish that it were folly to endeavour to transcribe—is not on any mark at all, but must have watched us when he passed the day before yesterday and miscalculated his bearings. For we are here over our pet corner, where we now heave the anchor and forty good fathom of hemp behind it, of the 'Tom Ash' rocks, one that we have at certain tides fished these half-dozen Augusts with unvarying success. So small is the pit—what a dark fairy grotto it must be, could we only see it!—in which abide the heavy pollack that an extra fathom of rope, or a sudden slackening of the tide or freshening of the wind, would take our baits wide of the mark and leave them dangling uselessly over the weedy bowers of prawns and lobsters. Some little coaxing the anchor requires in this driving tide seven miles from land, but skilful hands jam it tightly in the jagged rocks, for a taching on the flukes guarantees dislodgment when we want to quit. 'All fast!' comes at last from the skipper, bent double in the bow, and from each rod half a pilchard sheers away with a light lead. It is just

on high water, so we pay out from the winch a good twenty fathoms, then put on the check. Rightly judged; for in two minutes the winch is screeching, the rod-top bending, the line circling in the eddying way, as the old pollack bores for the safety that his instinct tells him lies in the rocks if he can but reach them. But the angler can trust his tackle better even than he might a valued friend; gingerly he checks that mad downward career; slowly, slowly line is wound in, till there is a silver gleam three fathoms down in the water, and the skipper makes ready for his unerring dip of the rusty gaff that shall land ten pounds weight of dripping, struggling fish in our midst. More pollack, some yet heavier, follow; and at last a lull in the biting, an hour or more after high water, suggests the moment for tiffin. Then it is that, our thoughts freed from the tyranny of sport, we become aware of an increasing pulsation over the still sea, and three black dots between us and the Rame grow in size until they discover themselves as three torpedo boats out on their trial spin from Devonport to the Dodman and back, an essay that brings them so indecently near our berth, as to upset with their wash the luncheon basket poised on a furled sail. After them, as they churn on like puffing grampuses, we hurl a flood of unnoticed imprecations, for the country's first line of defence is not likely to rouse the unstinted admiration of the warmest patriot within fifty yards of his anchored boat. Indeed, we might as well have hauled the anchor and lunched on the way in. We have had our last pollack for the day, and a longer interval without a bite is soon explained by a terrific pull on one of the lines, that had been made fast to a bunch of corks and left over the side, and a little pulling and coaxing brings to the gaff an ugly porbeagle shark of twenty or thirty pounds, an evil spoilsport with fearful teeth and a most indecorous smell.

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Ten at night on the Circular Quay, Sydney, after a warm Saturday evening in October, and a gentle westerly breeze is stirring the loveliest harbour in all Australia—let that be praise enough for the moment—as ten fishermen muster noiselessly from different quarters of the city, and, pushing aside a sleepy Chinaman stupid with drugs, move down the gangway of a small tugboat with a negro captain. The gangway is pulled ashore, and the little boat steams jerkily out through the shipping and is nearly run down

at the start by the late fast steamer in from Neutral Bay. That danger past, as also Garden Island and the anchored warships, their lights gleaming against Woolloomooloo in the black background, she lets herself go, and beautiful bays and headlands crowned with villas and gardens are left unappreciated in the darkness, and soon, without much warning, comes the less gentle movement of the heaving Pacific down between the Heads. Away under the great North Head the course is changed to port, and we roll pleasantly up the coast. Several of the party are sleeping peacefully after a hard week's work, for there will be no fishing for several hours yet, our goal being great reefs of rocks beyond the Hawkesbury, rocks loved of the red schnapper, largest and handsomest of sea-brems. Others sleep not, but prefer to play with their tackle and chat over the city's news, the latest talk of the Federation Bill and the latest North Shore murder mystery. The ocean is calm enough with this west, off-shore wind, but there are times when, careless of its reputation, the Pacific can rage fearfully against those inhospitable cliffs, and the wrecks thereabouts are many and some of them are history. Many miles of rocks we pass, and the breeze brings to us through the darkness the faint aroma of unseen smoke of inland bush fires, and the black gentleman in charge moves cautiously, for these bush fires send out such clouds of smoke that at times you cannot see two lengths ahead. At last the darkness is broken by lighter shafts out at sea, and the east is grey and ever lighter grey, and we are within sight of the gap in the cliffs off which lie our rocks. Long handlines are unwound from their corks, and the two large hooks on each are baited with squid or trevally or blacktail from a large heap of baits ready cut for the party and apportioned out by the master of ceremonies, a government secretary. Steam is now shut off, and we drift over the reef, broadside to the tide, and lines are paid out over the tilting gunwale, all hands being on the tideway side of the tug and giving her a list that to the uninitiated would look dangerous. The growing light discovers gaunt gum trees on the broken cliffs abeam, and a few large dark sea-fowl of the albatross kind wing their way a mile or two farther out. Soon, very soon, some one is fast in a big fish, and his neighbour is fast in New South Wales, which unobtrusively retains his lead and hooks as a keepsake. The luckier fisherman, prematurely rejoicing in the smiles of fortune, hauls his prize nearer and nearer to the surface; its dark

form looms in the clear water, and something about its head suggests a horrible fear in its captor's mind—yes, not only is it 'wrong colour,' the term of contempt reserved for all fish but the desired red schnapper, though many others are as brilliant red, but it is, worst of all, a ground-shark, a gravid female. A slash of a knife discloses six baby sharks just ready for birth, and the lamentations of the shark-catcher are echoed by his fellows, for sharks and schnapper live not in good fellowship. But the fear that, like some other rogues, they may be hunting in company proves groundless, and good Roman-nosed schnapper come flopping over the side, with a wondrous medley of other fish of every form and hue—nannygai, morwong, rock-cod, and the rest. Of enduring interest these are to the wandering naturalist mindful of their gay contrast to the types of northern waters, but almost equally vile on the table, all but the schnapper itself. The fishing is merry sport until eight. Then we seem to have caught them all, and it is indeed a formidable heap of slippery victims piled behind each fisher. So we run into a little harbour, a natural inlet that knows no longer the primitive dug-out of the vanished blacks, and the billy is boiled, and steaks are fried in a pan, and some wander over the rocks and cunningly catch black bream with the aid of a peculiar ground bait brought from Sydney for the purpose, and others botanise, and one or two seek snakes and find them not, for the snake is, in Australia as elsewhere, remarkable for its absence except when it is not wanted. After two hours ashore, during which even a couple of guns are produced from the tug's cabin—for sport in Australia is a hotch-potch of unrestricted slaughter—and used with some effect on the small scrub wallaby, we re-embark and steam back to the capital, this time appreciating in the afternoon sunlight the beauties of Port Jackson, its wild headlands, quiet bays, and homely looking suburbs. And on the Circular Quay we part with a mutual resolve to meet up again next Saturday evening and fish southward down the coast for a change, over beyond Coogee.

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Late afternoon in the estuary of a Queensland river, the Fitzroy, southernmost boundary in Australia of the lazy crocodiles that bask on its muddy banks. Out in mid-stream, a cable's length from the mangrove swamps with their quaint fauna of land-crabs and mud-skippers, lies an old British India merchantman stretch-

ing out her greedy cranes for wool-bales as fast as the three lighters alongside can disgorge them. The after-hold, better served maybe than the others, is soon full to the hatches, and the second officer, his duty done, remembers the master passion and slips away in the dinghey to the little lighthouse up the creek. The genial lighthouse keeper—who has buried two wives, reared two families, and spent sixty uneventful years within sight of the shallow coral seas and Barrier Reef—lends him, as previously arranged, a rod and line, and he is soon walking to and fro on the little wooden pier, trailing in the water that rushes through the piles a young mullet on triangle hook. Presently, with a rush that nearly deprives him of his balance, the mate—or ‘officer,’ as he prefers to have it, and who shall deny one vowed to a dog’s life so poor a comfort?—is fighting for all he is worth with a giant perch, probably sixty or eighty pounds, which, after the contest has endured sufficiently for its very modest ambitions, takes a turn of the line round an encrusted post and departs in the deep water, leaving the mariner raving on the pier in terms that take away the breath of the gentle recluse beside him, yet bring back not wholly unwelcome memories of the world he has forsaken. Catfish only, wretched whiskered creatures that come to their fate like motor-cars yet fight no harder than would a drifting boot, exhaust the remnant of his patience, and he presently paddles back to his ship unchastened in spirit and unprovided with fresh fish for the saloon table. A browsing dugong rolls under the vessel’s stern as he shoots alongside, and for a moment his thoughts go to the express rifle in his cabin, for he has a turn for natural history, and the great Sirenians, though dimly seen on former voyages, are something of a novelty to him. Slack, however, or merciful, he lets the opportunity pass and soon forgets, in the four feet of bunk handsomely left him by his sleeping cat, the fickleness of fish and the attentions of Fitzroy mosquitoes, than which few have more searching enterprise.

Many Florentines there are who close their hot villas in July and go down the line for a month’s health-restoring in the Pancaldi baths at Leghorn; but this very modern port is in little favour with tourists, and all but omitted from the fashionable guides. Yet the dockyard of its *ingenio civile* gave me, many years ago, more than one memorable hour’s mullet fishing as the

sun was rising over the valley and behind by Monte Nero, while olive-skinned Italians suspended their musical blasphemies to wish me good luck as they loafed away to their gentle labours. A game of patience, this angling for grey mullet, and one at which perchance the impetuous Job would have made no manner of hand; yet were those Leghorn mullet to be wooed and won with a ball of arrowroot paste and fine tackle. Of a sudden the float was gone under, and a fat mullet came in circles to the surface and was scooped in the landing net. And well enough he would taste for breakfast an hour later, whenever Caterina could be coaxed to the point of forgetting the garlic. Other sport the Molo Nuovo would provide at night, when great fish of the black sea-bream type were caught on fine tackle, and we all sang—or one of us, at any rate, tried his best a few notes wide of the rest—love songs, to our absent ladies it may be presumed, with an accompanying mandoline that was as much a part and parcel of the outfit as rod and line. Another night we would spear *Murænas* by torchlight in the rocks beside the bathing place, and a misguided prong would now and then find flesh that was not of the *Muræna*, and our conviction was strengthened once again that for blasphemy, as for love and music, the Italian tongue and temperament have no rival.

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Farther west, where Mediterranean loses itself in Atlantic's clasp, Tangier smiles coyly at Gibraltar, and many fish gambol in the shallow waters between. Hmad, the coal-black from the Ha-Ha country, or Luiz, the ex-convict from Malaga, either makes a good henchman out on the water, either knows where fish are to be found, though failure makes Hmad only praise Allah the more devoutly, whereas under that same test the piety of Luiz takes strange shapes. I have sat through many a warm May afternoon with both of them, and a dozen species of fish, not to mention small octopuses, which are not fish but the very devil—'*haramin*,' Hmad would call them—to get off the hook, with live shrimps netted in the rock pools by Hmad's youngest son, jet black, like his parent, wearing no more than half a yard of clothing and always merry and seeing the bright side of life. Yet a fool, so says his father, who, by the will of Allah, lost his brightest boy in the great cholera of '94. The fish bite well this Saturday afternoon, and we are hauling them in fast as the little steamer arrives with a fresh cargo of visitors from Gibraltar—gaunt officers

coming for the Monday's pig-sticking, new *attachés* for more than one of the legations, merchants and tourists with some southern capital for their goal. Out in the bay, off white Tarifa, the feluccas are making great catches of mackerel and bonito, and a sinewy Moor is wielding a long bamboo from the end of the rocks and catching gurnard and bream and small conger, which he will presently disguise beyond recognition by eye or palate with much fearful messing of spices and flavourings. The little pier is crowded, and the trucks of luggage run smoothly along the only railway in the Moorish Empire to the Customs, and not until the crowd has passed through the gates do we also run alongside, Hmad the lesser ambling behind me to the hotel with a goodly string of mixed fish.

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Thus, unchecked, memory would browse idly over other waters green, or blue, or neither, but only mud-colour, seeing again sandy shores and rocky islands and estuaries, with fishermen white, black, and brown, and all manner of craft from catamaran to felucca, and every hue and form of fish, from hammerhead sharks to red mullet, from Baltic herring to Tasmanian trumpeter. Monotonous, those call sea-fishing who never tried it. How can any angling be monotonous? And how, above all, that angling which depends on the fickle caprices of the sea, which, if anything in this life, is emblematic of change?

F. G. AFLALO.

ICHABOD.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

It is not cast from any obvious mould of sentiment. It is not a memorial urn, nor a ruined tower, nor any of those things which he who runs may weep over. Though not less really deplorable than they, it needs, I am well aware, some sort of explanation to enable my reader to mourn with me. For it is merely a hat-box.

It is nothing but that—an ordinary affair of pig-skin, with a brass lock. As I write, it stands on a table near me. It is of the kind that accommodates two hats, one above the other. It expands conventionally from its base, and its handled lid has the conventional curves. Set on a pedestal, in a dim light, under a yew-tree, perhaps it might pass for a memorial urn. But that is not why it depresses me. Does it, you wonder, hold the ashes of a favourite hat? No; not of its content, but of its surface, is my sorrow. Your thoughts fly to ruined towers: you conjecture, Is this a ruined hat-box? On the contrary, it is sound and up-standing, and altogether as comfortable (nay! with its lining of quilted scarlet satin, as luxurious) a vehicle as any hat could wish for. Not that it is new. It has had, indeed, many tenants, and is sun-tanned, rain-soiled, scarred and dented by collision with trucks and what not other accessories to the moving scenes through which it has been bandied. Yes! it has known the stress of many journeys; yet has it never (you would say, seeing it) received its baptism of paste: it has not one label on it. And there, indeed, is the tragedy that I shall unfold.

For many years this hat-box had been my travelling companion, and was, but a few days since, a dear record of all the big and little journeys I had made. It was much more to me than a mere receptacle for hats. It was my one collection, my collection of labels. Well! last week its lock was broken. I sent it to the trunk-makers, telling them to take the greatest care of it. It came back yesterday. The idiots, the accursed idiots! had carefully removed every label from its surface. I wrote to them—it matters not what I said. My fury has burnt itself out. I have reached the stage of craving general sympathy. So I have sat

down to write, in the shadow of a tower which stands bleak, bare, prosaic, all the ivy of its years stripped from it; in the shadow of an urn commemorating nothing.

I think that everyone who is, or ever has been, a collector will pity me in this dark hour of mine. In other words, I think that nearly everyone will pity me. For few are they who have not, at some time, come under the spell of the collecting spirit and known the joy of accumulating specimens of something or other. The instinct has its corner, surely, in every breast. Of course, hobby-horses are of many different breeds; but all their riders belong to one great cavalcade, and when they know that one of their company has had his steed shot under him, they will not ride on without a backward glance of sympathy. Lest my fall be unnoted by them, I write this essay. I want that glance.

Do not, reader, suspect that because I am choosing my words nicely, and playing with metaphor, and putting my commas in their proper places, my sorrow is not really and truly poignant. I write elaborately, for that is my habit, and habits are less easily broken than hearts. I could no more 'dash off' this my *cri de cœur* than I could an elegy on a broomstick I had never seen. Therefore, reader, bear with me, despite my sable plumes and purple; and weep with me, though my prose be, like those verses which Mr. Beamish wrote over Chloë's grave, 'of a character to cool emotion.' For, indeed, my anguish is very real. How could it not be? The collection I had amassed so carefully, during so many years, the collection I loved and revelled in, has been obliterated, swept away, destroyed utterly by a pair of ruthless, impious, well-meaning, idiotic, unseen hands. It cannot be restored to me. Nothing can compensate me for it gone. It was part and parcel of my life.

Orchids, jade, majolica, wines, mezzotints, old silver, first editions, harps, copes, hookahs, cameos, enamels, black-letter folios, scarabaei—such things are beautiful and fascinating in themselves. Railway-labels are not, I admit. For the most part, they are crudely coloured, crudely printed, without sense of margin or spacing; in fact, quite worthless as designs. No one would be a connoisseur in them. No one could be tempted to make a general collection of them. My own collection of them was strictly personal: I wanted none that was not a symbol of some journey made by myself, even as the hunter of big game cares not to possess the tusks, and the hunter of women covets

not the photographs, of other people's victims. My collection was one of those which result from man's tendency to preserve some obvious record of his pleasures—the points he has scored in the game. To Nimrod, his tusks; to Lothario, his photographs; to me (who cut no dash in either of those veneries, and am not greedy enough to preserve *menus* nor silly enough to preserve press-cuttings, but do delight in travelling from place to place), my railway-labels. Had nomadry been my business, had I been a commercial traveller or a Queen's messenger, such labels would have held for me no charming significance. But I am only by instinct a nomad. I have a tether, known as the four-mile radius. To slip it is for me always an event, an excitement. To come to a new place, to awaken in a strange bed, to be among strangers! To have dispelled, as by sudden magic, the old environment! It is on the scoring of such points as these that I preen myself, and my memory is always ringing the 'changes' I have had, complacently, as a man jingles silver in his pocket. The noise of a great terminus is no jar to me. It is music. I prick up my ears to it, and paw the platform. Dear to me as the bugle-note to any war-horse, as the first twittering of the birds in the hedgerows to the light-sleeping vagabond, that cry of 'Take your seats, please!' or—better still—'*En voiture!*' or '*Partenza!*' Had I the knack of rhyme, I would write a sonnet-sequence of the journey to Newhaven or Dover—a sonnet for every station one does not stop at. I await that poet who shall worthily celebrate the iron road. There is one who describes, with accuracy and gusto, the insides of engines; but he will not do at all. I look for another, who shall show us the heart of the passenger, the exhilaration of travelling by day, the exhilaration and romance and self-importance of travelling by night.

'Paris!' How it thrills me when, on a night in spring, in the hustle and glare of Victoria, that label is slapped upon my hat-box! Here, standing in the very heart of London, I am by one sweep of a paste-brush transported instantly into that white-grey city across the sea. To all intents and purposes I am in Paris already. Strange, that the porter does not say, 'V'là, M'sieu'!' Strange, that the evening papers I buy at the book-stall are printed in the English language. Strange, that London still holds my body, when a corduroyed magician has whisked my soul verily into Paris. The engine is hissing as I hurry my body along the platform, eager to reunite it with my soul. . . .

Over the windy quay the stars are shining as I pass down the gangway, hat-box in hand. They twinkle brightly over the deck I am now pacing—amused, may be, at my excitement. The machinery grunts and creaks. The little boat quakes in the excruciating throes of its departure. At last! . . . One by one, the stars take their last look at me, and the sky grows pale, and the sea blanches mysteriously with it. Through the delicate, cold air of the dawn, across the grey waves of the sea, the outlines of Dieppe grow and grow. The quay is lined with its blue-bloused throng. These porters are as excited by us as though they were the aborigines of some unknown island. (And yet, are they not here, at this hour, in these circumstances, every day of their lives?) These gestures! These voices, hoarse with passion! The dear music of *French*, rippling up clear for me through all this hoarse confusion of its utterance, and making me happy! . . . I drink my cup of steaming coffee—true coffee!—and devour more than one roll. At the tables around me, pale and dishevelled from the night, sit the people whom I saw—years ago!—at Charing Cross. How they have changed! The coffee sends a glow throughout my body. I am fulfilled with a sense of material well-being. The strange, ethereal exaltation of the dawn has vanished. I climb up into the train, and dispose myself in the dun-cushioned *coupé*. ‘Chemin de Fer du Nord’ is perforated on the white antimacassars. Familiar and strange inscription! I murmur its impressive iambs over and over again. They become the refrain to which the train vibrates on its way. I smoke cigarettes, a little drowsily, gazing out of the window at the undulating French scenery that flies past me, at the silver poplars. Row after slanted row of these incomparably gracious trees flies pass me, their foliage shimmering in the unawoken landscape. Soon I shall be rattling over the cobbles of unawoken Paris, through the wide, white-grey streets with their unopened jealousies. And when, later, I awake in the unnatural little bedroom of walnut-wood and crimson velvet, in the bed whose curtains are white with that whiteness which Paris alone can give to linen, a Parisian sun will be glittering for me in a Parisian sky.

Yes! In my whole collection, the Paris specimens were dearest to me, meant most to me, I think. But there was none that had not some tendrils on sentiment. All of them I prized, more or less. Of the Aberdeen specimens I was immensely fond. Who can resist the thought of that express by which, night after

night, England is torn up its centre? I love well that cab-drive in the chill autumnal night through the desert of Bloomsbury, the dead leaves rustling round the horse's hoofs as we gallop through the Squares. Ah, I shall be across the Border before these door-steps are cleaned, before the coming of the milk-carts. Anon, I descry the cavernous open jaws of Euston. The monster swallows me, and soon I am being digested into Scotland. I sit ensconced in a corner of a compartment. The collar of my ulster is above my ears, my cap is pulled over my eyes, my feet are on a hot-water tin, and my rug snugly envelops most of me. Sleeping-cars are for the strange beings who love not the act of travelling. Them I should spurn even if I could not sleep a wink in an ordinary compartment. I would liefer forfeit sleep than the consciousness of travelling. But it happens that I, in an ordinary compartment, am blest both with the sleep and with the consciousness, all through the long night. To be asleep and to *know* that you are sleeping, and to know, too, that even as you sleep you are being borne away through darkness into distance—that, surely, is to go two better than Endymion. Surely, nothing is more mysteriously delightful than this joint consciousness of sleep and movement. Pitiably they to whom it is denied. All through the night the vibration of the train keeps one-third of me awake, while the other two parts of me profoundly slumber. Whenever the train stops, and the vibration ceases, then the one-third of me falls asleep, and the other two parts awake. I am awake just enough to hear the hollow-echoing cry of 'Crewe' or 'York,' and to blink up at the green-hooded lamp in the ceiling. Maybe, I raise a corner of the blind, and see through the steam-dim window the mysterious, empty station. A solitary porter shuffles along the platform. Yonder, those are the lights of the refreshment-room, where, all night long, a barmaid is keeping her lonely vigil over the beer-handles and the Bath-buns in glass cases. I see long rows of glimmering milk-cans, and wonder drowsily whether they contain forty modern thieves. The engine snorts angrily in the benighted silence. Far away is the faint, familiar sound—*clink-clank, clink-clank*—of the man who tests the couplings. Nearer and nearer the sound comes. It passes, recedes. It is rather melancholy. . . . A whistle, a jerk, and the two waking parts of me are asleep again, while the third wakes up to mount guard over them, and keeps me deliciously aware of the rhythmic dream they are dreaming about the hot

bath and the clean linen, and the lovely breakfast that I am to have at Aberdeen ; and of the Scotch air, crisp and keen, that is to escort me, later, along the Deeside.

Little journeys, as along the Deeside, have a charm of their own. Little journeys from London to places up the river, or to places on the coast of Kent—journeys so brief that you lunch at one end and have tea at the other—I love them all, and loved the labels that recalled them to me. But the labels of long journeys, of course, took precedence in my heart. Here and there on my hat-box were labels that recalled to me long journeys in which frontiers were crossed at dead of night—dim memories of small, crazy stations where I shivered half-awake, and was sleepily conscious of a strange tongue and strange uniforms, of my jingling bunch of keys, of ruthless arms diving into the nethermost recesses of my trunks, of suspicious grunts and glances, and of grudging hieroglyphics chalked on the slammed lids. These were things more or less painful and resented in the moment of experience, yet even then fraught with a delicious glamour. I suffered, but gladly. In the night, when all things are mysteriously magnified, I have never crossed a frontier without feeling some of the pride of conquest. And, indeed, were these conquests mere illusions? Was I not actually extending the frontiers of my mind, adding new territories to it? Every crossed frontier, every crossed sea, meant for me a definite success—an expansion and enrichment of my soul. When, after seven days and nights of sea traversed, I caught my first glimpse of Sandy Hook, was there *no* comparison between Columbus and myself? To see what one has not seen before, is not that almost as good as to see what no one has ever seen?

Romance, exhilaration, self-importance, these are what my labels symbolised and recalled to me. That lost collection was a running record of all my happiest hours ; a focus, a monument, a diary. It was my humble Odyssey, wrought in coloured paper on pig-skin, and the one work I never, never was weary of. If the distinguished Ithacan had travelled with a hat-box, how finely and minutely Homer would have described it—its depth and girth, its cunningly fashioned lock and fair lining withal ! And in how interminable a torrent of hexameters would he have catalogued all the labels on it, including those attractive views of the Hôtel Circe, the Hôtel Calypso, and other high-class resorts. Yet no ! Had such a hat-box existed, and had it been preserved

in his day, Homer would have seen in it a sufficient record, a better record than even he could make of Odysseus' wanderings. We should have had nothing from him but the Iliad. I, certainly, never felt any need of commemorating my journeys till my labels were lost to me. And I am conscious how poor and chill is the substitute.

My collection, like most collections, began imperceptibly. A man does not say to himself, 'I am going to collect' this thing or that. True, the schoolboy says so; but his are not, in the true sense of the word, collections. He seeks no set of autobiographic symbols, for boys never look back—there is too little to look back on, too much in front. Nor have the objects of his collection any intrinsic charm for him. He starts a collection merely that he may have a plausible excuse for doing something he ought not to do. He goes in for birds' eggs merely that he may be allowed to risk his bones and tear his clothes in climbing; for butterflies, that he may be encouraged to poison and impale; for stamps . . . really, I do not know why he, why any sane creature, goes in for stamps. It follows that he has no real love of his collection and soon abandons it for something else. The sincere collector, how different! His hobby has a solid basis of personal preference. Some one gives him (say) a piece of jade. He admires it. He sees another piece in a shop, and buys it; later, he buys another. He does not regard these pieces of jade as distinct from the rest of his possessions; he has no idea of collecting jade. It is not till he has acquired several other pieces that he ceases to regard them as mere items in the decoration of his room, and gives them a little table, or a tray of a cabinet, all to themselves. How well they look there! How they intensify one another! He really must get some one to give him that little pedestalled Cupid which he saw yesterday in Wardour Street. Thus wakes in him, quite gradually, the spirit of the collector. Or take the case of one whose collection is not of beautiful things, but of autobiographic symbols: take the case of the glutton. He will have pocketed many *menus* before it occurs to him to arrange them in an album. Even so, it was not until a fair number of labels had been pasted on my hat-box that I saw them as souvenirs, and determined that in future my hat-box should always travel with me and so commemorate my every darling escape.

In the path of every collector are strewn obstacles of one

kind or another; which, to overleap, is part of the fun. As a collector of labels I had my pleasant difficulties. On any much-labelled piece of baggage the porter always pastes the new label over that which looks most recent; else the thing might miss its destination. Now, paste dries before the end of the briefest journey; and one of my canons was that, though two labels might overlap, none must efface the inscription of another. On the other hand, I did not wish to lose my hat-box, for that would have entailed inquiries, and descriptions, and telegraphing up the line, and all manner of agitation. What, then, was I to do? I might have taken my hat-box with me in the carriage? That, indeed, is what I always did. But, unless a thing is to go in the van, it receives no label at all. So I had to use a mild stratagem. 'Yes,' I would say, 'everything in the van!' The labels would be duly affixed. 'Oh,' I would cry, seizing the hat-box quickly, 'I forgot. I want this with me in the carriage' (I learned to seize it quickly, because some porters are such martinets that they will wisk the label off and confiscate it). Then, when the man was not looking, I would remove the label from the place he had chosen for it and press it on some unoccupied part of the surface. You cannot think how much I enjoyed these manœuvres. There was the moral pleasure of having both outwitted a railway company and secured another specimen for my collection; and there was the physical pleasure of making a limp slip of paper stick to a hard substance—that simple pleasure which appeals to all of us and is, perhaps, the missing explanation of philately. Pressed for time, I could not, of course, have played my trick. Nor could I have done so—it would have seemed heartless—if anyone had come to see me off and been agitated at parting. Therefore, I was always very careful to arrive in good time for my train, and to insist that all farewells should be made on my own doorstep.

Only in one case did I break the rule that no label must be obliterated by another. It is a long story; but I propose to tell it. You must know that I loved my labels not only for the meanings they conveyed to me, but also, more than a little, for the effect they produced on other people. Travelling in a compartment, with my hat-box beside me, I enjoyed the silent interest which my labels aroused in my fellow-passengers. If the compartment was so full that my hat-box had to be relegated to the rack, I would always, in the course of the journey, take it down

and unlock it and pretend to be looking for something I had put into it. It pleased me to see from beneath my eyelids the respectful wonder and envy evoked by it. Of course, there was no suspicion that the labels were a carefully formed collection; they were taken as the wild-flowers of an exquisite restlessness, of an unrestricted range in life. Many of them signified beautiful or famous places. There was one point at which Paris, Oxford and Padua converged, and I was always careful to shift my hat-box round in such a way that this purple patch should be lost on none of my fellow-passengers. The many other labels, English or alien, they, too, gave their hints of a life spent in fastidious freedom, hints that I had seen and was seeing all that is best to be seen of men and cities and country-houses. I was respected, accordingly, and envied. And I had keen delight in this ill-gotten homage. A despicable delight, you say? But is not yours, too, a fallen nature? The love of impressing strangers falsely, is it not implanted in all of us? To be sure, it is an inevitable outcome of the conditions in which we exist. It is a result of the struggle for life. Happiness, as you know, is our aim in life; we are all struggling to be happy. And, alas! for every one of us, it is the things he does not possess which seem to him most desirable, most conducive to happiness. For instance, the poor nobleman covets wealth, because wealth would bring him comfort, whereas the *nouveau riche* covets a pedigree, because a pedigree would make him *of* what he is merely in. The rich nobleman who is an invalid covets health, on the assumption that health would enable him to enjoy his wealth and position. The rich, robust nobleman hankers after an intellect. The rich, robust, intellectual nobleman is (be sure of it) as discontented, somehow, as the rest of them. No man possesses all he wants. No man is ever quite happy. But, by producing an impression that he *has* what he wants—in fact, by ‘bluffing’—a man can gain some of the advantages that he would gain by really having it. Thus, the poor nobleman can, by concealing his ‘balance’ and keeping up appearances, coax more or less unlimited credit from his tradesman. The *nouveau riche*, by concealing his origin and trafficking with the College of Heralds, can intercept some of the homage paid to high birth. And (though the rich nobleman who is an invalid can make no tangible gain by pretending to be robust, since robustness is an advantage only from within) the rich, robust nobleman can, by employing a clever private secre-

tary to write public speeches and magazine articles for him, intercept some of the homage which is paid to intellect.

These are but a few typical cases, taken at random from a small area. But consider the human race at large, and you will find that 'bluffing' is indeed one of the natural functions of the human animal. Every man pretends to have what (not having it) he covets, in order that he may gain some of the advantages of having it. And thus it comes that he makes his pretence, also, by force of habit, when there is nothing tangible to be gained by it. The poor nobleman wishes to be thought rich even by people who will not benefit him in their delusion; and the *nouveaux riche* likes to be thought well-born even by people who set no store on good birth; and so forth. But pretences, whether they be an end or a means, cannot be made successfully among our intimate friends. These wretches know all about us—have seen through us long ago. With them we are, accordingly, quite natural. That is why we find their company so restful. Among acquaintances the pretence is worth making. But those who know anything at all about us are apt to find us out. That is why we find acquaintances such a nuisance. Among perfect strangers, who know nothing at all about us, we start with a clean slate. If our pretence do not come off, we have only ourselves to blame. And so we 'bluff' these strangers, blithely, for all we are worth, whether there be anything to gain or nothing. We all do it. Let us despise ourselves for doing it, but not one another. By which I mean, reader, do not be hard on me for making a show of my labels in railway-carriages. After all, the question is whether a man 'bluff' well or ill. If he brag vulgarly before his strangers, away with him! by all means. He does not know how to play the game. He is a failure. But, if he convey subtly (and, therefore, successfully) the fine impression he wishes to convey, then you should stifle your wrath, and try to pick up a few hints. When I saw my fellow-passengers eyeing my hat-box, I did not, of course, say aloud to them, 'Yes, mine is a delightful life! Any amount of money, any amount of leisure! And, what's more, I know how to make the best use of them both!' Had I done so, they would have immediately seen through me as an impostor. But I did nothing of the sort. I let my labels proclaim distinction for me, quietly, in their own way. And they made their proclamation with immense success. But there came among them, in course of time, one label that would not harmonise with them. Came,

at length, one label that did me actual discredit. I happened to have had influenza, and my doctor had ordered me to make my convalescence in a place which, according to him, was better than any other for my particular condition. He had ordered me to Ramsgate, and to Ramsgate I had gone. A label on my hat-box duly testified to my obedience. At the time, I had thought nothing of it. But, in subsequent journeys, I noticed that my hat-box did not make its old effect, somehow. My fellow-passengers looked at it, were interested in it; but I had a subtle sense that they were not reverencing me as of yore. Something was the matter. I was not long in tracing what it was. The discord struck by Ramsgate was the more disastrous because, in my heedlessness, I had placed that ignoble label within an inch of my *point d'appui*—the trinity of Paris, Oxford and Padua. What was I to do? I could not explain to my fellow-passengers, as I have explained to you, my reason for Ramsgate. So long as the label was there, I had to rest under the hideous suspicion of having gone there for pleasure, gone of my own free will. I did rest under it during the next two or three journeys. But the injustice of my position maddened me. At length, a too obvious sneer on the face of a fellow-passenger steeled me to a resolve that I would, for once, break my rule against obliteration. On the return journey, I obliterated Ramsgate with the new label, leaving visible merely that final *TE*, which could hardly compromise me.

Steterunt those two letters because I was loth to destroy what was, primarily, a symbol for myself: I wished to remember Ramsgate, even though I had to keep it secret. Only in a secondary, accidental way was my collection meant for the public eye. Else, I should not have hesitated to deck the hat-box with procured symbols of Seville, Simla, St. Petersburg and other places which I had not (and would have liked to be supposed to have) visited. But my collection was, first of all, a private autobiography, a record of my scores off Fate; and thus positively to falsify it would have been for me as impossible as cheating at 'Patience.' From that to which I would not add I hated to subtract anything—even Ramsgate. After all, Ramsgate was not London; to have been in it was a kind of score. Besides, it had restored me to health. I had no right to rase it utterly.

But such *tendresse* was not my sole reason for sparing those two letters. Already I was reaching that stage where the collector

loves his specimens not for their single sakes, but as units in the sum-total. To every collector comes, at last, a time when he does but value his collection—how shall I say?—collectively. He who goes in for beautiful things begins, at last, to value his every acquisition not for its beauty, but because it enhances the worth of the rest. Likewise, he who goes in for autobiographic symbols begins, at last, to care not for the symbolism of another event in his life, but for the addition to the objects already there. He begins to value every event less for its own sake than because it swells his collection. Thus, there came for me a time when I looked forward to a journey less because it meant movement and change for myself than because it meant another label for my hat-box. A strange state to fall into? Yes, collecting is a mania, a form of madness. And it is the most pleasant form of madness in the whole world. It can bring us nearer to real happiness than can any form of sanity. The normal, eclectic man is never happy, because he is always craving something of another kind than what he has got. The collector, in his mad concentration, wants only more and more of what he has got already; and what he has got already he cherishes with a passionate joy. I cherished my gallimaufry of rainbow-coloured labels almost as passionately as the miser his horde of gold. Why do we call the collector of current coin a 'miser'? Wretched? He? True, he denies himself all the reputed pleasures of life; but does he not do so of his own accord, gladly? He sacrifices everything to his mania; but that merely proves how intense his mania is. In that the nature of his collection cuts him off from all else, he is the perfect type of the collector. He is above all other collectors. And he is the truly happiest of them all. It is only when, by some merciless stroke of Fate, he is robbed of his horde, that he becomes wretched. Then, certainly, he suffers. He suffers proportionately to his joy. He is smitten with sorrow more awful than any sorrow to be conceived by the sane. I, whose rainbow-coloured horde has been swept from me, seem to taste the full savour of his anguish.

I sit here thinking of the misers who, in life or in fiction, have been despoiled. Three only do I remember: Melanippus of Sicyon, Pierre Baudouin of Limoux, Silas Marner. Melanippus died of a broken heart. Pierre Baudouin hanged himself. The case of Silas Marner is more cheerful. He, coming into his cottage one night, saw, by the dim light of the hearth, that which

seemed to be his gold restored, but was really nothing but the gold curls of a little child, whom he was destined to rear under his own roof, finding in her more than solace for his bereavement. But then, he was a character in fiction: the other two really existed. What happened to him will not happen to me. Even if little children with rainbow-coloured hair were so common that one of them might possibly be left on my hearth-rug, I know well that I should not feel recompensed by it, even if it grew up to be as fascinating a paragon as Eppie herself. Had Silas Marner really existed (nay! even, had George Eliot created him in her maturity) neither would he have felt recompensed. Far likelier, he would have been turned to stone, in the first instance, as was poor Niobe when the divine arrows destroyed that unique collection on which she had lavished so many years. Or, maybe, had he been a very strong man, he would have found a bitter joy in saving up for a new horde. Like Carlyle, when the MS. of his masterpiece was burned by the housemaid of John Stuart Mill, he might have begun all over again, and builded a still nobler monument on the tragic ashes. That is a fine, heartening example! I will be strong enough to follow it. I will forget all else. I will begin all over again. There stands my hat-box! Its glory is departed, but I vow that a greater glory awaits it. Bleak, bare and prosaic it is now, but—ten years hence! Its career, like that of the Imperial statesman in the moment of his downfall, ‘is only just beginning.’

There is a true Anglo-Saxon ring in this conclusion. May it appease whomever my tears have been making angry.

THE WOOING OF EM'LY JANE.

A RUSTIC IDYLL.

EM'LY JANE was the acknowledged belle of the village; that being the case, it was the more surprising that she should 'take up' with Emmanuel Welsh, or 'Manniwel,' as he was commonly called. He certainly was not prepossessing, judged by mere externals; but in the circle of which I write—the '*circus bucolicus*!'—no woman is too ugly nor, as regards her morals, too frail, no man too ill-conditioned or 'drunketting,' to find a mate. Not, however, that poor Manny was either the one or the other of these last, being simply a red-haired, freckled young ploughman, with a certain dogged honesty about him, that atoned in the eyes of some people—Em'ly Jane presumably among the number—for the lack of more brilliant qualities.

The maiden had coquetted with several swains before her wavering fancy made its final choice; and there were not wanting ill-natured folk who said that they 'did wunner as she didn't look a bit 'igher while she wur about it than that girt, ock'erd chap, as couldn't pass the time o' day, 'e wur that shy.' It all began in church, where Manny sat one side of the narrow aisle, at the outside of the pew among the men, and Em'ly Jane the other, also at the outside, but among the women; for the good old custom of separating the sexes obtained in this part of the world, along with the black gown in the pulpit and the clerk in the responses. One Sunday a favourite hymn was given out, and Manny found to his great distress that he had forgotten his book; his pretty neighbour, missing the sound of his lusty voice, good-naturedly handed across her own hymn-book, and from that moment his fate was sealed. When next they met he ventured to remark, with many blushes, that it was a fine day; then he took to fixing his eyes upon her all through the sermon instead of going to sleep; finally he screwed his courage to the sticking-point, and asked whether she would walk out with him on Sunday afternoons. This, as everyone knows; if not quite equal to a definite proposal, is the front door to the same. Em'ly Jane, gratified by his silent adoration, that was essentially different

from the coarse flattery of her other admirers, readily consented, and the two gradually slipped from 'walkin' out' to 'keepin' company,' according to the approved procedure of rustic courtship.

Spring and summer glided happily away for the lovers, but towards the autumn a change came o'er the spirit of this placid dream, and this was how the mischief was wrought.

A mile or so from the village there runs a range of chalk downs, whose gentle slopes, shallow valleys, and grassy plains afford excellent facilities for cavalry manœuvres. The War Office becoming at last by some means or other aware of these facilities, it happened one bright morning early in September that the partridges were awakened, not by the popping of guns, but by what was to them a far lesser evil—the thunder of artillery. Along the Queen's highway streamed regiment after regiment in seemingly endless line—scarlet-tunicked dragoons, whose tall busbies lent such fierceness to their eyes; saucy hussars on their lean, wiry horses; proud lancers, sitting bolt upright in the saddle, as immovable as the weapon at their side; gorgeous horse-artillerymen urging the guns forward, while all the earth trembled, and the villagers stood agape with wonder, and opined that 'them girt, gallopin' canons 'ud shuckit our housen about our years, if they wur to come this waay many times, 'ee know.'

'Body an' sowl!' remarked one old man to his crony; 'body an' sowl, wot a sight on 'em ther' be! an' folks sez as ther' be hunderds an' hunderds moor over ther', in furrin' parts, 'long o' the black men.'

'So I've a-year'd. Lor'-a-massy, to think as all them fine young fellers is made, as you med saay, fur nothink but to be shot at an' kilt; not but wot they looks jolly enough now—their trubble's afoor 'em, pooer chaps. I 'udn't a-bin a sojer, no not if you'd payed ma ever so.'

The house where Em'ly Jane lived with her parents—a pretty, yellow-washed cottage, lined out with black beams and covered with roses—lay close to the high road at the end of the village, and exactly opposite the wayside inn. As she stood in the garden among the late blooming flowers, herself the fairest blossom there, many a look was cast at her from lancer and hussar, many a martial bosom swelled with admiration for the self-conscious little beauty. But no excuse can be pleaded for falling out when one's steed has to do the work; the trooper cannot allege a sore heel, as may his comrade of the Line; and

our susceptible heroes had perforce to content themselves with worshipping from afar.

The long procession had wound out of sight, and the rustics were thinking of returning to their ordinary avocations, when a few horsemen were descried in the distance, riding leisurely along as if they had all yesterday and to-morrow for to-day's work. They proved to be a sergeant of hussars with his troop. Halting outside the public-house, they dismounted, and while one of their number held the horses, the rest clanked into the bar and demanded refreshments. A rustic verandah wreathed with ivy, nasturtiums, and canariensis, ran round the outside of the inn, and here the soldiers flung themselves down on a bench to rest, stretching out their long legs and spurred boots to the sun, and surveying the world with benignant condescension. Before many minutes had elapsed, they were the centre of a crowd of small children, who stood, with feet well apart and hands behind their backs, and regarded the new-comers in solemn silence. 'Look at their girt swords,' a little girl took courage to whisper presently to a fair-haired boy of some five summers. 'Wot's them funny li'le wheels in their boots fur, then?' 'Oh, them's to scrat t'other man wi' when they gets a-fightin',' and so the low-toned colloquy went on. 'Rum little kids,' remarked Sergeant Chance, setting down his tankard and wiping foam from his moustache. 'What's your name, sonny?' 'I are Joey,' replied the aforesaid small boy. 'You're Joey, are you? And what is your other name?' But 'I are *Joey*' was all that could be extracted, until a bolder spirit ventured to speak out: 'Please, sir, he be Joey Welsh; that's 'is brother a-ploughin' in yon field, an' that be Em'ly Jane athert ther', as 'e be keepin' comp'ny wi'.' 'Giving us all the family history, eh? Where did you say Em'ly Jane was? Ah!' and Chance, looking over the way, quite forgot to wonder what the Queen's English might be for 'athert ther'.

The garden was ablaze with begonias, pink, crimson, and yellow; it was not these, however, that riveted his attention. Leaning on the rustic pailing was a girl in a light cotton dress, shading her head from the sun with a wide rhubarb-leaf. The sergeant's quick glance took in every detail of face and form, from the beautiful dark grey eyes with their thick black fringe to the dainty ankle that peeped from beneath the hem of her gown. 'Ah,' he repeated, 'so that is Miss Em'ly Jane; the chap

who keeps company with her knows a good thing when he sees it, and so does yours truly.' He took up his tankard, and with his long sword clanking at his heels, strode across the road. 'Here's to your good health, miss. Proud to make your acquaintance,' he said, accompanying his words with a deep draught. The girl blushed to the roots of her hair, and the soldier, noting with approval her becoming shyness, continued gallantly: 'My name is Sergeant Chance of the —th Hussars; you'll be coming over to the camp one o' these days, miss, and if you inquire for me I'll show you round and stand you tea at our mess.'

Em'ly Jane, quite overcome by this politeness from a real soldier, not a mere volunteer who donned his uniform once a week only, was stammering out a reply when a loud shout from his comrades at the inn caused Chance to turn his head. Far away in the distance a moving cloud of dust that emitted bright sparkles and flashes, was rapidly approaching. The hussar muttered an oath, and darted back to his troop; there was a short, sharp word of command, and in less than a moment the whole party were in the saddle and away down the road towards the camp at a smart trot. A few minutes later a general officer, surrounded by a brilliant staff, rode by in the same direction, and this was the last the villagers saw of the troops that day.

The interview between his sweetheart and the dashing sergeant had not escaped Manny's observation, who, as the children had said, happened to be at work in a neighbouring field, and, like everyone else, had suspended his occupation in order to watch the 'sojers goo by.' When he presented himself at the Greenaways that evening for his accustomed promenade with the maiden of his choice, he was vaguely conscious of an undefined change in her attitude towards him; she looked at him with critical eyes, and for the first time it struck her how clumsy he appeared in comparison with the smart, well-set-up men she had passed in review that morning. 'Wot had that ther' sojer chap to say to 'ee?' inquired the young ploughman as, arm in arm, they took their way along the high road, which at this hour, deserted as it was, proved solitary enough for the most amorous pair. The beauty tossed her golden head. 'I don't see no call to tell you everything as is said to me; we ain't married yet, an' p'raps never shan't be.'

'E axed 'ee to goo to camp an' ha' tea wi' un, cause someby'd as yeard un telled I so. Now luk 'ee, Em'ly Jane, thee doesn't

goo wi'out me. I ben't a-gwine to 'ave that man a-coortin' my wench, so thee knaws.'

Manny's heart was sore, and he spoke more roughly than he otherwise would have done. But the remembrance of the trim figure in well-fitting uniform that hung over the pales in such close proximity to a certain lilac gown, of the dark head that bent so close above the fair one that the hussar's busby almost brushed the girl's soft cheek, set all his blood aflame and stirred the twin devils of hatred and jealousy within him. He stuck to his word, and when Em'ly Jane announced her intention of visiting the camp, he gave up a day's work and wages, put on his Sunday clothes, and insisted on accompanying her. The two were wandering along the long lines of tents and picketed horses, when Manny noticed his sweetheart hanging out pink signals of welcome to some one, and Sergeant Chance, looking smarter, if possible, than before, emerged from a group of men and came to meet them. 'So this is your friend?' he remarked when Em'ly Jane had bashfully presented the village lad as 'the young man wot keeps comp'ny with me.' The soldier drew himself up, squared his shoulders—unnecessarily, seeing they were so square already—and deliberately looked the other over from head to foot with a cool, supercilious scrutiny that made Manny tingle. Until that moment he had been modestly proud of his Sunday suit, purchased in the neighbouring market town—'This suit entire for 12s. 6d., extraordinary value!' Now he became suddenly and painfully conscious of its glaring deficiencies in style and cut. Furtively, from behind the shelter of Em'ly Jane's broad-brimmed hat, he eyed his rival—tall, erect, clean-limbed, jaunty of carriage, assured in bearing, with bronzed face and sweeping moustache. These physical advantages alone, even when not combined with the irresistible attraction of Her Majesty's uniform, would have weighed heavily against the homely young ploughman, and the latter realised with a crushing sense of his own helplessness the futility of struggling against such overwhelming odds. Unhappy and ill at ease, he maintained a sulky silence, while his sweetheart, whose shyness had quickly vanished, giggled and talked, bridled and blushed with the sergeant. 'Your friend ain't much of a hand at conversation,' remarked the latter presently. 'What is his name, if I might be so bold?' 'Emmanuel Welsh, but we mos'n generally calls him Manny or Manniwel for short.' The other laughed. 'Got some rum names in these parts; he ought

to join us instead o' loafin' about the country; we'd soon lick him into shape an' make a "Man" of him.'

The lad's face flamed, 'An' wot else be I now?' he asked savagely. Again the sergeant gave that aggravating laugh, and turning to the girl said suavely, 'What do you say, miss, to me and you having tea at our mess? Your friend seems a bit put out about something, p'raps he'd best forage for 'isself at the canteen.' Em'ly Jane assented, and Manny watched the two out of sight—Chance, with his usual cavalry swagger accentuated by the consciousness that he was the envy of all his comrades, endeavouring to shorten his stride in order to keep pace with the tripping steps of the dainty little figure at his side. 'Curse him!—*curse him!*' said Manniwell under his breath, and crept away, not to the canteen, but to a friendly thicket where—well, no one saw exactly what he did there, but when one of the villagers, whom he encountered an hour or two later, happened to remark on the swollen appearance of his eyelids, he curtly replied that 'his eyes wur his own, he spwosed, an' he couldn't see as it mattered to airn wot un looked like, so long as he wur satisfite wi' 'em.' From which it will be seen that affairs were no smoother between him and his faithless sweetheart: true, they rode home in the same long waggon, but whereas in the morning they had occupied a comparatively small portion of the plank that served for a seat—for when two people sit very close together with their arms round each other's waists, a wonderful economy of space results—in the evening the lad, having taken his place early, was near the driver, while the lass, having hurried up breathless just as the waggon, full almost to overflowing, was just about to start, was squeezed in close to the tail-board, and told she 'med think herself lucky she wur tuk in at all.'

After this Em'ly Jane went often to the camp, but Manny never again, and folks began to talk and say how she 'had gin 'im the go-bye all along o' a sojer chap, wot more'n like 'ad a missus a'ready—ye could niver tell wi' them kind, bless 'ee; they wur that artful, year to-day an' gone termorrer, an' as like as not a sweetheart in ivery place—they dwun't think no moor on't, 'ee knaws, than yuttin' their dinner; 'tis them fine cloes as does it.' Manny heard some of the whispers about himself, but he said nothing, he merely waited until the last of the troops had left the neighbourhood. Each Sunday morning he had gone to church and sat at the outside of the pew, but the place across the aisle

was vacant, for its owner was over at the camp service, a grand affair with the parson at the drumhead and the band to play the hymns. Each Sunday evening he had knocked as usual at the Greenaways' door, only to find it locked and the house silent and empty. But when the last hateful uniform had vanished, he boldly accosted Em'ly Jane in the street one day and asked her whether she intended to walk out with him any more. 'Thee'st trated ma ter'ble bad,' he said, with a kind of rugged dignity; 'thee'st trated ma ter'ble bad, mekin' game on I an' my nēame which my godfathers an' godmothers in my baptism, wherein I wur med.' 'I never!' cried the girl, with a shade of compunction, for her conscience reproached her, and she was sufficiently fond of her quondam swain to wish to stand well in his estimation. 'But I'm willin' to let by-ganes be by-ganes,' pursued the young man, waving aside her interruption, 'fur I'm 'mazin' fond on 'ee, Em'ly, meks I feel all flappety-like when I thinks o' t'other chap. I cassn't let 'ee goo, my dear; I cassn't let 'ee goo! Ther's nowt I 'udn't do to get 'ee fur my missus!' Em'ly Jane was unprepared for this burst of passion and knew not how to respond. Her heart melted within her, and she was on the point of yielding to his encircling arm when the crackle of a letter in her pocket, as Manny pressed close beside her, turned the scale and decided the course of two lives. 'Your missus!' she said with a laugh, stiffening her little figure and drawing away from him—'your missus! You on'y twenty year old an' me eighteen! I reckon I'll wait a bit longer before I tie myself to a man for good and all.'

'Now dwun't 'ee bide; I'll be ever so saft an' kind to 'ee when we be wed, though I'm a rough chap enough to look at. Let ma goo to parson an' gie un our nēames to call o' Sunday; ther's a house I knows on, as we can get, an' I've saved a pound or two fur tables an' cheers an' such like.' 'I tell 'ee I *wun't* wed thee 'it, so ther',' answered the girl hotly, dropping her small affectations of speech and lapsing into the broadest dialect. 'Do 'ee think as I be a-gwine to marry a labourin' man at ten shillin' a-wik an' live year all my days?—cause I ben't—good-night,' and she slipped away into the dusk, leaving Manny gazing after her a prey to the most conflicting emotions.

After this he gave up sitting at the outside of the pew, and instead of waiting at the corner when service was over, as all the other youths did, until their respective sweethearts came out of church, he stumped away down the road, with his hands in his

pockets and his head on his breast. No one ever ventured to speak to him, and his little brothers at this time were very careful to keep out of his reach. Manny was one of twelve children, and as their father pertinently observed, 'When they wur all a-twhoam ther' wur'n't cheers anuff fur'n to set on,' which was perhaps the reason that he spent so much of his spare time, not to mention his money, at the public-house. Mrs. Welsh was an industrious woman with a sharp tongue and a warm heart, both of which were kept in working order by her large family. The young Welshes swarmed about the tiny cottage like rabbits in a warren; their mother was never seen without a baby in her arms, and usually, in addition, a small garment to mend or make. She was engaged one evening early in the winter on a minute pair of corduroy trowsers, destined to become the property of Joey, when Mark, the second son, burst into the kitchen and flung himself down on a bench in front of the fire.

'What mishtiff hast thee bin up to now?' inquired Mrs. Welsh, who was ready for any delinquencies on the part of her unruly offspring. 'Ain't a-bin up to nairn; bin to chapel.' 'Ave a now?' 'Iss, but I ben't a-gwine no moor, fur preacher, 'e ups, an' sez 'e: "I niver knawed airn goo to 'eaven as tended church; I niver knawed nob'dy saved as goosed to church." We goos to church, our mother, so fur sartin sure us shassn't be saved.' 'As Mr. Thatcher bin to 'eaven, then, an' come back, that 'e knaws sa well who's ther'?' 'Ay, that's just wot we wur a-sayin', me an' t'other young chaps. Ah, 'e's saved, 'e is; ye could see that by the waay 'e lathered them pigs o' his'n o' Sunday, 'specially the pink 'un,' and Mark chuckled at the remembrance.

'Wheer's our Manniwel?' asked his mother after a pause. 'Dunno; not long o' Greenaways, fur when 'e meets she, you can *year* silence. Our mother, Jake Cassel wur a-tellin' I as we came home to-night, as how Manny said a manes to 'list fur a sojer termorrer.' The poor woman uttered a cry of dismay, 'Our Manny to goo an' be shot at, an' kilt! But I'll buy un off,' with desperate decision. 'A sez a wun't be boughten off,' continued Mark, with evident relish at the effect of his communication. 'Tis all along o' that girl, she's a consee-quence little hussy, a very consee-quence little hussy.'

Thus it came about that despite his mother's tears and his father's commands, Manny found himself the following day enrolled as a private in the —th regiment of the Line, having walked to

the station and taken the train to the nearest barracks. Contrary to the usual custom of recruits, he refused to go home to show himself in his clothes; he had his photograph taken, however, as they all do, and sent it with no small pride to his mother, who in turn exhibited it to her neighbours amid a chorus of admiration. 'Lor' 'ow nice 'e do look; I shouldn' ha knowed un, wi' them fine cloes, an' 'is 'air parted sa fine, an' smoothed over 'is for'ed—ther's 'is elma an' all; well, you oughter be proud of un, Sairey Welsh, an' I meks no doubt but wot you be.'

Em'ly Jane was almost the only person in the village to whom the likeness was not shown, and though she professed perfect indifference concerning it, she would cheerfully have parted with her best Sunday hat to secure a peep. Her hints and cajoleries were in vain; Mrs. Welsh guarded her treasure jealously from the girl who had 'druv her poor buoy to be a sojer.'

When at last the following autumn Manny returned on his first furlough, the scarlet tunic made the village green quite cheerful and proved a centre of attraction to the children and youths. Em'ly Jane, whose faithless sergeant, after having corresponded with her for some months, had finally married another girl, took to walking up and down street when that vivid spot of colour was anywhere within sight, but the smart recruit was apparently more proof against her charms than the ploughboy, for Manny, though his eyes followed her wistfully, made no overtures of reconciliation and sat quite square in church without letting his looks wander in her direction.

During the year that intervened between his first and second term of furlough, Em'ly Jane discovered that Manniwell was more to her than Chance ever had been, or could be. She resolved that she would make an effort to recover the affection which she had 'prized not in the having,' and when the young man again appeared in the village, this time with a stripe on his sleeve, she went boldly up to him, holding out her hand. Manny gravely saluted, looked at the hand but did not offer to take it. 'Won't you let bygones be bygones as you once said, and be friends with me again?' she asked tremulously. 'No, miss, I can't be friends with you'—he had dropped his dialect for the regular barrack accent. 'I can't be friends, but if you're willin', I'll—walk out with you.' And so the old sweet bondage began once more, but this time with a difference. Now it was Em'ly Jane who pressed for marriage and he who hung back, saying he must get his colonel's leave, and that

he wanted to win a step before he took a wife, 'for I go to school reg'lar and am trying to read and write a bit better, so as I can get on to be a sergeant by-and-by.' The less compliant she found him, the more Em'ly's love increased, as is the way with women, so that when the order came for him to proceed on draft to India, where the other battalion was stationed, the pain of parting seemed more than she could bear. They walked down to the station with him, she and his mother, but the girl could not trust herself to say farewell before strangers, so at the stile in the last field she stopped, kissing her lover again and again, and clinging to him, until in his anxiety lest he should miss the last train and blot that clean sheet of which he was so proud, he put her gently aside and hastened away down the road. At the corner he turned, but he could only just make out the little figure under the trees, for his eyes were dim; there was the flicker of a white handkerchief, the watcher at the stile saw a red one waved in reply, then the scarlet tunic vanished round the bend, and with it Em'ly Jane's best hope of happiness.

The first letter, with its strange postmarks, with Private Welsh's number and his company officer's initials on the envelope, was an event in her life. 'To think o' that bit o' paper comin' all them hunderds an' hunderds o' miles across the sea! 'Tis a wunner as 'e yen't mildee'd wi' the damp, bein' sa long on the water,' remarked Mrs. Greenaway to a neighbour who had dropped in for a gossip. 'Read un out gal, ther's nothen but wot arra body med year.' Thus adjured Em'ly cleared her throat and began, 'Dere emly, i hops this fiends you well, As it leaves me at Present. I likes Over here very Well; all the men is Black. there is No Lions and tiggers, but sum snaks, i ain't seen none but the other men says They have. dere Emly, we wears wite cloes when its more hot, cos its alwais hot here. and Now I must Conclude with much love from Your lofing manny. i thinks and thinks on you emly, don' you never fureget your own trew luv. + + + + +.' Poor Manny, he had not advanced very far along the path of learning, but his letter was none the less precious for its misspelt words.

The neighbour was duly impressed with his literary skill and spread through the village the surprising intelligence that 'over ther', where Manniwel wur gone, the men all turned black an' wore no cloes, so I reckon 'e'll be a nigger when a comes 'ome, an' 'e sa fair when 'e went away. Well, well, 'tis a comacal worruld, an' there be rum folks in't!'

Emmanuel had been three or four years in India, when war broke out on the northern frontier and his regiment was one of those ordered to the front. He wrote in high spirits at the prospect of seeing service, but his mother lay awake at night thinking of her boy, and his sweetheart crept about the house with a wistful look in her grey eyes. She was sitting listlessly by the fire one evening in midwinter, when the postman's quick footfall was heard on the flagged path. The girl sprang up and ran to the door. 'A letter for me, mother, from India; do light a candle.' She deciphered the words, written in pencil by the camp fire, with some difficulty, glancing impatiently from time to time at the feeble, flickering flame of the solitary candle. 'Why, there's a coffin in the wick; let me snuff it out;' as she did so, she added with apparent inconsequence: 'I wunners wot Manny's a-doin' now, I should dearly like to know.'

Ah, Em'ly Jane, little did you reckon that at that moment your lover was lying face downward on the cold earth! Swiftly out of the darkness had come the messenger of death, to find the sentry at his post.

Was he thinking of his home in far-away England when he fell stricken without a cry, of the little thatched cottage on the green, of the sheltered meadows by the stream, of the long line of rolling downs where he had ploughed and sowed and reaped year in, year out? Who can tell what thoughts were his—he died at his post for his country, and his name is numbered among those of whom it may be said that 'they did their duty:' what higher meed of praise can be accorded to prince or peasant?

His comrades brought his body into camp, and when they stripped off the uniform he had been so proud to wear, and that cost him so dear, they found on his breast a letter from home dyed scarlet with his life blood. Em'ly Jane has wooers still, but folks say she is hard to please, for she keeps company with none of them. She cannot forget a blood-stained letter which came back to her from across the seas, and now is one of her most cherished possessions; she remembers how cheerful the green used to look when that bright spot of colour haunted the strip before her door, and she wakes at night to find her pillow wet with tears. For in dreams he comes back to her, her soldier lad, whom she sent to his death, and who lies so cold and solitary in his narrow bed among the great mountains that stand like sentinels guarding his sleep.

ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.

THE GREAT FUR COMPANY TO-DAY.

It is usually with an emotion of surprise that the tourist to-day in the remoter districts of Canada discovers that the 'Hudson's Bay Company posts' of his school geographies are now no longer merely trading-posts, but the busy and often crowded haunts of civilised man. Fast is the growth of the Dominion; and if one asks to-day for the Hudson's Bay post, he will in Winnipeg, Victoria, Calgary, and many other places, be shown a huge emporium which will remind him, should he chance to be a Londoner, of a certain famous establishment in Bayswater, in the variety and extent of the merchandise behind its trim counters. However much in its larger features the Company may be dropping the romance of a day that is gone, however much it may be developing into the wholesale shopkeeper, the universal provider, the leviathan landmonger, it is still the king of fur-trading corporations. The character of its dealings, its factors and clerks, is, as we shall see, but little changed since its nominal paramountcy vanished.

Many of those who have been interested in the story of the Company's past must be curious to know how it is governed to-day, and what are the newer conditions of that fur-trade which was the admiration of Washington Irving, Francis Parkman, and a host of able writers who viewed it in its romantic prime.

In ceding its rights, just thirty years ago, under the ancient charter granted by King Charles II. to Prince Rupert, the greatest fur-trading association in the world stepped down out of office, so to speak, and became, as it had been before the charter was secured, a private citizen.

But you cannot dwarf a giant by the simple process of turning him out of office; by the cession of his titles and some of his privileges his moral and physical stature is unaltered; and however he may be politically and legally regarded abroad, as a great local institution this particular giant spreads himself length and breadth over Canada, and is a giant still. No longer do men speak of—or does the Company officially inscribe itself as—the Honourable Company of Merchant Adventurers in England Trading into Hudson's Bay, but as the Hudson's Bay Company.

tout court. No longer has the Company legal warrant for the hanging, shooting, or imprisonment of the meanest Cree or Black-foot Indian; nevertheless, the sphere in which it exercises its functions is not to-day less, but greater than ever, and it is still, in 1900 as in 1700, the 'Great Company.'

In the generally remote fur-bearing solitudes of the north, fifteen hundred white men continue to fulfil their duties and follow the careers of their predecessors earlier in the century, when life at the Hudson's Bay Company posts was described by one of their number, Robert Michael Ballantyne, a writer beloved of two generations of British and American youngsters.

Years ago, the fur-trade ceased to be managed from London, and although the Governor of the Company is the titular and official head, a new rule provided that there should be a resident Chief Commissioner, with headquarters at Winnipeg. The successor to the post held for nearly forty years by Sir George Simpson, the late autocrat of the fur-trade, is Mr. Clarence Campbell Chipman, known, not to Englishmen at home perhaps, but to every factor, clerk, hunter, trapper, *engagé*, Indian and half-breed in the Great Lone Land as the 'chief,' or the 'big white boss' of the fur-trade. As in the days of Sir George, directors in England may come and go, convening by candle-light, according to immemorial usage, in the musty Board-room at Hudson's Bay House, but the 'chief' remains.

It is on the co-operative and profit-sharing plan that the fur-trade of the Company is managed nowadays. Every employé, from clerk to chief factor, is richer for an abundance of pelts and high prices; but he does not share the profits of the shopkeeping and land-selling, which is a distinct branch of the business and annually growing in extent.¹ This is not to be wondered at, considering that when the Company ceded its lands to the Crown, it still retained acres which at a rough valuation to-day are yet worth, after all their sales, between twenty and thirty millions.

This is a grievance with the clerks and factors, as you will discover when you come to talk 'musquash' (*i.e.* 'shop') at any of the posts or factories in the far north—a grievance, and also a matter of contempt and an object for their satire. Land-selling forsooth! As if there were any intrinsic value in barren acres to a Hudson's Bay man!

Hardly anything could better illustrate one principal change

¹ Last year the Hudson's Bay Company sold above 300,000*l.* worth of land.

which has come over the fur-trade and the conditions of its prosecution than that out of its one hundred and sixty posts there remains but a single one, Fort Hazelton, which it has been found necessary to stockade against the tribes. How significant of the pacific virtues of the many thousands of red men who still inhabit the fur-bearing and fur-trading regions! From Fort Qu'Appelle a few years since the stockade (or 'palisadoe') was taken down, because, for a generation and more, the war-cry of the savage, still heard from time to time on the American hills and plains, had been silent. The old-time warrior, indeed, had but little grudge against the Company; he is now either dead or his fighting days are over. The North-West Mounted Police are, besides, a terror to all evil-doers, white as well as red, and this body of nearly a thousand men, constantly moving, maintain the traditions of vigilance and just vengeance so long held by the intrepid Company factors and traders of the old time.

As those familiar with the Company's history already know, nearly a century passed before it ventured very far from the shores of the great Bay. Fearful that the policy of a commercial invasion would prove too costly in lives and property, it preferred that the Indians with their peltries should seek them in order to barter rather than that they should be sought. It was only after the hardy 'free-traders' (still the curse of the land), with *coureurs des bois* and voyageurs in their train, had forced the Company's hand that Cumberland House, Chipewyan, and Qu'Appelle came to be built to the far westward. The red man did not at first recede before the advance of the traders; he had instead arisen in his anger to sweep them from the whole region. But at the moment when it seemed that nothing could avert a general massacre, the small-pox epidemic of 1781 burst forth and wrought a fearful havoc among the tribes. When the Indian recovered his numbers and his spirit, either the Company or its rivals had established posts all over the West. From these posts they distributed—as they do yet—supplies, not merely of guns and blankets and molasses, but of everything which could contribute to the civilisation and comfort of the red man. These posts came to be also the centres of moral, intellectual, and religious teaching, before which the savage soon became obscured in the man and the peaceful labourer. So it came that the 'palisadoe' at Fort Qu'Appelle was taken down, and now Fort Hazelton will in like manner be free of approach to all, no

more precaution being taken against the lawless than would be taken by any furrier or other tradesman in Regent Street.

The romance, too, passes with the spice of danger; but it passes slowly. It is not in the nature of things that any violent revolution could take place in a country so unsettled as yet that a tract much vaster than Europe is uninvaded, save by the Indian and the fur-trader. In the mighty zone in which Fort Hazelton is situated, which extends from ocean to ocean, the snow-shoe and the canoe are still the sole means of communication between the posts. In this huge territory, the hunting-ground proper of the Company, there are (if one excludes the Yukon mining region) somewhat fewer than one thousand white residents. As for the white women, wives and daughters of the factors, they may be counted by dozens. Here, as some one has remarked, 'four months witness three seasons.' Spring comes upon the factor in June; July and August comprise summer; and September is autumn. Often early in October the winter is present with its biting frost and snow. From October or the beginning of November the earth lies shrouded in a mantle of snow, while the lakes, ponds, and rivers are solid masses of ice.

Only twice in the year do the occupants of these posts hear from the outside world, and then the arrival of the packet is a joyful time indeed. Life in the remoter factories has but slightly altered from the older day. Very much, thinks the visitor, like a country general store of the American pattern is the trading-room; its shelves laden with every article an Indian might be supposed to fancy or a hunter require—guns, powder, shot, clothes, blankets, pots and pans, files and knives, screws, flints, needles, scissors and pins. These are the stock articles of trade; but often the sportsman of æsthetic tastes who has wandered far afield is amazed and gratified at picking up an article, thousands of miles from civilisation, which few would dream of finding in these solitudes.

When you approach them, on sled or snow-shoes, most of the Company's posts are little 'village-like collections of buildings,' white-painted on the green landscape (if seen in summer), a favourite situation being on the lower bank of a river or on the lower/near shore of a lake. Many of the less important posts are to-day in charge of half-breeds, now some of the most respectable and best educated men in the service. Where this is the case clerks are not necessary, and there are consequently fewer build-

ings. Ordinarily, a Company's factory includes a store or trading-house, a fur-house, the factor's house, a clerk's house, the canoe-house, and the stable, with a barn. At not a few posts the fur-house and the store-house will be found combined, the furs being packed together in bundles over the shop, whence they are transferred to the sleds and canoes for transportation to London, *via* York Factory and the Bay, or *via* Montreal.

There is another detail which greets the eye at each post which must not be overlooked.

A few years since, in the solitudes of the West, two European tourists were struck by the frequency with which they came across a certain mystic legend. The legend consisted of three letters. Eager to solve its meaning, they addressed a half-breed loungee at a small station on the Canadian Pacific Railway. 'Tell us, my friend,' said one of the tourists, 'what those three letters mean. Wherever we have travelled in this country we seem to have seen it either on flags, or sewn on the garments of Indians, or painted on the bows of canoes, or stamped on bales and boxes. What does "H.B.C." mean?'

Returned the native grimly: 'That's the old Company. Here Before Christ.'

Might not the first missionary who, in 1818, reached York Factory contemplate this vast cure, and say, 'Here before Christ! Bartering, building, warring, judging, slaying, ruling over and trafficking with a million souls—here before Christ!' Many a sermon might be—and perhaps has been—preached from that text.

In former times the factor's house was guarded by swivel guns—here and there one comes across them yet, but they are useless relics now—the factor to-day relies more upon his warrant as a magistrate for the Dominion than upon his artillery. He is as much to-day a power with the neighbouring Indians and half-breeds (whose village is commonly not above a mile distant from the factory), and in their eye the Dominion of Canada is still very small potatoes indeed when compared with the Company.

The practice of taking half-breed or Indian wives is less common to-day than it was some few years ago, for white women are not so scarce or so far away as aforetime. Some of these factors' houses—hidden away in the hyperborean wilderness—are graced by pretty, well-nurtured, cultivated women. Ofttimes the factor sends his daughters to England for their education;

and if his sons do not also follow their father's example and join the service of the Company, they learn a profession or else enter a bank or Government employ. The manager of the Bank of Montreal, the strongest bank on the North American continent, was born at a far northern Hudson's Bay Company post, the son of a factor; and hundreds of business men throughout Canada and the American States, of wealth and standing in the community, own—and own proudly—a similar origin. No one has yet altogether satisfactorily fathomed the real reason why men of parts and education should choose to isolate themselves from their fellows and, cut off from the refinements of society, live lives in the wilderness. But can the man who dislikes the sea find a reason for the love the sailor bears it? Perhaps, to quote the poet, 'only those who know,' not 'its dangers' alone, but its solitude, 'comprehend its mystery.' Certain it is, that the man who is fortunate enough to secure a berth as apprentice clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company service rarely retires from it, after a score or two of years, without reluctance, or, having voluntarily left it to become miner, merchant, or farmer, he almost invariably asks to be reinstalled.

The military basis upon which the service is managed was perhaps more apparent in the old days than to-day. One used to hear more of 'commissioned' and 'non-commissioned' officers, the latter being 'servants' who had risen through sheer ability and fitness to be 'post-masters' (*i.e.* masters of posts), and so become on comparative terms of equality with 'gentlemen.' Nowadays, the labourers and commissioned officers are distinct from each other. The 'gentleman' begins his career in the service as 'prentice clerk, and after a term becomes a clerk, from which he is promoted successively to the ranks of junior chief trader, chief trader, factor and chief factor, and even chief commissioner, albeit the tendency seems to be to avoid local jealousies and choose an outsider for the latter distinguished post. When a clerk (who may not be a mere accountant, but a trader) secures his commission, he is thereby entitled to a minimum guarantee, with an extra income based upon the profits of the fur-trade. Promotions are effected through the Chief Commissioner, who is now prone to regard ability as of even greater merit than seniority. Upon attaining a certain age an officer of the Company may retire, his salary continuing for a term of years in lieu of the old pension system, which no longer exists. But

it follows nevertheless, so long-lived are the hardy chief factors in the fur-trade, that promotions come slowly, and a man is well on in years before he is qualified to take charge of a factory.

There are some very large *entrepôts*, such as York Factory, Norway House, Cumberland House, Abbitibi, Calgary, Qu'Appelle, Rocky Mountain House, Chippewyan, and the number of central posts is, as we have said, about one hundred and sixty. Between the chief factories and the smaller dependent posts the factors and traders are constantly travelling; the commissioner and chief factors cover regularly mighty stretches of country in the course of their routine. Such travelling is commonly either done on foot—on snow-shoes in the winter-time—a thousand miles or so being considered a very ordinary exploit. The regular dog-sled packets traverse distances which seemed to stay-at-homes when Sir William Butler wrote about them in his 'Great Lone Land' almost incredible, were it not so obvious that the distance from Calgary to Fort MacPherson or Fort Good Hope by the only route falls very little short of three thousand miles.

If one looks in to-day at the homes of the factors and traders, it will be seen that they number among them men of a talent quite apart from their fur-trading vocation. Some of them are authors and poets in a small way; the majority are musical, playing at least one instrument; some are no mean artists, drawing or painting the still and moving life of the district with a skill worthy of the practical encouragement of editors of illustrated weeklies and monthlies, by some of whom their sketches have occasionally been published. It is a thousand pities that picturesqueness does not extend more to the generality of the service. One misses to-day the colour and phantasy of apparel which formerly denoted, if not the clerk and factor, at least the *engagé*, voyageur, and Indian. Some years ago Viscount Milton and his friend Mr. Cheadle visited many of the factories, and commented upon, in the course of their printed record of their tour, the appearance 'in gaudy array, with beaded fire-bag, gay sash, blue or scarlet leggings, girt below the knee with beaded garters, and moccasins elaborately embroidered. The women were in short, bright-coloured skirts, showing richly embroidered leggings and white moccasins of cariboo-skin, beautifully worked with flowery patterns in beads, silk, and moose-hair.' A Hudson's Bay voyageur or hunter was everywhere recognisable by his capote of light-blue cloth, with brass buttons. A belt of scarlet worsted

was about his waist, while a marvellous Scotch plaid (unknown to the clansmen) encircled his shoulders. Fancy moccasins were on his feet; feather-decked hats, bound with tinsel, crowned his head. But of all this brilliant attire, at the majority of posts to-day, only the worsted belt, cap, and moccasins remain. 'Store clothes,' and even the felt 'bowler,' have crept into the affections of the Indian, as well as the half-breed. The *engagé* who used to paddle the streams in his finery, making the woods ring with his *chansons*, has in some cases degenerated into a deck-hand on board a Company steamboat! For steamboats, alas for romance! have been introduced upon some of the lakes and rivers.

So much has been written of the Esquimaux ('husky') dogs and dog-sleds of the north that they may well be mentioned here if only to show the idea of luxury which many of the factors and traders entertain. Seated, or rather reclining, in his *cariole*, swathed in furs, he is driven by an *engagé* on foot, who dashes along at a great pace. The *cariole* is painted gaudily; there are Russian bells on the collars of each of the long span of dogs, while the harness is a mass of beadwork and tassels. No longer, when he lodges at night at a post, does he partake solely of the simpler fare it can furnish, nor even when he camps out in the wilderness must he be content with what his gun can bring down, in addition to the pemmican he carries. For now, either under the *cariole* seat or in an additional sled behind, there is found a good supply of canned meats and vegetables, products of Chicago and Ontario; and, moreover, his driver is his cook. In the open a fire will be deftly kindled, tea will be made, bacon and even eggs will be fried, and hot 'flap-jacks,' that delectable fritter of the bush, half an inch thick and swimming in grease and molasses, will tickle the factor's palate. At night, enveloped in his furs, and maybe reposing on a hastily constructed bed of balsam boughs, the last vision before his eyes close upon the scenes of Dreamland will be the scintillating splendours of the aurora borealis, whose purpling waves alternate with bars of vivid light so rapidly and in such volume as to make the beholder almost believe that Nature speaks, maugre the silence—all-penetrating—all-pervading.

Of the Indian to-day, the Indian who trades with the Company, a volume might be written. There is a dark side to that picture. There are in the wilderness tribes of shabby beggars, outcasts as nearly all the red men are, who, unlucky for several successive

seasons in their hunts and unable to work—unfitted rather by nature for work—are supported year after year by the bounty of the Company. If they had not this resource they would starve. They will tell you that whatever their misfortunes, it is not the fault of the Company, that the Company has always treated them honestly. Indeed, it is the proudest boast that the great fur-trading corporation can make, that it has acted honestly and humanely with the Indian; the very brightest page in the story of its rule is that which describes its treatment of the red man.

But to end. Despite the changes which have come over the operations of the fur-trade, of the shifting of direct authority from Governor and Committee to Chief Commissioner, it is still London which furnishes the capital for its operations, just as it is to London that all the furs garnered in those northern wilds ultimately come; and in London also they are twice every year sold. In Lime Street, just out of Gracechurch Street, stands Hudson's Bay House. Here forgather each spring fur-buyers from all over Europe. Here, indeed, at one of the fur-auctions, the American himself—together with the Russian—purchases his furs, for London is still the chief fur-mart of the universe. No one may doubt that the fur-bearing regions are gradually diminishing in extent, but it is hard to grasp this truth when one gazes at yon huge heaps of mink and otter, sable and beaver, and reads that the last sale of these rough pelts by auction fetched in a sum exceeding 300,000*l*.

Pro pelle cutem—the skin for the fur: changes have come and must yet be in store for the old fur Company, but there will be no need to change its motto while Dame Nature—or is it Our Lady of the Snows?—continues thus generously to yield up her furry bounty.

BECKLES WILLSON.

OF SOME OF THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE
SIEGE OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS AT PEKING.

BY THE REV. ROLAND ALLEN,
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THE strongest impulses which can stir a nation to revolution are hunger and religion : the strongest impulse which can move men to unjust action is a sense of injustice received at the hands of others. In North China during the past few years these three forces have all combined to urge the Chinese to attack the foreigner as the single cause of their misfortunes and sufferings.

Ever since the *coup d'état* North China has been afflicted with drought ; the harvests have been either partial or absolute failures ; when at length rain fell in Shantung last summer the Yellow River burst its banks and inundated a large part of the province, sweeping away crops and homesteads in one fearful destruction ; great numbers of farmers were ruined and left homeless and starving. The Chinese mind is not content to ascribe such calamities to purely natural causes. Heaven was angry, and it was natural that the people should seek the cause of that anger in one of two directions. It was due either to the high-handed action of the Empress Dowager or to the presence of foreigners and the evil influence of the foreign doctrine. If the people had inclined to the former of these two hypotheses the Boxer movement would have taken the form of open insurrection against the Government ; and it was perhaps due to the fear of this result that the Empress and her ministers supported the movement and encouraged the people to accept the latter view. It was, perhaps, from fear lest the movement should find a strong leader and be used by him as a weapon to overthrow the Manchu tyranny that the Empress and her ministers did not consistently support the movement. Be that as it may the Boxers did as a matter of fact from the first make the expulsion of the foreigner rather than the subversion of the power of the Empress Dowager their object, and when the allied forces invaded the North enrolled themselves in large numbers as volunteers under the command of the

Imperial generals. This was indeed to the Chinese by far the easier and more natural inference, and had it not been for the peculiarly violent and startling nature of the political struggle in Peking it would have been the only possible conclusion. It was only because the far-reaching and widely felt reforms of the Emperor and their sudden reversal by the Empress had set all men's minds in a ferment; only because the treatment dealt out to the Son of Heaven was considered to pass the bounds of right and propriety; only because the appointments under the new *régime* seemed to point to a further exaltation of the Manchu at the expense of the Chinese element in the Government, that men ever began to discuss the possibility of the Boxer movement taking an anti-dynastic shape. That it should be anti-foreign was perfectly natural and almost inevitable. It is well known that the Chinese have at all times been ready to ascribe every evil to the malign influence of foreigners: at this time the people were taught and believed that the foreigners and native Christians rejoiced in the suffering entailed by the long drought, and even poisoned the wells in order to destroy the one supply of water which they could not hinder.

At the height of the drought a friend of mine, travelling in the province of Chihli, saw the people drawing the water from the wells and pouring it on the roads, under the impression that they were removing the poison thrown into them by the native Christians. Last autumn, then, this was the state of affairs; after a series of bad seasons the people found themselves unable to plant the autumn crops. The ground was dry to a depth of four Chinese feet; at one place a gardener of my acquaintance dug down to a depth of six Chinese feet without finding moist earth. At any time in China a prolonged drought and the enforced idleness which drought entails upon the country labourers results in the upgrowth of bands of brigands, who attempt to extort from their more well-to-do neighbours the sustenance denied to them by Heaven. At this time they found ready to hand an organisation which proposed at once to relieve their present necessities by the plunder of their enemies, and for the future to exterminate the cause of their troubles, a society openly supported by the governor of Shantung, Yü Hsien, secretly or openly supported by nearly every official in North China, condemned indeed by the Government, but condemned in terms which implied approval, and, as all men knew, only condemned at all because of the political necessity

of quieting the fears of foreign ministers. The natural result was that the impulse which, under other circumstances, would have driven the worst sort into brigandage now affected the whole class of peasant farmers. It is a noteworthy fact that the Boxers at first never established their organisation in a village unless invited by the village elders, yet they found almost every village ready to receive them. Last year under the fostering care of Yü Hsien, Shantung was the home of the Boxers, and though South Chihli was badly infected we in the North had scarcely a Boxer among us. Just after Christmas Yuan shih Kai, the one strong man who saw that the Boxers must be suppressed, was appointed Governor of Shantung, and proceeded to take vigorous measures against them. They therefore poured into Chihli, and within three months there was scarcely a village in North Chihli which was not infested with them, while the city of Cho Chou, between Pao ting fu and Peking, was so much in their power that they opened and shut the gates at their will. Yet they came not by force but by invitation, and the invitation was given not by the riff-raff of the country-side, but by the country gentry and heads of the villages, and further a large proportion of the people who marched under their banners were farm labourers whom enforced idleness had made restless and hungry. Again and again during the past six months, in noting every shower of rain or watching for any promise of rain to come, did we in Peking repeat the conviction which we all felt to be true that a really heavy fall of rain would do more to ward off the damage which menaced us than 10,000 Imperial edicts, because it would send back all the honest men to their farms, and the roughs by themselves would soon be suppressed by public opinion and gradually dispersed. It is also an interesting fact that after each fresh step in the attack upon foreigners rain fell, enough to encourage the belief that they had at last hit upon the right method of appeasing the anger of Heaven, not enough to assure them that that anger was already appeased. It would have been strange indeed if the Boxers had not considered this as a clear and irrefragable proof that their action was pleasing to Heaven and that their success was receiving the manifest witness of Divine approval.

But the Boxer movement was not only a social, it was also a religious movement. Early in this year the district magistrate of Ho Chien published a paper intended to disabuse the minds of the people of their erroneous belief in the present-day Boxers, entitled

'The Origin of the Boxers' Society.' In this he explained that the Society arose in the days of Chia Ching, before ever the present troubles had fallen upon the nation, and that its object was not to oppose foreigners but to encourage the worship of the gods and heroes of ancient time; that later it changed its name and its purpose, amalgamated with the Great Sword Society, and gradually assumed its present form. In this way, he argued, it had abandoned its original virtue, and become unworthy of the support of good men. This contention that the Society was properly a religious rather than a political guild was indeed true, and the religious element was never lost in the political aspect. Indeed, it was the religious influence which gave the Society its strongest hold upon the minds of the people. The gods worshipped by the Boxers were chiefly heroes of the time of the three kingdoms, before China became consolidated into one Power, among whom the most popular and most well known were, perhaps, Chu ko Liang, Chao Yün, and Chang Fei, though there were countless others. The worshippers burnt incense before the pictures of these worthies, and made the ceremonial prostrations. Those upon whom the Divine power descended fell into a state of catalepsy, and on recovery were seized with a frenzy, in which they believed themselves to be possessed by the spirit of one of these heroes, and called for his peculiar weapon, the great sword of Chang Fei or the great spear of Chao Yün, and seizing it they went through wild evolutions until they were exhausted. When held by this frenzy they were like madmen. It was probably in such a spirit that a small body of them, after the taking of Peking, armed only with spears and swords, actually charged the Bengal Lancers in the open plain, and made such a terrible appearance with their brandished weapons and their wild cries that the horses refused to face them.

It was possibly also due to this belief that they were preserved by the spirits of the heroes of old that they so seldom used guns, preferring the ancient pattern of sword and spear. But they not only believed that they were themselves possessed by the spirits of heroes, they also believed that they were supported by a force of 'spiritual or divine soldiers.' These soldiers were said to number 480,000 and appeared in the form of unmarried boys, many being still children. These children accompanied or preceded the advance of the main body of fighting men, and great reliance was placed on their aid, their presence being the presage

of victory. Thus just before the entrance of the first large body of armed Boxers into Peking a body of forty such children marched through the city, and were everywhere received with marks of respect, reverence, and fear. The Christians ran in and reported this to me as a certain sign that trouble was hard at hand. After the burning of Fêng t'ai station, before the Imperial troops sided definitely with the Boxers and were still sent out to prevent their raids, a small party of foreigners who escaped by the last train from Peking fell in at An Ting station with a large body of native troops who had fled thither before the Boxer attack. They told the foreigners that the moment they engaged the Boxers the spirit soldiers descended from heaven in thousands upon thousands and tens of thousands; that they fired at them, but the bullets passed through them without effect, and that they then, seeing that such warfare was impossible for mortal men, fled in terror. There were also among the Boxers a certain number of men bound by a peculiar vow to abstain from wine, tobacco, opium, tea, pork, crabs, and onions, though what was the peculiar virtue of this vow I have not yet been able to learn. They also professed chastity, a profession rather put to shame by the common practice of the Boxers in kidnapping marriageable girls. But, however ill these vows were kept, the existence of such a system among them clearly reveals its religious character, and from the analogy of other systems it is easy to guess at the connection between chastity and abstinence and demoniac possession.

The Boxers professed and the people believed that they were supported in their warfare by divine powers, and that with the aid of these gods they could in a short time—a few days or months—drive every foreigner out of China. The Boxers professed and the people commonly believed that they could work miracles to prove their divine mission. Not only in the country but in the streets of Peking they performed tricks which were almost universally accepted as miraculous. They cut themselves with their swords without drawing blood; they lifted millstones by a single thread; they drove their spears through bricks and withdrew them, leaving no hole; they balanced a large stone attached to a short stick upon the top of a Chinese wine cup so that it could not be made to fall; in dining they had but one pot of food, yet however many of their number came to share in its contents all had enough. They had also incantations difficult for the foreigner to understand and sufficiently effectual to bewilder the Chinese. It was

only necessary for the novice to learn eighteen characters to become invincible ; with a knowledge of only seven of these he could vanquish 100 men. Of course it was unnecessary for the learner to understand the meaning of what he said, so that the most ignorant could attain this enviable power, and in the villages it was a common sight to see little knots of people learning the wonderful secret by heart. They had also formulæ for making themselves invisible and invulnerable. One of these ran as follows :

唐僧、魚孔、馬皆、殺僧、‘T’ang sêng, wu k’ung, ma chieh, sha sêng.’ These were originally the names of old-time wizards, and the recital of them protected the whole person, liver, heart, lungs, kidneys. This claim to invulnerability was really the crucial point on which their influence over the people turned, and though some fatal accidents were said to have resulted from the attempt to prove the claim, yet they frequently did deeds of daring which went far to justify the ignorant in the belief that their claim was well founded, and astonished even the foreigner. During the siege of Peking a man advanced one day on to the North Bridge and stood there making mystical poses, while one of the best shots among the marines fired six or seven times at him. He seemed to wave the bullets aside first on this side, then on that, and finally walked slowly away. In the country similar or even more startling displays were doubtless frequent, and the Boxers themselves and the people generally, even those who had been for many years in the closest contact with foreigners, believed that they possessed this secret. A Christian, brought up from childhood under foreign influence, one day asked me quite seriously whether I believed that they had such power, and was much surprised when I thought that he was making fun of me. When I asked the head writer in the British Legation whether it was not incredible that an astute woman like the Empress, and ministers, who for thirty years had been in constant contact with Western thought, could really believe in the Boxer claims, he replied quite hotly, ‘That is just where you foreigners always have, and always will, go wrong : you cannot understand that all the Chinese, even if they have been Christian for generations, all at the bottom of their hearts believe in devils.’ I care not now to inquire whether the Empress and her following really did or did not believe : it is enough that a well-informed man, like that writer, was quite certain that they could and probably did believe.

Under the banner of such a religion the Boxers proclaimed a crusade against the foreign religion, their object being to expel the poison which they thought had been instilled into the minds of the people by contact with foreigners. It was not that they hated the Christian religion *qua* religion; they hated it *qua* foreign. It was making the country foreign; it made the people friendly to foreigners; it infected them with foreign habits of life and foreign ways of thought. Hence a singular change in their action towards Christians: at first in Shantung they massacred or mutilated all alike without question: later in Chihli they sought to make the Christians recant. Christians were forced to burn incense or to drink water in which had been dipped paper written with incantations or blasphemies against the God of heaven. The case is reported of one Christian teacher whom they bound to a tree and hewed in pieces, inquiring after each stroke whether he would renounce his faith. By these means they hoped to remove the evil as effectually as if they slaughtered the converts.

Not only the actual fighting Boxers but even the country gentry who supported them were infected with this religious fanaticism. A friend of mine who travelled through the country round Cho Chou a few weeks before the final outbreak assured me that village elders and small mandarins who would talk soberly and sensibly about every subject, at the first mention of the Boxers raved like lunatics and expressed implicit belief in any and every incredible tale. Under the influence of this superstition the people were ripe for any fierce outbreak.

Added to these causes, in themselves sufficient to account for the present rising, was the strong sense of injustice done to them by foreign nations and foreign missionaries. A Chinese to whom I read a large part of this paper felt this so strongly that he refused to listen to any other consideration.

The Boxers preached and the Chinese believed that the foreign Powers treated China as a beast of prey treats his quarry, that they acted utterly regardless of all law, human or divine. The taking of Port Arthur, of Chiao Chou, of Weihaiwei seemed to them unjustifiable usurpation, the prelude of what was to befall the whole land. It is sometimes argued that as the Chinese of the interior were ignorant of the Japanese war so they must have been ignorant of these events, or that if they had known of them they would have shown no more concern than they did about the war; I believe this to be untrue. It is extraordinary what an

immense change has come over the country in the last few years, in the increased interest which the people take in the political situation. In part this is due to the circulation of newspapers, in part to the extension of the postal and telegraph systems, more than all to the advance of Christian missions. As a Chinese put it one day to me, a few years ago you could travel 500 li without finding a Christian; now you cannot go fifty without finding a church. And where the missionary goes there goes information, and an increasing desire for information and a growing interest in the condition of the State. But, whatever is the cause, it is undoubtedly true that the taking of Chiao Chou and of Weihai-wei were discussed in the large towns of the two provinces with which we are immediately concerned, Shantung and Chihli, within a few weeks of the event, and later the Boxer preachers carried their version of the story all over the country. It was not merely the seizure of these places, it was the way in which the foreigners were said to have used their power in them which stirred the hearts of the people. Truly or falsely the Boxer preachers protested and the people believed that in the Lisotung peninsula the Russians used forced labour, that in Chiao Chou Germans broke into the houses of honest men and submitted their women to the vilest usage, under threats of fearful vengeance if any resistance was offered. One of our own teachers reported to me the gist of a speech which he heard a Boxer deliver at a street corner in Peking. Summed up in a word it was this: treacherous seizure of the land, forced labour, rape. Chinese Christians would come to me to ask if these charges were true. They were in every one's mouth. 'The foreigners knew no *right*.' What brought that home to almost every village and city in North China was not only the tales told of deeds done in what was to them far away Chiao Chou or Port Arthur, but the tales which they heard in every marketplace of the conduct of lawsuits between Christian and heathen. It is not my business here to apportion the measure of guilt to be laid at the door of Roman Catholics or Protestants, or even to discuss how far the tales were true at all; the fact remains that the common people believed and the Boxer preachers took care they should not forget that native Christians used the influence of their foreign teachers to force the hand of justice, and that they often joined the Christian Church solely in order to escape the arm of the law by sheltering themselves under the *ægis* of a powerful guild which the local officials dared not offend. It

is also a fact that in the popular estimation at least the Roman Church was the great offender, and used its power habitually on every occasion to prove that it was a society sufficiently powerful to browbeat a magistrate and maintain the cause of its adherents at all costs ; and therefore the fiercest attack of the Boxers was always aimed against the Roman Catholics, and Boxer preaching drew its most useful examples from them. True or false, the people believed these stories, and many, very many, of them had their own instances to cite of friends or relations who had been deprived of justice in the courts by priestly interference.

One of the chief causes which led to the introduction of the Boxers into the district of Ping Yin, in Shantung, was one of those difficult cases of the marriage of a Christian to a heathen which so often disturb the Church in China. The feeling of the Chinese on the subject of betrothals and the state of the Chinese law on the subject is well known. In Ping Yin a Roman Catholic Christian betrothed his daughter to the son of a heathen named Li, a man well to do in the world and of some standing in the county. When the time came for the fulfilment of the contract the Christians protested that they could not allow the marriage to take place unless the bridegroom became a Christian. Li refused, and in consequence the Christians broke off the engagement. Li then sued his adversary at law, but lost his case and was severely beaten by the magistrate. Thereupon the whole district rose. Rightly or wrongly the people believed that Li had been defrauded of justice. Li invited the Boxers into the district and they were widely received and supported.

One of our native teachers, after travelling in new country round Chi Chou, told me that, when the people discovered that he was a Christian but not a Roman Catholic, their first question continually was, 'What had we better do when we get into trouble with a Roman Catholic? We cannot go to law, because the magistrate dare not condemn a Roman.' It was undoubtedly the case that magistrates shrank from trying cases in which Roman Catholics were involved, lest condemnation of the Roman Catholic should be represented as persecution and the case laid before the French minister. These things, which were of frequent and widespread occurrence, made the people ready to believe anything against foreigners. You may add to these, if you will, the conduct of foreign merchants and engineers travelling in the interior, which was not always an excellent example of the practice of Christianity.

To take a single instance, a German travelling near Tai an fu was delayed by an old man pushing a wheelbarrow. He abused him furiously, and when the man's son, who was working in a field hard by, ran to his father's assistance, and protested against such violence, he struck the lad over the head with his pistol and killed him. Whether the act was justifiable or not I do not know; what I do know is that the body was exposed in the gate of the city and aroused the fiercest indignation.

Such were some of the causes which stirred the common folk to the present rising against foreigners. How far they affected the Court it is much more difficult to say, but it must be remembered that the majority of the advisers who at the last outbreak surrounded the Empress, and who presumably advised the encouragement of the Boxers, were men of the most profound ignorance of foreign affairs, and of the most fanatical character. Of Prince Tuan and his brother Lan, who were the reputed heads of the Boxer movement, of Hsü T'ung, who was tutor to the Heir Apparent, of Tung Fu Hsiang, who led the Kan on braves, of Li Ping Hêng, who was degraded from the viceroyalty of Shantung when the Germans took Chiao Chou, and was in supreme command when the allies entered Peking, we have heard nothing which does not incline us to believe that they were men to whom the Boxer superstition would appeal with the greatest power. But judged by their popular reputation in Peking they were honest men. Their hatred of the foreigner was 'chronic' in the sense in which the marines in Peking taught us to use the word 'chronic,' or fierce in the sense in which an American marine described a Peking cart as 'fierce.' But it was a truly patriotic feeling of Hsü T'ung; it was reported that when the Legation Street was macadamised he vowed that he would never again pass out of his front door rather than ride along a street made on the foreign devils' model, and later that he used to say that his most earnest desire in this world was that he might lie down with a foreigner's skin as his coverlet; but he was always called a man of inflexible righteousness, as the Chinese reckon righteousness.

Of Tung Fu Hsiang, when the Legation guards were expected in Peking, the tale in the streets of the city was that he threw down his official hat at the feet of the Empress and vowed that he would hold office no longer unless he were allowed to fight those who were forcing their way into the capital. Of Li Ping Hêng it was said that when the Germans took Chiao Chou he petitioned

the Throne to allow him to discard all new-fangled foreign weapons and to arm his troops with a sort of pitchfork, unknown as a weapon of offence in Western lands, assuring his master that with soldiers so armed he would drive the foreigners into the sea. All these men, whatever we are to say of 'Prince Ch'ng and colleagues,' who once fed us with melons during the siege, were actuated by an intense hatred of the foreigner and blinded by the blackest superstition. They led the Government into the course of duplicity, treachery, and hopeless folly of which we now await the result. There can, I suppose, now be no doubt that the Government during the past year or eighteen months had been heaping up those vast stores of ammunition and those multitudinous guns which astonished the allies, with the direct object of exterminating foreigners in China. There can, I suppose, be little doubt that they encouraged the Boxer movement for that end, and that the Boxers anticipated their plans by a month or two.

It is very difficult to understand how they could fail to see that the ruin of their country would inevitably be the result. I suppose they were blinded to the folly of their course either by the Boxer superstition or by despair, and to the iniquity of it by that sense of injustice of which I have spoken above. The Eastern mind seems to feel that when all is lost it is better to die dramatically than to live tamely. I remember two years ago, when the Legations called for guards and the city was disturbed, a wild story going about that the Empress was resolved to invite the foreign ministers to an audience, have them all slaughtered before her, let loose the troops upon the foreigners in the city, and to commit suicide. I asked Chinese about that story, how it could possibly get repeated, and they all seemed to think it quite natural that people should believe that the Empress might do it. 'It is better than being browbeaten by foreigners,' they said. That despair of relief from the constant insolence of foreign nations, the coldness and hardness produced by seeing their country slowly torn to pieces, by feeling the old order passing away and a new order with which they were utterly out of sympathy come in, by feeling that the encroaching foreigner despised their ideals and hated their most cherished convictions, the sense that whatever they were in name, in fact they were slowly passing into slavery to a Power which they hated and loathed, that they were falling before a force which knew no law of right as they knew right, that they were the laughing-stock of the world, that before the world

and before their own people they had no 'face,' that their armies, land, education, doctrine were all being wrested from them, to be administered at the will of their enemies, such a feeling might well inspire them to grasp at the Boxer promises with the desperate hope that with the aid of the gods they might at last drive out the enemy, regain their old position, and at least be rulers in their own land. Added to these were more ignoble motives. They loved the very faults of the old system, which they themselves confessed to be faults. They had grown up under a system of bribery and corruption ; they drew their wealth from it. They were driven to maintain their position not only by pride, by inborn conservatism, by natural shame, but by the knowledge that change meant for them ruin and degradation. If they did not fight there was only one other choice possible—to accept reforms which they detested and to sit humbly at the feet of a people whom they despised as profane. The thing was impossible. Reform for them meant extinction. They preferred the counsels of despair. Their choice was foolish, but it was very natural. They preferred a momentary vengeance and annihilation to slavery. They failed even to get vengeance, and now the European nations are quarrelling over the wreck and how they may best destroy the old China to create a new. The work is very necessary, but the manner of its accomplishment is very sad.

A GREAT CHINESE SATRAP.

At a moment when one of the factors in the Chinese problem is the part which the provincial viceroys may be able to take in the government and reform of China, a special interest may attach to a sketch of the career of the greatest viceroy in her history. The deeds of Wou-San-kwei resemble those of Warwick the King-maker, but, more fortunate than 'the last of the barons,' he died in a state of independence as the ruler of a great part of China with all the attributes of kingly power. For more than forty years he stood before his countrymen as a great captain, wise administrator, and national leader. His abandonment of the Ming cause sealed the fate of that dynasty, and his alliance mainly contributed to the success of the Manchus and to the elevation of the present Imperial family to the Dragon Throne. There may be no Wou-San-kwei at this moment in China, but his example shows that the possibility of Viceregal government as distinct from Imperial need not be eliminated from solutions of present and future difficulties.

The story of how the little Tartar tribe of the Manchus acquired possession of China is long and involved and beside the present purpose. It was due as much to the divisions and intestine wars of the Chinese as to the military prowess of Taitsong and his Banners. The capture of Peking, for instance, was precipitated by the acts of a bandit chief who, if he had lived to-day, would certainly have been a Boxer, and the Manchus were welcomed as the champions of law and order against his excesses, in consequence of which the last of the Ming Emperors had hanged himself with his own silken girdle on the top of the Wansui Hill in the Forbidden City. History has a strange tendency to repeat itself. The situation now is very much what it was in 1643, the rôle of the Manchus being played by the Powers.

At the moment when the Ming Emperor put himself to death to escape from the hands of a robber chief, a Chinese army was encamped on the northern frontier, holding the fortresses of Ningyuen and Shanhaikwan against the Manchus. The commander of this army was Wou-San-kwei, who by his skilful defence of these and two other places, constituting the Quadrilateral of Leaou-si, had kept the Manchus in check since the year

1636. When the Ming Emperor found himself menaced by one of his rebellious subjects, he recalled Wou-San-kwei to Peking for his own protection, but all was over before the general could reach the capital. The Manchus quickly availed themselves of his departure to seize Ningyuen. Wou thus found himself in an embarrassing position, placed between two fires, but he would not listen to the overtures made by the robber leader in Peking, who was, practically speaking, the Emperor's murderer, and who had signalised his triumph by massacring every member of the Ming family on whom he could lay his hands, and by plundering the palaces. As he would not listen to these overtures, Wou-San-kwei had no alternative to coming to terms with the Manchus. He accordingly invited them to join their forces with his, and to restore peace and tranquillity in the Empire. An alliance with this object was promptly concluded, and the soldier who for seven years had prevented the Manchus crossing the Leaou, became the leader of their advance.

The first thing to be done was to recover Peking from the insolent rebel, and, once assured that the Manchus would support him, Wou resumed his march to attack it. He gained two signal victories at or near Yungping, and pressed on to the capital, which he found that his opponent had hastily abandoned. Enraged at Wou's refusal to join him, he had before his departure executed that soldier's father, Wou Siang, and placed his head over the gate by which he expected the victorious force to enter. Enraged by this sight, Wou-San-kwei pursued his opponent, again defeating him in a pitched battle at Ching-ting. His line of retreat was very much that taken by the Empress-Dowager and the Imperial Court the other day to Tai-yuen, the capital of Shansi, and Singan-fu, the capital of Shensi. Wou pressed the pursuit hard, capturing those cities and the famous fortress of Tunkwan, and finally compelling the would-be Dictator of China to take to the hills. Tracked to his last place of refuge, his head was brought in triumph to Wou-San-kwei.

This campaign and pursuit covered two years, and in the meantime much had happened at Peking. The Manchus took possession of the capital, and their boy-ruler Chuntche had been proclaimed first Emperor of the Tsing, or 'Clear' dynasty. In these steps Wou-San-kwei had had no part, because his time and attention were fully engaged in the western campaign. There was, consequently, some uncertainty not unmixed with anxiety as

to the course he would pursue. He had made a compact with the Manchus to restore order and tranquillity in China, but not to give the country a new dynasty. It was not love of the Tartars, but regard for what he deemed the interests of his country that made him their ally. Would he consider himself bound to follow the fortunes of the several Ming princes who were endeavouring to revive the old dynasty at Nanking and Canton? Much depended on his decision, for he was at the head of a large and victorious Chinese Army. The Manchu government was vested in the hands of Prince Dorgun or Ama Wang, the Father Prince, as he was called by his nephew the young Emperor; and he threw away no opportunity of humouring and honouring Wou-San-kwei. Wou was granted the title of Wang or Prince, and was specially named in Imperial edicts Ping-si Wang, or Prince Pacifier of the West. At the same time he was made irremovable Governor of the territory he had conquered, and allowed to fix his place of residence in Singan-fu, the ancient Imperial capital of China, and one of its most famous and important cities.

No doubt Wou-San-kwei was influenced by this considerate treatment, but it is also probable that he had some regard for the interests of his country. The Manchus were establishing at Peking a regular Government based on the most approved Chinese model. The Ming claimants were either worthless adventurers or children who served merely as the tools of self-seeking and ambitious officials. The great satrap of the West had no difficulty then in making his choice. He determined to recognise the Manchu Emperor for the time being, to maintain peace in his own provinces, and to watch the course of events. Beyond this, however, he would not go. He had brought the Tartars into China, but he would not lend them any more active assistance in extending their authority over the provinces than circumstances rendered unavoidable.

This was the period when the English merchants along the coast reported in their letters to London that 'China was wholly embroiled in wars.' One of the most terrible of them was waged in the great province of Szchuen, lying south of the region controlled by Wou-San-kwei. Here a Chinese adventurer had established himself as an independent ruler under the name of Si Wang, King of the West. His brief rule was marked by a succession of crimes that surpassed anything done by Nero, and that can only be explained on the supposition that he was a

raving lunatic. From the commencement his rule was characterised by severity, but it was only when it incurred the criticism of the *litterati* that the true barbarity of his disposition was revealed. Enraged at their comments, he yet suppressed his sentiments, and enticed them to his capital of Chentu under the promise of employment. Thirty thousand men of presumed education were thus assembled, when he at once ordered his soldiery to put them all to the sword. The ruthless order was obeyed; nor did the atrocities of Si Wang stop there. One of his courtiers or attendants in addressing him omitted to give his full title. He took a terrible revenge by massacring all his personal attendants, to the number of 3,000. The fell passions of this monster then broke loose beyond all restraint. He ordered a general massacre at Chentu, when 600,000 persons were butchered, and comparing his rage to the wrath of Heaven, he turned it on inanimate objects, destroying cities and levelling forests in his path.

It became a duty to put an end to this atrocious criminal, and Wou-San-kwei, abandoning the inaction he had observed for some time, joined his forces with those of the Manchu generals entrusted with the invasion of Szchuen. Hearing of their approach, Si Wang resolved on one more act that should put all his previous deeds in the shade. Declaring to his troops that he was about to lead them out of the province of Szchuen to effect the conquest of China, with the plunder of which they would be rewarded, he succeeded in inducing them to believe that their women would be an encumbrance to them in their march, and that there was nothing to be done except to murder them. He set the example by killing his wives with his own hand, and his followers imitated his action. Four hundred thousand women are said to have been slaughtered in this manner. One would like to think that all these atrocities were a hideous dream created by an imaginative historian, but the evidence is too strong for disbelief. Some exaggeration may have crept into the figures, but the story is vouched for not only by Chinese historians but by reverend and grave missionaries like Amiot, Du Halde, and others. The massacre of the women was speedily followed by the death of Si Wang, who was killed in a skirmish, and by the collapse of his faction. It is not surprising that Wou-San-kwei thought his alliance with the Tartars preferable to co-operation with a fellow-countryman like Si Wang.

After the occupation of Szchuen, Wou-San-kwei was entrusted with the conquest of Yunnan, and, having accomplished this task with his usual rapidity and success, he transferred his residence from Si-ngan-fu to Yunnan-fu. From being King of the West he then became King of the South, but the Manchus had no apparent ground for questioning his loyalty, when he overcame the last prince of the Ming family, who invaded Yunnan with a Burmese army in the year 1659. This prince and his son were taken prisoners, and promptly executed by Wou, who sent their heads to Peking. There was no indication of lukewarmness towards the Manchus in this action.

About this time Prince Ama Wang, who had shown special consideration to Wou-San-kwei, died, and the young Emperor Chuntche did not long survive him. The new Emperor Kanghi, or 'the Pacific,' was a boy of eight years of age, and for ten years the country was governed in his name by four Regents. During that period the power of Wou-San-kwei increased and became consolidated, until he and not the Tartar Emperor was the real ruler of Southern and Western China. So widespread was the belief in his power that Bouvet, in his '*Vie de Canghi*,' says 'it was a miracle that Wou-San-kwei did not conquer the whole Empire.' The Regents were careful not to interfere with him, and when Kanghi began to govern for himself in 1671 he found that the Imperial authority was quite overshadowed by that of the great satrap of the south. From the day that he had invited the Manchus to enter the country, twenty-eight years before Kanghi's assumption of power, Wou-San-kwei had never visited the capital or made his personal obeisance to the Emperor. He was practically independent, and now that he was advanced in years it was not likely that he would willingly forego his rights and privileges at the decree of a mere boy. The new Emperor, however, was a prince of rare merit and determination, not to be turned from his course by its difficulties, and resolved to make himself the sole undisputed ruler of China. He may not have been indifferent to the merit or services of Wou-San-kwei, but he was resolved to show him that he was a satrap and not a sovereign.

Kanghi accordingly sent Wou-San-kwei a formal invitation to visit him at Peking. This was in the year 1671, and it has been said that if Wou had been left to himself he would have accepted the invitation. But his son, who was living at Peking as hostage for his father's loyalty, sent him word that if he came to Peking

he would never be allowed to return. Wou-San-kwei accordingly made a negative reply, pleading as an excuse his age and his desire to end his days in peace, but at the same time sending his son fresh powers to make obeisance for him. Kanghi was not satisfied, and sent two trusted officials to inform Wou-San-kwei that his personal attendance was necessary, and at the same time he instructed them to report on his military power. The Emperor's envoys received a magnificent welcome, which was due perhaps to the desire to parade his wealth and resources, but when they proceeded to repeat the invitation in terms that could not be mistaken for less than a command, Wou-San-kwei threw off the mask, and spoke as follows:—

‘Do they think at the Court that I am so blind as not to see the motive in this order of summons? I shall indeed present myself there if you continue to press me, but it will be at the head of twice forty thousand men. You may go on before, but I hope to follow you very shortly with such a force as will remind those in power of the debt they owe me.’ Then turning to his own followers he said with a sneer: ‘It appears that I brought into the Empire a race of lions to expel a race of dogs.’

It seems probable that when Wou-San-kwei went to this length of defiance and insult, he knew of his son's plot at Peking, and believed in its success. This son had married a sister of the Emperor Kanghi, and resided at the capital as a member of the Imperial family. Fired by ambition, he believed that he could destroy the Tartar dynasty and substitute one from his own family. He formed a plot among the Chinese to massacre Kanghi and all the Manchu princes on the occasion of the New Year's Festival of 1673, and it was so well arranged that it was within an ace of coming off. In fact, it was only revealed the day before in a manner very similar to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. A Chinese servant wishing to save his Manchu master gave him a warning. This Manchu, an officer named Matsi, at once informed the Emperor, who took the necessary measures. Wou-San-kwei's son and his fellow-conspirators were promptly arrested, tried, and executed. After this occurrence any arrangement between the Emperor and Wou-San-kwei became impossible. The latter to show his defiance cut off the tail, which the Manchus had made the compulsory mode of wearing the hair, and proscribed the Manchu Calendar.

The example of Wou-San-kwei proved infectious, and all the Chinese viceroys of the South threw off their allegiance to the

Manchu Emperor. If the great satrap had been a younger man he might have altered the history of China, but he was bent under the weight of more than seventy winters, and the Emperor was young and energetic. Leaving a trial of strength with the great satrap to the last, Kanghi proceeded to deal with the insubordinate viceroys, and conquered them one after another. His triumph was marked by moderation, and only the chief leaders perished by the sword. At the same time that he restored order the Emperor adopted a precautionary measure against the recurrence of a popular revolt by building in all the principal cities a walled Tartar town, in which he placed a Manchu garrison. This practice, dating from Wou-San-kwei's revolt, is nominally in force to-day, but the walls are crumbling and the garrisons have practically disappeared.

By the year 1677 Kanghi had performed the first half of his task. It remained for him to dispose of Wou-San-kwei. The history of the campaigns of that and the following year cannot be written in default of details, but enough is known to enable us to say that there was no severe fighting, and certainly no pitched battle. The Chinese forces were gradually driven southwards into Yunnan. Once Wou-San-kwei began to retreat, the result of the struggle ceased to be doubtful. He lost his hold on the productive provinces of the country and also on the hearts of his people. His reputation vanished when it was seen that he could no longer command victory. It was a happy release when death ended his troubles 'at a good old age in 1679.'

The war continued for two years after his death. His grandson, Wou Shufan, called by the Manchus Hong-hoa, carried on the struggle, but by the year 1681 he had lost all his possessions, except the town of Yunnan. Here he was closely besieged by the Manchu armies. He offered a long and stubborn defence worthy of his name and family. But at last the town was carried by assault, and the garrison were put to the sword—Wou Shufan escaping the general fate only by committing suicide. This did not prevent the conquerors from cutting off his head and sending it as proof of their triumph to Peking. Manchu vindictiveness did not stop there. The remains of Wou-San-kwei were dug up, and 'his ashes were scattered throughout the eighteen provinces of China, to testify to all that no trace any longer remained of the man who had threatened the very existence of the Manchus, and at whose name all his foes used to tremble.'

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

FRENCH WIT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY S. G. TALLENTYRE.

IF it be true in the words of a Frenchwoman, herself a wit, that 'L'esprit sert à tout et ne suffit à rien,' it is certainly true that the wit of the Eighteenth Century serves to paint a truer picture of the times than all the dull pages of learned historians. From anecdote and gossip, compliment, malice, flattery, repartee, rises ever new the figure of that mocking age, that went, wicked, handsome, and fearless, with a *mot* still on its lips, to the guillotine.

The Court of Louis XIV., even at the end of the seventeenth century, was already a synonym for that delicate epigrammatic cleverness essentially French. Wit was the mode, the supreme mode among the wittiest people in the world and in an age which was pre-eminently the Age of Good Talk—and bad deeds. From the Sun King's golden youth to his sombre setting under the De Maintenon the Court Chronicle is but a chronicle of infinitely characteristic jests and aphorisms. It was a gorgeous Louis, flushed with confidence and victory, who uttered the familiar 'L'état c'est moi.' It was she who rose from pauperdom to govern France by the careful exercise of shrewd virtues, who is responsible for the saying that 'nothing is so clever as irreproachable conduct.' The heads, crowned or uncrowned, set the example, and the sincerest flattery was imitation. Even when the lesser stars outshone the Sun himself, he was not offended.

'Monsieur,' said Louis to a new ambassador, 'what I chiefly desire to impress upon you is that you follow a line of conduct entirely different from that of your predecessors.'

'Sire,' replied the ambassador, 'I intend to act so that your Majesty will not need to give such an instruction to my successor.'

Here indeed one might be daring but not dull, and frank but not feeble. When Bassompierre, ambassador to Madrid, related to the monarch how he had entered that city on a handsome mule, 'Oh, oh!' said Louis, with a kingly wit, 'what a fine thing to see an ass on a mule!'

‘Very fine, sire,’ replied Bassompierre; ‘I was representing you!’

There is no recorded occasion on which such a candour offended the majesty of the monarch who of all monarchs best knew how to preserve the outward dignity and glory of a king, and who, in circumstances where the ordinary mortal would have felt supremely small, always contrived to appear to the dazzled courtly eyes of that old *régime* supremely great.

Those sycophants—the best sycophants known to history—perceived, indeed, no admission in the least damaging to the king’s honour when his queen died saying that she could not remember a single happy day in her life; and went doubtless into the proper raptures of delight when the gallant monarch himself observed that the queen’s death was the first uneasiness she had given him.

Pages of moralising and moral statistics could hardly present a more startling and real picture of that Court than the little story of the noble and great woman who, entreated to go to Versailles if only to set a good example there, replied, ‘The best example I can set is to stay away;’ or of that other woman who said that the most difficult post to fill at Court was that of a maid of *honour*.

Cannot one fancy the two stories going the round of the royal dukes and duchesses, of my lords and ladies of the bedchamber, of the groups in the ante-room, and provoking everywhere the most delicious amusement?

‘Ma tante,’ said the poor little Dauphine of Savoy, though she had known the Court from a child, ‘on se moque de tout ici.’ At everything. At honour and virtue, at vice and dishonour alike; with the mockery that was soon to topple monarchy and *noblesse* together down a bottomless pit of ruin.

Bodily ill health would naturally be unpopular in a Court where moral disease was so rife, and it was another unhappy Dauphine, this time of Bavaria, who, when her friends suggested to her that her frequent maladies were a sham, and a very unmodish sham moreover and in the worst possible taste, said that she must die to justify herself. Poor soul! ugly in a Court where beauty was a necessity, she had no friend in the world but that good, coarse, rough old Teuton, Charlotte Elizabeth, mother of that ‘braggart in crime’ the Regent, who, for her part, described the Sun and his satellites with such a deadly truthfulness that a more decent age declines to transcribe her remarks.

As for religion, that was a jest too.

'Why do you have so many fools in your Order?' some one asked a Jesuit. 'Il nous faut des saints,' was the cynic reply. To believe was to be intellectually feeble, in fact. Was there here no forecast of that philosophic atheism which was so modish before the Revolution that a woman of fashion could damn a friend in the words, 'Il est déiste, il est bigot'?

One of the best stories at Court was that of the simple little country sister of Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who, making her profession at the Abbey of Chelles and astounded at the magnificence of the service and the groups of clergy in their splendid vestments, exclaimed: 'This must be Heaven!' 'No, Madame,' replied a wag, 'there are too many bishops.'

'Each sin is an epigram,' said the Abbé Gobelin when the brilliant Madame de Coulanges had made her confession to him. If the Abbé and the penitent both thought the wit made the sins more venial, why, that was the opinion of the age and shared by everyone. What hope was there for a Church of which Iscariot-Dubois was to be soon high priest and where a pun was a passport to a place? When Madame d'Heudicourt pleaded with Louis XIV. for the advancement of the licentious Abbé Testu, Louis replied that Testu was not 'assez homme de bien' to guide others. 'To become so, sire,' she replied, 'he only requires that your Majesty should make him a bishop.' So pretty a wit surely deserved a pretty reward.

Nobody, it appears, saw anything beneath the jest in these anecdotes—no sign of the times or grim prophecy of the times to come. Was not that a capital story of the two peasants who, meeting the king hunting in winter time without a muff (*manchons*) as was the fashion, expressed to a companion his surprise that the monarch did not protect himself from the cold. 'He has no need to,' said the other. 'His hands are always in our pockets.' That low-born *mot* went the round of the most aristocratic circles. Could there have been any among them who remembered it again on a January morning many years later, when another king, innocent, expiated the sins of his guilty race under the guillotine?

It took that famous instrument to destroy the Bourbon belief in the Bourbon immensity, infallibility, and immortality. It was not only the courtiers who flattered majesty, but the Church itself. When one of the princesses found Abbé Bouïn in one of the royal apartments at Versailles and asked him what he did there, 'I have

to give a description of Paradise in a sermon, Madame,' he replied, 'and I have come here to take notes.'

These were the clergy who wrote funeraleulogies for a Regent and a Louis XV. and declaimed them to a laity who listened with perfect gravity and complacence. It was only a Voltaire who dared to think that some kind of apology might be needed and offered, even in an 'Éloge Funèbre,' for the vicious tool of Pompadours and Du Barris, and made for the worst of the Bourbons that splendid and courtly excuse, 'On ne peut pas être toujours roi : on serait trop à plaindre.' It is curious to trace further on in the little Duc d'Enghien—with what a fate before him, tragedy knows—the pride of his house. When he had committed some childish fault his tutors punished him by making him have his dinner at a little table by himself, 'I hope your Highness will feel ashamed of yourself.' 'Eh! messieurs,' replied the child, 'it seems to me that you are the sufferers, since you are deprived of the honour of dining with me.' Not a bad pride this of race, in the dark times of revolution. It was this which helped a Lamballe, who, in prosperity, fainted at the sight of a lobster and had a 'crise des nerfs' three or four times a day, to go through prison and death a heroine; and this which supported a child called Louis XVII. through such horrors as, recalled a hundred years after, have made men ask if indeed there be a beneficent God.

But to that pride which intoxicated them in prosperity and ennobled them in adversity, the Bourbons added a courtliness exemplified, not by a hundred anecdotes, but by thousands. The whole 'Bibliothèque des Cours' is full of them—every memorialist has a hundred new ones of his own.

If the kings were flattered, they could flatter. They set the example of grace, of tact, of the finest magnanimity—of speech. No example in history was more admirably followed. If phrases could have secured a monarchy, the French throne would have been founded on a rock.

When Monsieur—the first Monsieur at the Court of Louis XIV.—discovered at his levée that his watch had been stolen, presumably by one of his valets, he finished dressing hastily, and, addressing them all, said: 'Gentlemen, the watch strikes. Let us separate as quickly as we can.' What a tact and finish was here! The spirit of Monsieur was admirably caught by the French gentleman of the time who, attacked by robbers at five o'clock in the afternoon, simply observed, 'Sirs, you have opened very early to-day.'

There is but one record of a royal *bêtise* in this brilliant age, and that, after all, does credit to the kingly heart if not to the kingly head. 'Marshal, have you heard of the death of my poor Lausmatt?' was Louis XV.'s only observation to Richelieu when he came to see him after the taking of Mahon. Lausmatt was a *valet de chambre*. Even poor, dull, lockmaking, inadequate Louis XVI. remembered sometimes the courtly traditions of his race, and when Madame Vigée Le Brun showed him that picture of his lovely girl queen which afterwards gave to her the fatal name of Madame Deficit, he turned to the artist and said, 'Madame, I know nothing about painting, but you have made me love it.' As for the forlorn little king of the Temple, *he* dealt in gentle deeds more than gentle words—a reversion of things which, had his ancestors practised it, might have turned the tide of that Revolution which in his day an angel from Heaven could not have stemmed. It was this child who, on the night of June 21, 1792, had for lullaby the roar of the human sea of fury in the courts of the Tuileries, and, waking to the same tempest, asked, 'Mamma, is it still yesterday?' Alas! for him it was henceforth always 'yesterday' until he had passed beyond time.

While the eighteenth century was still young came the days of the Regency and of Louis, miscalled 'Bien Aimé'—the days of suppers and salons, philosophy and depravity, madrigals, epigrams, *bouts rimés*, the days of jest and pleasure, when mirth was loudest, and misery so miserable that it was dumb. Had there not risen a Monsieur Arouet de Voltaire, whose very name was a synonym for good things—good things meaning smart things, be it understood? Were there not the famous salons of Sceaux, of Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Madame Geoffrin, Holbach, Helvétius, a hundred others? Wit was in the air; flattery, courtliness, repartee. To talk well was the whole duty of man. Had not Monsieur de Voltaire himself said, 'Un bon mot vaut bien un bon livre'? The Fontenelle of the 'Plurality of Worlds,' for instance, was much more esteemed for his repartees than for his book, and better known by an anecdote than by his genius. He was ninety-seven when it was told of him that, having paid the beautiful Madame Helvétius a hundred compliments, he passed her without seeming to see her. When she reproached him for his want of gallantry, he replied, 'Madame, if I had looked at you I could never have gone by.'

Age was no excuse for dullness. To the last one must be

alert, brilliant, pointed. It was the Fontenelle of a hundred on his deathbed who, when a friend asked him, 'Comment cela va-t-il ?' wit to the last replied with dying lips, 'Cela ne va pas, cela s'en va.' The anecdote is as impossible of translation as are so many others of the time. It was a much earlier and *bon-vivant* Fontenelle who, passionately fond of asparagus with oil, invited to dinner an Abbé friend who preferred it with butter. Mindful of hospitable obligations, Monsieur Fontenelle had given orders that half the dish should be served one way, half the other. Just before the course came on, the Abbé fell down in a fit. Without taking the slightest notice of him, Fontenelle rushed straight to the kitchen, crying, 'All with oil ! all with oil !'

A cynic flavour to one's jest pleased the jaded palates of that day. Even good, homely old Madame Geoffrin, when some one said to her of a notorious liar, 'What he says is quite true,' responded, 'Then why does he say it ?'

Blind Madame du Deffand, who was born cynical as she was born bored, when Helvétius was blamed in her hearing for having made selfishness in his great book 'On the Mind' the mainspring of human action, answered, 'Bah ! he has only betrayed everybody's secret.' It was she who so happily nicknamed Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Lois,' 'L'Esprit sur les Lois ;' and she who said that supper was one of the four ends of man, but she couldn't recollect the other three. It was the brilliant Duclos who always expressed disdain by the formula, 'C'est l'avant-dernier des hommes.' 'And why the last but one ?' asked a friend. 'Pour ne décourager personne.'

As for Voltaire, he was the first of cynics. When the author who was reading aloud his dull comedy came to the words, 'Here the Chevalier laughed'—'Happy man !' murmured Voltaire. It was not the spirit of the age to forego one's repartee because it gave pain. To see one's friend wince was an assurance that one's jest had a point.

When that brilliant Monsieur Arouet was answering an address presented to him by some little provincial college which had called itself 'the daughter of the university of Paris,' who would have had him deny himself his 'I don't doubt it. A very prudent girl, who has never got herself talked about' ? It was this same Arouet who, wishing to keep dark the authorship of the 'Enfant Prodigue,' replied to his friends 'But if people guess ?'—'Mentez, mes amis, mentez.'

If Voltaire would have been no less Voltaire without his *mots*, that is but a tribute to the matchless cleverness of his works. Wit in those days not only won men and women a place in the world, but kept it for them. It was better than money, better than birth, better than beauty. It was necessary to give piquancy to all those delightful possessions. It made a poor companion, illegitimate by birth, pitted by smallpox, doubtful in morals, living on charity, one of the first hostesses in Paris. The proud aristocracy of that gorgeous day—proud with the blindest pride that goes just before the fall—were content to be received by the homely daughter of a *valet de chambre* or the light wife of a Farmer-General, because in their salons was wit—whether it was wit on the old faith men thought dying, or on the old order of things men thought immortal, or on a Utopian new world which they still dreamed might be raised on some other foundation than the shattered ruins of the old.

So long as it was wit, and wit with that cynic flavour in it, that was enough. That the cynicism was needed by a class who had nothing to do, and had done nothing but amuse themselves for generations, was not wonderful. It was the olive after the too gorgeous banquet. That the cynicism became soon, not the light cynicism of words, but deeper, of the soul, was not wonderful either. The story of the noble lady who, two days widowed, was discovered by a surprised friend cheerfully playing the harp, and whose only excuse was, ‘Ah! you should have seen me yesterday!’ belonged to a lighter age in whose jest was no deeper meaning. The mother who, praying at her daughter’s sick-bed, ‘Heaven give her back to me and take all my other children!’ was interrupted by the husband of another of her daughters: ‘Do you include the sons-in-law?’ is of the same category. But as the century advanced, and as, side by side with the voluptuous sloth of the Bien Aimé, sprang into being strange ideas of some strange future, a startling conception of a France in which the French were not made for the king but the king for the French, it became the fashion, not only for novels like *Émile* to teach women maternity and the rights of their dependents, and, later, for plays like *Figaro* and the *Barber of Seville* to warn absolute monarchy of absolute democracy—but for the lightest *mots* to be double-edged and significant.

The aphorism of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, who spent her whole life entertaining, ‘Those who come to see me do me honour,

those who stay away give me pleasure,' pleased her guests, it seems. The *mot* had a little whip at the end of it, which flicked her hearers' interest into new life. 'Qui est-ce qui est heureux?' said D'Alembert, lover of Mademoiselle, greatest of Encyclopædists and mathematicians. 'Qui est-ce qui est heureux? . . . Quelque misérable.' There was that which gave one food for thought, too, in the remark of the Duchesse du Maine, the queen of those *galères du bel esprit* at Sceaux, who, when asked what she wanted with the crowd of noisy people who surrounded her, replied, 'I am so unhappy as not to be able to do without that which I don't in the least need.'

It was such an ennui as this as turned women's thoughts and conversation to philanthropy, the rights of men, anything that was real and earnest, if only for a change; and, as a traveller observed, what they said in the salons under the Bien Aimé, they said in the streets under his successor.

Such new ideas were whispered still nearer the king, it appears. Was there nothing but a jest in the definition of the Government as 'an absolute monarchy tempered by lampoons,' or in the remark that, if it were not for this same Government, there would be no more laughter in France?

Montesquieu boldly defined a lord as 'a man who sees the king, speaks to the minister, has ancestors, debts, and pensions.'

Prudhomme chose in 1789 as his motto for his new 'Journal des Révolutions de Paris': 'The great only seem great because we are on our knees: let us get up.'

When the Bien Aimé himself complacently said of the Farmers-General—those wicked tax gatherers, the grasping publicans of old France—that they sustained the State, the Duc d'Ayen had the courage to answer, 'Yes, sire, as the rope sustains the criminal.' The anecdote is, after all, but a preface to the familiar one of Voltaire, who, at the party when everyone was telling robber stories, had nothing to say but 'Once, gentlemen, there was a Farmer-General' to receive the honours of the evening.

The times were, indeed, fast ripening or rotting to revolution. A woman's beauty and unscrupulousness could still fill government offices with her friends, and her cleverness be trusted to keep their influence hers, and turn the point of any honest rebuff. The Chancellor Maupeou was talking one day to Madame Lapelletier de Beaupré, who had persuaded all her many relatives in State berths to oppose the Chancellor's changes: 'It is a great

pity, Madame, women mix themselves in affairs they understand no more than geese.' 'And don't you know,' she answered, 'it was the geese that saved the Capitol?' The wit would have put her right in the estimation of that strange world, if she had been a thousand times more in the wrong. So long as one was amusing! Though, to be sure, this topsy-turvy aristocracy had mostly taken now to finding amusement in odd things, such as an artificial aping of Nature, and liberty as advocated by the apostles of the 'Contrat Social,' which a wicked little wit of an Italian Abbé had happily defined as 'the right of interfering in other people's affairs.' It was this same little Galiani who had once dubbed Paris the 'café de l'Europe.' That title was apt when he gave it. Before he died in 1787—jester to the end, and saying that the dead were so bored down below they had sent for him to enliven them—there were strange whisperings in that café of his, and ominous portents in its air for most of the guests. 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die,' should have been the motto of that house of entertainment.

At Sceaux, a dissipated old Duchess could still observe comfortably when a young man of the people wooed her: 'A Duchess is never more than thirty for a *bourgeois*.' She died before the days when such a saying would have brought up against her—a capital crime. A laughing Dauphiness, very wilful and charming, and fresh from an imperial schoolroom, where she had gaily succeeded in learning nothing, nicknamed her dull, mechanic Louis 'Vulcan,' her respectable Necker 'the little counting-house clerk,' her great reforming Turgot, who would fain begin his reforms at Court and deny his lovely archduchess the necessary millions for her pleasures, 'the "No" minister,' and Sartines 'the gentle liar.' It was she, too, who classified the dreary ladies in waiting—as Fossils, Frumps, and Lumps. Was it these girlish mockeries, bitterly repeated and magnified by a thousand malicious tongues, of which she thought on that last morning when her would-be confessor reminded her that she died to expiate her crimes, and she answered, 'Not crimes, but follies'?

When the Bien Aimé was buried amid the universal rejoicing of his loving subjects, there was buried with him much of that gaiety and lightness which had made a wicked Court but too attractive. The volatile Dauphiness was queen now—the Queen of the Diamond Necklace, the Austrian, Madame Veto. If, in the early days of the reign, when a mad little world went masquerad-

ing at Trianon, there were still jests enough, there was a deadly earnestness beneath them, and through that last fierce sunshine the close rumble of thunder. One jester, the reforming Abbé Sieyès himself, who was responsible for the memorable 'What is the Third Estate? Nothing. What ought it to be? Everything,' when one of his friends asked him afterwards what he had done during the Terror, could only say, 'What did I do? I survived.' Another jester, the Abbé Maury, who once, when a *colporteur*, to sell his newspapers, went about crying, 'Death of the Abbé Maury!' hit the *colporteur* vigorously over the head, saying, 'There! if I am dead you will anyhow believe in ghosts!' narrowly saved his life by a jest at last. 'À la lanterne,' shrieked that mad mob. 'L'Abbé à la lanterne!' 'Do you think you would see better if I were there?' said Monsieur with consummate coolness. And the laugh went with him and they let him go.

But when one has to jest to save one's skin the mirth rings a little hollow. The wit that made the Sun King's Court delightful and his successors a prophecy, had little in keeping with the grim wit of the Terror. The Revolution was a century in itself. Its bitter humour is its own—and its own only. It is certainly not the humour of that splendid trifler, that gay solver of solemn problems, the Eighteenth Century. One cannot instance better the great gulf fixed between the wit of those periods, so close in time and so widely divided in spirit, than by recalling the old story of the deathbed of Voltaire, who was the most perfect representative of his age, and a little story of the Terror.

A priest forced himself upon the dying pagan.

'And from whom do you come?'

'De la part de Dieu même.'

'Eh bien! Monsieur l'Abbé—vos lettres de créance?'

And the Abbé insisted no more.

'Do you believe in hell?' said the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal to the Curé of Amplepuy.

'How can I doubt it,' he answered, 'when I see it?'

*THE GLADE IN THE FOREST.*¹

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

CHAPTER I.

THE fencing school in Little Titmarsh Street changed its character on Sundays and became the quarters of a club which was to all swordsmen what the Serpentine is to skaters. Admission was not merely a question of social fitness or of interest in the game; the candidate for membership had to satisfy an exacting committee in a trial of skill. Jules Barillon, the little Frenchman who kept the school, generally attended, but he attended as an honorary member. This afternoon he was there, but not in his fencing kit; severe and tightly pinched, in a braided frock coat, he was talking to two ladies in the gallery which looked down upon the fencing school itself. There were a good many women there, for this was the first Sunday in August, and on the first Sunday of every month members had the right of admitting their lady friends to see what was to be seen. But the attention of a knot of men gathered together on the floor of the school plainly centred on one of the ladies with Barillon. They looked at her, scarcely making a pretence to watch the pair who were fencing on the boarded floor.

‘Are you sure that’s the woman?’ said the youngest man in the group, a subaltern of two-and-twenty.

‘Certain,’ answered Sir Gilbert Baynes, a grey-haired gentleman verging on sixty, who was known to many clubs and to every first night audience. ‘I never saw her off the stage, but I could swear to the turn of her head anywhere. Besides, there—look at that. That’s the way she throws herself back when she laughs.’

‘Why,’ said Hayes the subaltern, ‘I thought she was by way of being pretty.’

‘She’s not pretty,’ said Sir Gilbert, judicially; ‘but she looks as if she was, and that’s worse.’

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‘Well, for my part,’ struck in Denison the doctor, ‘I see no points about her but a lot of red hair and a nervous temperament.’

‘Those are very good points for those that like them,’ said Sir Gilbert.

Denison laughed. ‘Well, I shouldn’t have expected Maurice to be the man. But isn’t it extraordinary that he should not be here?’

That was what they had been saying to each other for the last hour, and it certainly was extraordinary. Major Maurice had been the chief mover in establishing the club years before; in the days when he was a captain in a first-rate line regiment and the best man at arms in the British army, with two or three mentions in despatches. But a queer temper, a natural disregard for all constituted authority, a particular aversion to red tape, and a tendency to speak his mind of commanding officers had accumulated black marks against him until finally it transpired that, during his tenure of a sort of roving commission on the Gold Coast, his taste for adventure, which extended to finance, had led him to acquire the chief control of a gold mine in that interesting region. Now her Majesty’s servants on the coast are strictly forbidden to hold property there, and matters were represented to Maurice in such a way that he sent in his papers and became a gentleman adventurer at large. From that time onwards—or, indeed, from an earlier date—his friends said that a biography of Maurice would be very good reading; but nobody except Major Maurice had the materials to write it, and as for writing it himself, that was one of the few things that it might be predicted with certainty that he would not do. The field of his operations had been varied; but, on the whole, South America, he said, was the best country for a quiet man who wanted to be let alone. He had served many states and many syndicates with a fine impartiality, for, as he said, ‘the principles were always the same on both sides, if you liked to call them principles, and the persons were always different, so that if you fought for a republic one year and against it the next you never felt that you were going back on old friends.’ Business, as he said, but in reality habit, brought him back every year to London. He had learnt to put civilisation on and off like a glove; at least, as his friends knew him, he always wore it with a perfect fit, and the people who saw him in his other incarnation were not people

that he brought to dine at his very correct club. The stamp of an English public school had been set strongly upon him, his time in the army had rendered it ineffaceable, and year after year he appeared in Piccadilly conventional to a hair's breadth in dress and manners, though it was pretty clear to those who knew him that in all matters of action or conduct he professed a latitude as wide as the Atlantic. People had ceased to try and draw him about his experiences, though he occasionally in the most matter of fact tone gave a glimpse of startling episodes; and to most of the world he was simply known as the finest fencer in England, who did something somewhere that took him out of town for long periods together, but who, when he was in London, might be counted on for a certainty at the fencing club in Titmarsh Street on a Sunday afternoon. It was, therefore, natural that he should be missed this particular afternoon in August; but the odd thing was that every man who commented on his absence did so with a glance at the lady talking to Barillon in the gallery.

'She's going,' said the subaltern. 'Won't Maurice be furious when he hears? Barillon would have introduced him fast enough.'

'Her engagement's up, too,' said Sir Gilbert; 'they closed the Doric last night.'

As they spoke the little Frenchman was bowing the two ladies down the stairs that led from the gallery. He followed them, and in two minutes appeared by himself and joined the group in the fencing school.

'Who are they, Barillon? Where did you fall in with them?' half a dozen men clamoured at him.

'Who they are?' said Barillon, impatiently. 'I don't know. They are charming ladies. But where is the Major? Is it annoying enough that he should not be here?'

'But explain, Barillon,' said Sir Gilbert. 'Why do you bring charming ladies here whom you don't know? This is compromising. Think of your reputation, my friend; think of your ladies' class!'

'Ah, bah!' said the Frenchman. 'My reputation? It is gone, long ago. But it is annoying to the last degree. These ladies came here yesterday. They are a Mrs. Carter—Carter: yes, I think that is the name—and Miss Ida Yelverton. Ah! Miss Yelverton! That is a fascinating person.'

‘Well,’ said Sir Gilbert, ‘they came here yesterday?’

‘Yesterday morning. They said they wanted to take lessons. Then they talked to me. Ah, that Miss Yelverton! She is sympathetic; she has the sentiment; she understands the delicacy of things. She has always had a passion for the subtlety and the *finesse* of swordplay. She loves to read about it. But she had never seen a real master fencing.’

‘So she said she wanted to see you fence?’ said Sir Gilbert.

‘Yes. And, you see, there was no one there. So I said, “Come here, my dear lady, to-morrow afternoon, and you shall see the finest blade in England matched with me.”’

‘Meaning Maurice?’ said Hayes.

‘Naturally. She even asked who I meant. I said, “Major Maurice. Have you not heard of Major Maurice?” She said she had. Ah, she takes an interest in the *escrime*, that young lady! And now she comes, and I come, and the Major does not come. Is it annoying, I say? I offered her to fence with one of you gentlemen. But no, she said; she had come to see a duel between masters, and she would not see anything else.’

At this moment another man came into the school—a tall young man, looking perhaps three-and-twenty. There was an odd suggestion of the foreigner about him hard to define; all one could say was that the public-school stamp which was on the others was certainly not on him. He greeted Barillon in French and nodded to the others, who returned his greeting without much cordiality.

‘There,’ said Barillon, ‘that is luck. I spoke of Mr. Laurence to those ladies. They knew his name too, it seemed, and the book he writes. If he had come in I would have been satisfied. He is a fine blade. Go and fight him, Mr. Denison; he will give you a lesson. He is not Major Maurice, but when he learns more there will be few to match him. But what, in the name of all the saints, can have kept the Major? I wish I had written to him; I am sure he would not have failed me if he had known. What are you gentlemen laughing at?’

‘Why, man,’ said Hayes, ‘that is the woman that Maurice has been scouring London for the last ten days to get introduced to. Don’t you know who she is? She’s an actress, or a cross between an actress and an amateur.’

‘She’s not an amateur,’ said Sir Gilbert; ‘she can act.’

‘Anyhow,’ Hayes went on, ‘she came out the other day in

some rotten play by some foreign chap—name like Kedgenee, I think—that is being produced by people who call themselves the Modern Theatre. All the people go there to *matinées* who like to feel as if they'd got the influenza. Baynes went there because he wants to break the record in the way of first performances. It seems there's some sort of duel in it, rather well done, between Herbert and some one else. You've seen him fence?'

'Not for five years,' said Barillon, sternly.

'No, I forgot; he goes to the city fencing school; he's anathema. Well, there was the duel. Baynes told Maurice about it, and told him to go—last place I should have thought of sending Maurice. Maurice went. He saw this Ida Yelverton, and it appears he went clean off his head about her. I don't believe he's missed a performance since. And he's been going round asking everybody if they know Ida Yelverton or her cousins or her aunts. How is it you couldn't work an introduction for him, Baynes? I thought you knew every pantomime fairy in London.'

'She's not a pantomime fairy, you see,' said Baynes. 'And I don't know much about these Modern Theatre people. Ibsen isn't in my line. And she isn't, strictly speaking, in the profession. Cornish heard of her somewhere, and tried an experiment; I'm bound to say it showed more sense than I thought he had. All the people she knows, so far as I can make out, are artists and writing folk, and not many of them. Cornish said she kept very quiet. By the way, Laurence there is just the sort of man that might have met her.'

'Do you know Miss Ida Yelverton?' asked Hayes, as Laurence came over from the dressing-room with jacket on and mask in his hand, waiting for his opponent.

'No,' said Laurence. 'Who is she? Why should I?'

'She's been acting in this fancy sort of play at the Doric, and making rather a hit.'

'The "Echegaray" thing, you mean? I read it, and I couldn't stand it. It was worse than the stuff our own imbeciles write. But why do you ask? Who wants to know about her?'

'Here's the man to tell you,' said Hayes. 'Ask Maurice.' And he pointed to the door.

Major Maurice did not seem a particularly easy person to ask questions of—a tall, dark, taciturn-looking man; handsome in a way as orthodox and as usual as the cut of his frockcoat; aged

anything between thirty-five and forty-five; greyer than is common under forty, sparer built than is common over it.

The confiding subaltern, however, rushed to greet him.

‘Why, Maurice, you’ve missed your chance. Miss Yelverton has just been here.’

Maurice turned a shade whiter under his tanned skin.

‘I don’t see what Miss Yelverton has to do with me, or you.’

Hayes retreated with precipitation. Maurice was known to have a temper, and this was plainly one of his bad days. But the fencing master came up to him.

‘Major, I am in despair. Why did you not come earlier? There was a charming young lady who wanted to see fencing, and I thought to give her an exhibition with you. But you did not come, and she had to go.’

‘Why the deuce could you not send me a wire if you wanted me, man? There’s no sense in blaming me because you hadn’t common sense.’

‘Ah, but I was sure you would come,’ said the Frenchman, ruefully. ‘And the young lady was so disappointed.’

‘You should make sure, not be sure,’ retorted Maurice, snappishly; and he turned on his heel and walked over to where Sir Gilbert Baynes was standing a little way from the rest.

‘Look here, Gilbert, what’s all this about? Do all these people come here to talk about my affairs? And what’s this about Miss Yelverton being here?’

Sir Gilbert took out a cigarette in a meditative way and struck a match.

‘My dear chap,’ he said, ‘considering’—he paused to light the cigarette—‘considering that you, who never make a noise about any woman, have gone round asking everybody—including even little Hayes, whose nose you bit off just now—whether they knew this particular young lady, what do you expect? I can tell you this, however, for your comfort: you seem to have roused her curiosity; for, by what Barillon tells me, she made him believe that she wanted to see an exhibition performance of his really in order to see you fence.’

Maurice bit his moustache. ‘Curse the luck!’ he said. ‘What an ass Barillon was not to wire.’

‘Why,’ said Baynes, ‘naturally we all expected you here. As a matter of fact, I presume you have been running about to try and find out where this woman goes to, now her engagement’s up.’

Maurice smiled and nodded.

‘Where is it?’ asked his friend.

‘Somewhere in Dieppe. I shall have the address to-morrow.’

‘An hotel?’

‘No, worse luck. A private house.’

‘And you are going after her?’ Maurice nodded again.

‘Well, well. I never advise a man not to be a fool. What are we put here for? But what do you want? Not matrimony?’

‘If she prefers it,’ said Maurice.

‘Ah, well,’ said Sir Gilbert, ‘let’s hope it won’t be as bad as that. But here’s Barillon. He wants you to try his new recruit.’

The little fencing master had in point of fact stopped the bout that was going on between Denison and young Laurence, and was bringing up the latter.

‘At least,’ he said, ‘Major, don’t let me be disappointed again. Permit me to present to you the most promising swordsman I have met for years—Mr. Laurence. I am very anxious to see what he can do against you.’

Laurence bowed with more elaboration than is customary among Englishmen.

‘I shall be honoured if Major Maurice will give me a lesson.’

The two men looked at each other with that curious hostility which is common between antipathetic types. Maurice represented perfectly the man well established in the eyes of the world, yet still in the prime of life, with whom youth feels itself in competition and at a disadvantage, abashed before superior experience. Laurence, on the other hand, represented an individuality which chose to display rather than conceal itself, a fault hateful in the eyes of the public school man. Maurice was in a bad temper; he had missed his opportunity and he was furious with Barillon, all the more furious because he had no reason to be; he resented everything. He resented Laurence’s bow, he resented his elaboration of manner; and he answered with the scantiest possible civility:

‘I? No, thanks. Not to-day.’

And he turned away to talk to Baynes. Laurence coloured at the scarcely concealed rudeness. The fencing master hastily did his best to cover it with some excuse about the Major’s indisposition, and he hastened to press Denison to resume the interrupted bout. Unluckily, however, the tactless subaltern interposed:

‘Why don’t you take him on, Maurice?’ he urged; ‘you really ought to. He’s first rate.’

‘I can’t stand that sort of long-haired bounder,’ replied Maurice carelessly.

Laurence was just in the act of crossing foils with his opponent; there was a slight start perceptible.

‘Hang it, Frank,’ said Baynes, ‘you’re perfectly intolerable to-day. Keep a civil tongue in your head. The boy heard what you said.’

‘I can’t help that,’ said Maurice, ‘if a man chooses to wear his hair like that he must expect to hear remarks about it.’

‘Nonsense,’ said Baynes, ‘Laurence is well enough. I put him up here myself. Hayes asked me to. He isn’t our sort, but he’s all right.’

‘What sort is he, then?’ asked Maurice. ‘Is every fellow who can hold a foil to be let in here?’

‘He’s some sort of a genius,’ Hayes said, ‘writes poetry, I think; a journalist chap I know asked me to get him in. Besides, he went to Barillon’s classes, and Barillon was awfully keen on him. He was brought up in Italy, and that’s where he learned this game. He has a bit of side when you talk to him and he’s awfully superior, but he’s not a bad sort.’

‘Can’t say I take to him,’ said Maurice, watching the bout, ‘but he can use a foil. He’s fencing like a man who has his temper up and fights better like that. It’s a good sign. Do you think he heard what I said?’

‘Sure of it,’ said Baynes.

‘And by Gad,’ said Hayes, ‘I wouldn’t be in Denison’s shoes this minute if that were the real thing. Laurence looks as if he’d like to pink some one. There must be times when it’s a relief to have the buttons off.’

‘For those who like it,’ said Baynes, ‘it’s said to be better than tiger shooting.’

‘I wonder how you feel next day when you’ve got your tiger, though,’ said Hayes. ‘What do you say, Maurice?’

As he spoke, Laurence twice over pinned Denison with thrusts quick as a flash, and the other dropped his foil and took off his mask saying, ‘You’re too good for me.’ They walked over to the group who were talking.

Major Maurice took the cigar out of his mouth. ‘Well, since you ask me, Hayes,’ he said, ‘the only time it ever happened to

me to kill a man in a duel I never regretted anything less in my life.' He resumed his cigar.

'How was that?' asked Hayes eagerly, hoping that Maurice might be in one of his rare moods of speech. But Maurice only shook his head.

Suddenly Laurence struck into the conversation in a singularly aggressive tone.

'It's very curious,' he said, as if addressing his reflections to the world in general, 'how often in this peaceful country one meets men who have killed their man in a duel.'

Everybody turned round with an odd look of expectation.

'Well,' said Hayes, 'I dare say that's so.'

'I dare say it is,' resumed Laurence. 'But a still more curious thing is to consider how seldom one meets anyone who has seen them do it.'

There was a sort of flutter on the faces. Barillon interposed angrily:

'But, Mr. Laurence, no one doubts the Major's word in these matters.'

'I was not speaking to Major Maurice,' said Laurence. 'I was making a general observation, just as Major Maurice might do. If Major Maurice overhears it, I can't help that.'

The young man's face was white with anger and the lines about his mouth were twitching, otherwise he was as composed as the person to whom he was addressing this vehement provocation.

'It seems to me, Gilbert,' said Maurice, 'that your young friend is scarcely civil.'

'Hold your tongue, Frank,' said Baynes in an undertone, 'there's no need for you to take any notice. I'll give the boy a talking to myself.'

But Laurence came over, and, standing square in front of Maurice, said:

'Major Maurice, if you care to apply my observation to yourself you are at perfect liberty to do so. M. Barillon is a member of this club. He will act for me, I am sure.'

But at this there was a general interposition. 'Nonsense,' said Denison. 'Oh! stop this rot,' said Hayes. 'The thing's gone far enough; I can't understand what it's all about.' Baynes came up to Laurence and took him by the arm. 'Look here,' he said, 'young man, you forget you're not on the Continent. This sort of thing's never done here. Maurice was rude to you. I

told him so; but he's as stubborn as a mule, and there's no use trying to do anything with him now. Take my advice and go home, and he'll write you an apology to-morrow.'

The young man broke away. 'You are very good, Sir Gilbert,' he said; 'I thank you for your advice, but I cannot accept it. I repeat,' he said, raising his voice, 'that if Major Maurice considers that I have questioned his word, he is perfectly justified in doing so.'

By this time two or three other men who had been upstairs in the gallery had come down, perceiving that some kind of a scene was in progress.

'What is this all about?' they asked.

'It's a trifle,' said Major Maurice, breaking silence. 'That young gentleman has just said that I lied. Now, Mr. Laurence, if that is your name, you know well enough that in this country we don't fight duels. If a man insults me I either knock him down or avoid his company for the future. I don't go in for rows myself. But there is one thing quite clear. If there is not an immediate apology, either you or I must cease to belong to this club.'

There was a minute's pause.

Then Denison said, 'I'm sorry, but that is so. Mr. Laurence must apologise.'

'Mr. Laurence sees no reason to apologise,' said the young man.

'In that case,' said Denison, 'there is only one thing to do. We are practically a committee of the club, and we can't have people in the club who quarrel.'

'You need not trouble,' said Laurence, 'if you are a committee you can accept my resignation. I need hardly point out to you that Major Maurice's conduct in this matter entirely bears out my original remark. He claims to have fought duels. It must have been under very strong pressure.'

And with that he bowed elaborately, and walked towards the dressing-room, mask in hand.

Baynes turned angrily to Maurice:

'The whole thing's your fault,' he said. 'It's a pity. I like the boy, though he is a young ass.'

'Was it?' said Maurice savagely. 'Very well, then, I'll soon set that right. Don't you bother. I'll explain to him.'

Crossing the floor of the great room, he went up to Laurence, who was replacing his mask on the peg.

'Look here,' he said, 'you insolent young whelp, if you want to fight, you can fight and be damned. Only, you understand, it can't be done in this country.'

Laurence looked at him.

'It is usual to be civil in these matters, I think. I am delighted to hear your resolution. I am at your service anywhere. But how shall we arrange about seconds?'

'I'm going to France to-morrow,' said Maurice, moderating his tone. 'If you want me to meet you, you can leave Charing Cross with me at ten to-morrow night. But as for seconds, I will have none of that. I have fought duels in a country where you didn't have people to step in at the first scratch. If I fight I mean business. Those are my terms. It's irregular, I know, but you can take it or leave it.'

'I take it,' said Laurence. 'Swords, I presume. I can show you a very pretty quiet place just near Dieppe. I know that country.'

'At ten to-morrow night, then,' said Maurice. Then he turned and went back to the group.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I withdraw my demand for an apology.'

'Quite right, too,' said Baynes.

'You had better go and fight him with the foils,' said Denison.

'Not to-day, thanks,' said Maurice, 'we have settled that it will be better to go away just now.'

He left the club. Baynes went over to Laurence.

'So you settled it with Maurice?'

'Yes,' said Laurence, 'I am perfectly satisfied.'

'Stay and dine with me,' said Baynes.

'No, thanks,' said Laurence. 'I'm sorry, but I have an engagement. I must be going. Good evening.'

CHAPTER II.

It was early on the Tuesday afternoon. Overhead was deep blue sky and blazing sunshine; but in the bridle path under the pine trees, over the ground carpeted with russet pine needles, it was cool and shady enough, though flecked with the dancing gold. The two who were walking up the path seemed to be just the ordinary travelling Englishmen, in Norfolk jackets, flannel shirts,

and knickerbockers; the long bundles, cased in brown canvas, which they carried in their hands you would naturally have taken to be camera stands. They were walking north; the pine stems in front of them were ruddy, but black behind them. Suddenly, at a turn of the path, the interminable vista of purplish columns and brown shade on their right gave place to a glimpse of deep unbroken green. 'This is the place,' said Laurence. He turned off the path, and led through some twenty or thirty yards of sparse pine trees with a thick tangle of undergrowth, and they stepped out into a glade. In shape it was a crescent running east and west, and it looked a lake of green dropped in among the dark pines which sprang clear from the edge of it; though just round the border, where the sunlight got free play, was a fringe of brambles, weeds on the shore. The grass, though shortish, was lush and rank like a water meadow in early spring; it was a deep dead green, with no play of sunlight on it, no yellowing feathery grasses; and this dead surface lying in among the gloomy mass of pines under that bright sunshine had a strange mysterious effect, an air of expectancy. One slender young pine, bowed down by the weight of its own branches, or perhaps once bent in a strong storm, leant outward from the level rank and broke the monotony of line. But the rest stood patient and drilled in their masses, like impassive spectators.

Maurice stepped into the glade and looked about him critically.

'Seems a pretty place,' he said, breaking the long silence. 'It's a great matter to have an eye for the picturesque.'

The tone and the words were not chosen to mollify Laurence, whom the elder man's presence affected as a perpetual contemptuous comment on his own youth.

'Did we come here to talk?' he said angrily.

'Why not?' said Maurice, placidly. 'I never hurry. But I was thinking that I could have done with a little less picturesqueness to be a little farther from the path.'

'I've been here a dozen times,' said Laurence, 'and never saw a soul. You needn't fear interruption.'

'All right,' said Maurice. 'It's a silly business, but let's get it done. Which blades shall we take? Have you a choice?'

'None,' said Laurence.

'Then let us be regular and toss. Heads mine, tails yours.'

Maurice spun a shilling. It came down tails. Laurence drew the two duelling swords from his case, measured them

together, and handed them with a bow to Maurice, who took them and looked them over.

'Nice blades,' he said. 'But I don't altogether care for the baskets. However, that is a trifle.'

The two men proceeded to take off their coats, and stood facing one another in their shirts and knickerbockers. Maurice looked up at the sun.

'The light seems pretty even as we stand,' he said. 'An hour later it would be in my eyes, but we sha'n't be so long as that. On guard.'

They crossed swords, Maurice faced up the glade towards the point at which they had entered, and so the duel began. The younger man attacked with a white fury; all the colour was gone out of his face, and his eyes were dark points of flame. He was extraordinarily quick on his feet, and to all appearance untiring. Maurice, academically correct, stood chiefly on the defensive, but was from time to time hard pushed, though keeping well within his strength. At last, however, pressing his attack for a few passes, he made a quick thrust at Laurence's sword arm; the lunge, imperfectly parried, reached the basket of his opponent's foil and the point caught in a piece of openwork decoration. Maurice recovered with a sharp twist, but there was a snap.

Laurence sprang back, dropping his point.

'Your blade's gone,' he said. 'We must have the others.'

Maurice examined his weapon philosophically. There was half an inch or so snapped at the point.

'Very civil of you,' he said. 'I dare say it would do mischief still. But by all means let us have the others.' He then very placidly sat down to unstrap his case of foils, and while doing so pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

'It isn't cool,' he said, getting out the swords. 'Look here, we have all the afternoon before us. Why make a toil of pleasure? Won't you rest?'

Laurence angrily shook his head.

'As you please,' said Maurice, measuring the blades and handing them to the young man to make his choice. 'Very well, then. On guard.'

They crossed swords again; but as they did so Maurice's eye was caught by something bright that appeared through the trees over his opponent's shoulder. Instantly he dropped his point, saying, 'Wait a bit.'

But at the same moment Laurence lunged viciously ; Maurice stepped aside deftly and the blade passed between his left side and arm, grazing the arm.

‘ Stop,’ he said, springing back, ‘ some one is coming.’

Laurence turned round and looked. As he turned he missed the sight of a flash that came across Major Maurice’s face. It was a look of astonished recognition, and it was succeeded by a queer sort of dismay.

The person who was coming was a tall slender woman who seemed to have caught upon herself all the sunlight in that valley. Her straw hat was white and her shirt was white silk ; they shone in the sun ; her short skirt of blue linen made a note of gay colour as she walked across the green meadow, but really the brightness about her seemed to shed itself from her hair. It caught the sun and glowed, like the sun himself setting over the sea ; in the shade of her hat it played in softer tones, making foolish tendrils about her forehead and her ears ; it was laughing at you from all about her face, and her eyes were laughing at you from under it. So she came walking lightly, like the spirit of laughter. The men watched her as she made straight for them.

‘ This is very awkward,’ said Laurence.

‘ It is,’ said the Major, with conviction.

‘ What does she want ?’

‘ Haven’t the least idea,’ answered the other.

‘ Do you know her ?’

The ghost of a smile showed on Maurice’s face.

‘ I can’t say I do,’ he answered.

By this time the intruder was well into the glade. She hesitated for a moment ; then came on, looking a little embarrassed. The two men remained motionless, looking at her. She walked straight up to them.

‘ I’m afraid I interrupted. You were fencing, weren’t you ? Please don’t stop because of me. But what a funny place to come and fence in.’

The two looked at each other as they stood in their shirt sleeves with their sword-points lowered. Laurence was impatiently biting his lips. Maurice was smiling, and he answered :

‘ It seemed a nice quiet spot, you know.’

‘ Where nobody would interrupt you,’ she said, speaking rather quicker than seemed natural. ‘ Oh, but don’t let me inter-

rupt you. I love fencing. I was just passing on my bicycle, and it looked so exciting I couldn't help stopping. I can just sit on that tree there,' she said, pointing to a fallen trunk at the edge of the glade, 'and you go on. Please do, I should love to see you.'

Maurice looked hard at her. She was to all appearance perfectly ingenuous, though he could not have sworn if something was hiding somewhere in her eyes. Did she really believe that they had come there to practise fencing? And if she did not, what was he to do?

'Well,' he said, 'we were just saying that it was dreadfully hot; we have been at it a long time, and I really think we aren't equal to going on—certainly not before a gallery.'

'Very well, then,' she said, 'if you aren't going on you won't mind if I pick some blackberries. This looks a lovely place for them.'

'Won't you let me help you?' said Maurice, instantly. Here was decidedly his chance for a *tête-à-tête*.

'Oh, do,' she said, with the greatest fervour.

'Look, over there, there are beautiful bushes. Do get me some. I love blackberries, and I hate pricking my hands.'

It was not precisely what he aimed at, but still it was an introduction. Maurice threw down his foil and ran off like a schoolboy.

She was left standing beside the youth, who stood silent, still biting his lips.

'I'm so sorry,' she said, looking at him in a queer, half-humorous, half-deprecating way; 'I see you hate being interrupted. Women are a nuisance.'

'I assure you——' Laurence began in a perfunctory way.

'No, you needn't,' she said; 'it would be no good. Your friend there doesn't think me half such a nuisance as you do, though. Never mind; I'll go away in a minute.'

'Pray don't hurry,' said Laurence, looking at her. Decidedly she was very pretty. Besides, he had crossed swords with the great Maurice; he had certainly not had the worst of it; chance had even given him an advantage which he had chivalrously surrendered. He was feeling much more charitable towards the world.

'Well,' she said, 'I think it's very selfish of you both not to fence for me and make my nice romantic scene; but if you won't, I'm not going to spoil your fun. I'm going away from this pretty

place. Isn't it pretty? Look!' she said, pointing, 'what's that flower—that little pink thing?'

'That,' he said, 'that's a safran—a meadow crocus.'

'Well?' she said.

He looked at her blankly. She pointed emphatically.

'Your friend would understand,' she said. 'Am I to pick meadow crocuses for myself?'

He looked at her again. Decidedly she was pretty, but decidedly this was undignified.

'Well?' she said again imperiously.

'You seem to be "she who must be obeyed,"' he said, and he went on her errand.

On the farther edge of the glade Major Maurice's back was to be seen, as he plunged recklessly into brakes of bramble, stretching for the choicest bunches. Fifty yards from him was his antagonist, stooping to gather from the grass the small lilac pink blossoms with their soft white stems. And in the middle of the green space stood the lady who had come between them and sent them to do her bidding, her hair glowing in the sunshine, and amusement dancing in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth.

Her face was set and serious enough, though, behind the laughter.

'I believe I shall stop them,' she said, half aloud. 'If I can only stay long enough to get them to laugh together—they can't go on after that.'

Laurence turned to come back to her, and instantly the look of purpose vanished from her face. She was the same creature as before, radiantly irresponsible, irresponsibly radiant.

She took the little bunch from him with an elaborate curtsy and began to fasten it into her belt. He watched her supple white hands with a growing interest. Then came Maurice, bearing in one hand blackberries elaborately cushioned in a cradle of leaves, and in the other a branch that he had broken off laden with bunches and beautiful with its red-flecked leafage.

'Oh!' she cried, 'how perfectly lovely, and what refinement of luxury! Nobody ever brought me blackberries like that before. Mayn't I sit down and eat them?'

'By all means,' said Maurice; 'there's your tree.'

'Come along, then,' she said. And so the three walked across the glade into the shade of the pines; and there she sat down

while they stood confronting her. There was a sort of judicial air about her now, and the two men relapsed into their original embarrassment.

'Now,' she said to Major Maurice, 'you may give me your blackberries;' and she made a cup of her hands to take them. But as he stretched out to give them to her, she started. He had put on his coat; but the blood had come freely from the scratch made by Laurence's blade, and had soaked through.

Instantly, however, she recovered her composure.

'You have hurt yourself somehow,' she said; 'look, you're bleeding.'

Maurice was dumfounded. Still, he decided to keep up the comedy.

'Really!' he said, 'how annoying! I must have scratched myself with the brambles.'

'They must be very fierce brambles here,' she said sceptically. 'Take off your coat and let me see. If it bleeds like that it should be tied up. Shouldn't it?' she said, appealing to Laurence.

'Certainly,' he assented, rather awkwardly.

Maurice protested. 'It's nothing,' he said, 'let it be.'

'When I offer to tie up people's arms, I expect people to be grateful,' said the lady.

'Oh, I'm grateful,' said Maurice.

'Very well, then, take off your coat.'

He resigned himself, took it off, and rolled up his sleeve. He had very little thought of the duel now. If this was not an introduction, what should be?

She looked at the cut. 'Where's your handkerchief?' she asked.

'I have none,' he answered unblushingly; 'but perhaps you wouldn't mind——'

'Well!' she said, 'and you won't even let me see you fence?'

He was silenced.

She took out her handkerchief and tied it round his arm. 'There,' she said. Then she sat down again, with an air now unmistakably judicial.

'I think,' she said, 'the button must have slipped off one of your foils.'

'Possibly,' said Maurice, with a smile.

'Will you bring them here and let me look at them?'

Both men shifted uneasily on their feet.

'This is all nonsense. I see you've been fighting a duel. I'm so sorry I came in at the wrong time. But listen. You've both been very nice to me, and I couldn't think of wasting all these lovely blackberries. Won't you let me stay till I have eaten them?'

'Certainly. Don't go,' said both men, one would almost have thought with enthusiasm.

'Then,' she said, 'if I stay, won't you be really nice? I do love duels. I've always wanted more than anything to have a duel fought about me. Won't you tell me about this duel? Who is she?' She said it so appealingly, so persuasively, with such a provoking glance, that the men were surprised into laughter.

'That's so like a woman,' Laurence said.

'What?' she asked indignantly.

'To think that there's only one thing in the world to quarrel about.'

'Well, and so there is,' she replied. '*Cherchez la femme*. All the duels that I ever heard of were about women.'

'You're wrong,' said Laurence, whose face had begun to grow black again.

'Prove it then—either of you.'

'I will if you like,' said Laurence grimly.

'Oh, do,' she said. 'Tell me the story. I'm so interested.'

'Wait a bit,' said Maurice. 'Hadn't we better make the characters known. Let me introduce to you——'

'No, no,' she said quickly. 'Don't let us have any names. It's so much more amusing not to have names. I am I, you are you, and he is he; or'—turning to Laurence—'you are you, and he is he; that is quite enough. Now tell me the story.'

The men looked at each other.

'Better ask him,' said Maurice. 'Narrative is more in his line.'

Laurence flushed a little. He was still on the look-out for slights, and his blood boiled at the recollection of his wrongs, which he had half forgotten.

'It's soon told,' he said. 'There's a fencing club in London.'

'In Little Titmarsh Street,' put in Maurice, watching her keenly; but she made no sign.

'On Sunday I met this gentleman there for the first time. He insulted me, for no reason; I gave him what I thought was

sufficient provocation in return, since he claimed to have fought duels. He proposed to have me expelled from the club. Then I put the case a little plainer, and he changed his mind. So we came here.'

Laurence finished with an air of dignified reserve. But she did not seem properly impressed.

'It doesn't sound very clear,' she said; 'but I haven't nearly finished my blackberries.' She put another into her mouth. 'Can you make me understand?' she asked, turning to Maurice. 'Why were you rude to him, to begin with?'

'The truth is,' he said, 'I was in a very bad temper on Sunday afternoon. I had just missed meeting some one I was particularly anxious to see.' And he looked at her emphatically.

'How trying,' she said, with bland unconsciousness. 'Who was he?'

'It was a lady,' said Maurice.

'What did I say?' she said, beating on the tree-trunk with her hands in glee. '*Cherchez la femme*. Oh, I've spilt my blackberries. Never mind.'

'You're quite wrong,' said Laurence; 'at least I never heard of her.'

'Yes,' said Maurice, 'I was annoyed, that's all. It wasn't about a woman we quarrelled. Somebody introduced me to this gentleman when I was out of temper, and I certainly was rude. But he was very much ruder. I made a simple statement, and he said it wasn't true. Then he wanted me to fight and said I was afraid to. So I had to fight.'

'Yes,' she said solemnly, picking another berry off the bunch; 'of course you had to. But now, tell me, isn't it usual to have people called seconds?'

'It is,' said Laurence; 'but that wasn't my choice.'

'Why didn't you have seconds then?' she asked Maurice.

'Well,' he said, 'I had a particular reason for coming out to Normandy by myself, and I didn't want to bring people along. Besides, this gentleman made me very angry at the moment, and when you're angry European duels are silly things.'

'I see,' she said. 'But suppose now that you had been killed. What about the business that you came over for?'

'That would have settled it,' he said, 'and nobody would have been any the worse.'

'Are you sure?' she said. 'Well, you know best. But now

about the person who wasn't killed. Wouldn't it have been very awkward for him in England?'

'There's very pleasant society in Callao and other towns in South America,' said Maurice.

'And they ask no questions in the French Foreign Legion,' added Laurence.

'Dear me,' she said, 'how seriously you take yourselves; you seem to have thought of everything.'

Laurence laughed a little bitterly. 'Oh! we thought of everything,' he said. 'We had even labels in our pockets to say we were properly killed.'

'Oh,' she said, 'do show me them. What a perfectly lovely idea!'

'Well,' said Maurice, rather angrily, 'this gentleman was rather concerned by the absence of seconds; he said it would damage his reputation. I said that if a man was found shot, that might make talk, but if he was found with a foil in his hand and a hole through him, that proved there had been a duel. But I'm a business man, and I suggested this arrangement to meet all contingencies.

'Show me the label,' she said to Laurence.

He drew a paper from his pocket and read: 'This is to certify that the duel which took place here was fought without seconds by the full consent of both parties. Signed by me——'

'Never mind the signature,' she said. "'This is to certify.'" How businesslike!' And her laughter rang through the pine wood.

'I don't see what there's to laugh at in that,' said Maurice. 'Of course, I know the whole business is rather absurd. But business is business.'

'Oh, of course,' she said, with a faint inflection of mockery. 'There is just one other thing I want to know. You gave the first provocation,' she said, pointing to Maurice. 'You agree on that. What was it? Tell me,' she asked, looking at Laurence.

Laurence coloured deep. Not for the world could he have brought himself to repeat the detested words.

'This gentleman was pleased to object to the way I wore my hair.'

'Oh, but that is ridiculous,' she said. 'What did he say?'

'Ask him himself,' said Laurence angrily; 'it isn't my habit to repeat the ill-bred things that people may choose to say.'

The boyish dignity sent the laughter from her lips back into the depth of her eyes.

'Was it fit to repeat?' she said very gravely, turning to Maurice. 'I could not imagine your saying anything really horrid.'

'I'm afraid,' said Maurice, 'I said he was a long-haired bounder. But I didn't say it to him.'

'It was said for me to hear,' the boy flashed out.

But she interrupted.

'Anyhow, it was a very stupid thing to say. I don't wonder you quarrelled. Do you often say that sort of thing?' she asked, turning to Maurice.

'I told you,' he said, 'I was annoyed about something else.'

'Dear me,' she said, 'dear me. What odd things men are.'

She looked at them with the laughter now open in her eyes, and they were like schoolboys before her.

'Take off your caps, both of you,' she said, with an imperious gesture.

They meekly uncovered, and stood before her—two as handsome men in their different ways as any woman need wish to look at. She scrutinised them for a moment with level eyes.

'You certainly do not wear your hair the same way,' she pronounced. 'If you wore yours the same way he wears his,' she said to Maurice, 'you would be ridiculous.' Laurence's face brightened perceptibly; Maurice's twitched a little. No man likes a woman to contemplate him as even possibly ridiculous. 'But as it is,' she went on, embracing them both in a smile of approbation, 'I think you both look very nice. You may put on your caps again,' she continued. They bowed and did as they were bid, not finding any appropriate comment.

'There!' she said majestically, shaking out her dress, 'I have finished my blackberries and you have told me your story. That is really the whole story?'

'The whole,' said Laurence.

'Every word of it,' said Maurice.

'Well,' she said rising, 'now I will tell you what I think of it. You were touchy and quarrelsome,' she said, pointing to Laurence, 'that was stupid of you. But he was rude to you because you didn't cut your hair the way he liked. The whole thing is a quarrel about haircutting. There, it's the silliest duel I ever heard of in my life.'

She looked sternly at them, and they looked sheepish before her.

'There isn't a petticoat in it from beginning to end. I call it selfish. Think of the hundreds of poor girls pining to have duels fought about them, and you quarrel over haircutting. Good-bye, gentlemen, I take no more interest in you. You have spoilt my illusion. Go back to your duel.' The men looked at her and at each other.

'Won't you tell us your name?' said Laurence impulsively.

'Why should I?' she said. 'I'm not a real person at all—I'm only'—she paused for a word—'an interruption. I'm so sorry I interrupted. You may see me to my bicycle, though. Yes, I will take that branch with the blackberries on it,' as Maurice handed it to her. 'It is pretty, isn't it? And so are my crocuses.'

They accompanied her to the entrance of the glade. She picked up the machine from where it lay on the ground, wheeled it out to the track, jumped on, and waved her hand.

'Au revoir,' she cried mockingly, as she vanished through the pine stems in a flash of blue skirt and red hair.

'Who on earth is she?' Laurence broke out. Then he suddenly recollected the situation and paused awkwardly. Maurice looked at him with a quiet amused smile, the air of a man who is in charity with all mankind. He knew who she was, he had her address, and after this he needed no introduction.

'Look here,' he said, 'I'm wholly at your service. But don't you think there is a great deal of sense in that lady's nonsense—whatever she is. I was certainly very rude, and whatever happens I apologise frankly. I'll apologise in the club when we meet again there. Nobody except that lady knows about this business, and even if it were known, I don't think either of us need be afraid of anyone's saying that we funk'd. But I gave the provocation, and if you don't accept my apology there's nothing for it but to go on.'

He paused for a moment. 'Will you shake hands?' he said. Laurence grasped the hand held out to him.

'It's I who should apologise. And I do. You can't think what a beastly fool I felt when that woman was talking.'

'So did I for the matter of that,' said Maurice.

'I wonder if one will run up against her again anywhere.'

'The world's a small place,' said Maurice reflectively. 'What

are you going to do now?' Laurence laughed. 'I haven't thought it out much. You see I had made up my mind I was going to kill you. I know better now. On the whole, I think I shall go and stop a few days at the little hotel just near here, where I used to stay.' He hesitated for a moment, with a boy's bashfulness before the older man. 'Will you come and dine with me there?'

Maurice looked at his watch. 'Thanks, I must get back to Dieppe to-night. But I think there's time. I will certainly.'

The two men went back across the grass and gathered up their coats and foils, chatting like old friends; then together they stepped out of the sward into the brush and were lost to sight down the path, looking just like any other pair of civilised tourists.

Less civilised individuals might have noted about two hundred yards down the path the track of a bicycle which turned off to the left through the trees and led toward some cover at the last end of the glade. Two minutes after they were gone there was a rustle in these bushes; they parted, and a young lady came out, in a white hat and blue skirt. She had conspicuously red hair.

She ran out into the middle of the sward, laughed, clapped her hands, and then suddenly broke out into a wild war dance of exultation.

'I knew they would, I knew they would,' she cried, suddenly breaking off. Then for an instant she grew a little graver.

'I wonder what Alan would say, though.' She paused. Then she broke into laughter again. 'Never mind. It's only the day after to-morrow. And I did not tell them where I was staying.'

(To be continued.)

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BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. I.¹

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

Introduction.

Readers of my father's works will be familiar with the name of the Fairy Blackstick who lived in Crim Tartary some ten or twenty thousand years ago, and who used to frequent the Court of His Majesty King Valoroso XXIV. If I have ventured to call the following desultory papers by the Fairy Blackstick's name, it is because they concern certain things in which she was interested—old books, young people, schools of practical instruction, rings, roses, sentimental affairs, etc., etc.

The writer cannot, alas! lay claim to the personal qualities for which Blackstick was so remarkable, although she can fully appreciate the illustrious lady's serious composure, her austere presence of mind, her courageous outspokenness and orderly grasp of events. Blackstick belongs to the utilitarian school of Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld. The lighter elegances of the Mrs. Chapones and the Laura Matildas of her day she put aside or left to other oracles. She had nothing to do with your tripping, fanciful, moonlight sprites and fairies (who waste so much valuable time and strength by dancing on the green and sitting up till cock-crow). But a wide and most interesting field remains, which was specially her own domain.

In the manuscripts of the 'Rose and the Ring' there was originally a rival fairy introduced as a contrast to our Fairy Blackstick whose good sense in the long run bore such good fruit.

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The bad fairy was called Fairy Hopstick. She used to wheedle, and flatter, and tell lies, and she hated the Fairy Blackstick, and could not bear to be in her company. We are told how she seemed to shrivel up and disappear altogether under those sincere and searching glances.

There is a picture of Hopstick dwindling and dwindling while Blackstick watches her with a severe expression. I can still remember seeing the gold pen emphasising and darkening the lines of the shadows that brought out old Hopstick's paling and malevolent glare as she vanished in bilious spite. She had a great hook nose and hands like claws.

*Whether this wicked old fairy voluntarily retired from the *Rose and the Ring*, or whether my father found no pleasure in following her career I do not know, but it is certain that there is no mention of her left in the printed book. She will not be missed, and Heaven forbid that anyone should have to read, or anyone else have to write, a series of Hopstick Essays!*

*There is a pretty essay by Sainte-Beuve in which he says that he invokes the name of Madame de Sévigné at the beginning of his book as a sort of oblation, or votive offering, to propitiate the kindly gods; in the same spirit these little papers are placed under the kindly tutelage of the good fairy of the *'Rose and the Ring.'**

It seems a pity when books pass away, as they undoubtedly do, delightful books worthy to be remembered. One day everybody is reading them and living in their pages, then their voice is silent suddenly and heard no more among us; they are mysteriously shelved—forgotten—consigned to oblivion.

But sometimes as by a miracle, even after a century or two, such books are called back to existence again and raised from the dust, and their hearts seem to beat once more, and the time has come for their reincarnation. Then along with these books rise up the memories of the people whom they concern and of those who wrote them. The people, about whom they are written, seem once more to haunt the earth. Dear ghosts! coming with grace and tranquil dignity; whose presence is welcome and conveys no terror to our senses, whose influence is comforting, whose light shines from their past into our present. The earth which contained that which was once their very essence has crumbled away, but their souls seem to reach us still, and to come with a benediction. Those who in their life belonged to the army

of martyrs and who realised, too vividly for their own happiness, the jarrings and bitterness of life, seem to speak more calmly now and with authority being dead. There is a certain measure in their passion now, and their once grasp of the sting of reality and of long past emotion seems to bring present help to others who are still learning their lesson.

On the top shelf of a friend's bookcase I by chance laid my hand on a sober grey volume—nearly a hundred years old. It was born in 1817 in Albemarle Street, and Mr. John Murray stood godfather; it was christened by the familiar names of Haydn and Mozart; the handsome old book looks a little battered, a little yellow, but still spreads its good print and broad margins for our edification. Certainly for the present writer reading in it was a very fresh and fragrant experience, like that of gathering sweet herbs (rather than laurel and bay) out of one's garden.

The old book professes to be written by Monsieur C. Bombet, who discourses about people whom he has just seen, or who have left the world so recently that their presence seems actually felt within his chapters, and the voices reach one out of the page. The stories Monsieur Bombet tells of his friends, the musicians of the day, make one long to have known these enchanting centenarians, to have lived in the warlike yet harmonious times when Lulli¹ and Rameau and Marcello and Gluck and Haydn and Mozart were winning their great victories.

Composers still win victories and write charming music, but it remains to be seen what the final result will be. I doubt whether they compose their scores as some of them did in the days when we are told that Gluck had his harpsichord carried out into a flowering meadow, and placing two bottles of champagne at either end, then and there devised 'Che Farò' for the delight of generations to come. The writer of these musical notes thus accounts for their publication.

'I was in Vienna in 1808,' he says, 'whence I wrote to a friend some letters respecting the celebrated Haydn, whose acquaintance an accidental occurrence had fortunately procured for me. On my return to Paris I found that my letters had acquired some celebrity, and that pains had been taken to obtain copies of them—I am thus tempted to become an author!'

¹ Lulli, 1633-1687; Rameau, 1683-1764; Marcello, 1686-1739; Gluck, 1714-1787; Haydn, 1732-1809; Mozart, 1756-1791.—W. A. L.

It is a little puzzling when a writer who habitually writes as someone else, still further proceeds to mystify his readers. Bombet announces himself as an 'inexperienced author' starting on his career; but, notwithstanding the bogus preface, he seems to have been not Bombet at all, but Beyle, better known as Stendhal, the author of many books—'Le Rouge et le Noir,' 'Vittoria Accoramboni,' and that striking history the 'Chartreuse de Parme,' founded on the author's early recollections of the Great Napoleon wars, and the state of things caused by them in Italy. Bombet—Beyle—Stendhal—then finds an English translator in no less a person than the editor of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' who adds notes when he sees occasion. Then, again, looking still further a-field, the *Biographie Générale* puts forward a new author's claims, Stendhal himself, says the dictionary, having originally translated the book from the *Haydine* of Carpani—it puts one in mind of the old nursery rhyme 'Out of England into France, out of France into Spain,' &c. &c.

But the real country to which the book belongs is the country of music. Music dwells in Vienna, says the author (whoever he may be), so did Haydn. Haydn was living as an old man in a suburb of Vienna, in a house standing in the middle of a small unpaved street where the grass grew; near the barrier of Maria Hilf, on one side of the Imperial Park of Schönbrunn. There he lived, 'surrounded by perpetual silence.' He might, if he wished it, end his days in the great Esterhazy Palace, but this quiet home is that of his choice. 'You knock at the door,' says his disciple; 'it is opened to you with a cheerful smile by a worthy little old woman, the housekeeper; you ascend a short flight of stairs, and find yourself in the second chamber of a simple apartment, where a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, is absorbed in the melancholy sentiment that life is escaping from him; he is in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees anyone enter, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognises his guest, and talks to him of his early years.'

It is something still to hear the echo of the small details which bring the picture so vividly before us. 'I have often seen Haydn,' says his biographer, 'when he was beating the time to his own music, unable to refrain from smiling at the approach of some passage which he was pleased with.' And the writer also goes on to describe, with a gentle malice, the amateurs

at the great Viennese concerts who 'dexterously place themselves in a situation where they could see Haydn, and regulate by his expression the amount of ecstatic applause by which they testified the extent of their raptures.' From the pages of *Consuelo* to those of *Bombet* we may follow Haydn's steady steps.

His early history is well known. What does not the world still owe to that good friend the peruke-maker who took the boy home when he was expelled from St. Stephen's choir at Vienna, and for very good reasons? His voice had broken: he had mischievously cut off the tail of a comrade's gown—he was no longer wanted. These were the reasons for which people acted then. Good Keller took him home, and after a time 'spoke to him on the subject of marrying his daughter.' Absorbed in his own meditations, dreaming of music and thinking nothing about love, Haydn made no objection.

Haydn wrote his first quartett in B flat at twenty. It made a great mark at the time; all musical amateurs learned it by heart, but it did not bring him riches. He was lodging in a house near the church of St. Michael at Vienna, and he paid for his board by giving music lessons to the landlord's two girls. In the room under Haydn's (who often had to pass his winter days in bed from want of fuel) dwelt Metastasio, the Italian poet, who also boarded in the family, and who dined every day with Haydn, and also taught him Italian. Metastasio had many powerful protectors; Haydn also found one friend not long after, in an old Count Esterhazy, in whose honour he composed a birthday symphony. This is the story as he told it himself to *Bombet*: 'The day of the ceremony being arrived, the Prince, seated on his throne and attended by his Court, interrupted the music in the middle of the first allegro, to ask who was the author of that fine composition. Some one caused the poor young man, all trembling, to come forward. "What," exclaimed the Prince, "is it this Moor's music?" (Haydn's complexion gave room for this sarcasm.) "Well, Moor, from henceforth you remain in my service." Then the Prince continued, "Go and dress yourself like a professor; do not let me see you any more in this trim—you cut a pitiful figure; get a new coat, a wig and buckles; a collar and red heels to your shoes. Go your way and everything will be given to you."'

Confused by the majesty which surrounded the Prince, Haydn kissed hands and retired to a corner—grieved, added he, at being

obliged to lay aside his natural hair and youthful elegance. He was second Professor of Music now, but his companions always called him the Moor.

But even Haydn's birthday symphony did not keep Prince Anthony alive. When he died, however, Prince Nicholas—his successor, who was also passionately fond of music—continued his protection. Every day Haydn had to compose a fresh piece of music for the Prince. About this time, when all was going well (it is like a fairy tale over and over again), Haydn was reminded by the peruke-maker that he had promised to marry his daughter Ann, and, being a man of honour, he kept his word. Alas! Ann was unsuited for an artist's wife. She was a prude, and only cared for monks and priests. We read that the poor composer's house was filled with them, and their noisy and edifying conversations interrupted his studies. To escape from his wife's reproaches he was obliged to supply all the various convents with motets and masses, for which he received no pay from the good fathers.

'Finally,' says Bombet, 'he separated from his wife, to whom, as far as money went, he behaved with perfect honour.' Here the editor of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' adds a note, and points out that the laxity of morals which prevails among musical men is held by some to be a serious objection against the art itself. One would have liked to think of Haydn and his barber's daughter happy in a peaceful home; but they were not happy, and when there is nothing else to be said, a moral sentiment is soothing to the feelings. At least we may hope that Mrs. Haydn was fond of music, and that she found some consolation in her husband's exquisite melodies for the jars and sorrows of her domestic life.

Did Consuelo now appear upon the scene?—Who shall say? Anyhow, after parting from his wife, Haydn returned to the Esterhazy family, and for thirty years worked on unintermittingly. 'Every morning he rose early, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the bedside. He was the inventor of symphonies, and there he was at his greatest. When he was old he said that whenever he felt the ardour of composition declining he would turn to his Rosary. 'When I was employed on the "Creation,"' he said, 'before I sat down to the pianoforte I prayed to God with earnestness that He would enable me to praise Him worthily.'

When, at seventy-eight, his hands could no longer hold the keys, he could still hold his Rosary and his soul was lifted upwards. In May, 1809, the French were cannonading Vienna, and four bombs fell close to the little house where the old musician still dwelt. His servants ran to him in terror. He reassured them, but he was taken ill and had to be put to bed. One day he had himself raised from his couch and carried to his piano, and striking the chords with his failing hands, he sang 'God preserve the Emperor,' three times, then he became insensible, and expired soon after. . . .

Then the little book winds up in a somewhat melancholy strain. The author proceeds to moralise, as his descendants still do, and says Mozart and Haydn are the last of the great race, that the darkness of mediocrity is upon the age! Such moralisings are calculated to cheer the impartial critic coming in a century or two later, and to suggest hope for those who have followed in the age of Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Weber, Brahms, and one other whose name I will not mention.

There is a pretty account of a visit from Lord Nelson to Haydn. Nelson, who greatly admired his music, asked Haydn for his pen, and in return gave him his own gold watch which he had many times carried into action.

*DR. CONAN DOYLE AND THE BRITISH ARMY.**A REPLY.*

BY LIEUT.-COL. F. N. MAUDE, LATE R.E.

DR. CONAN DOYLE is perfectly right in his contention that the defence of the Empire is the business of every able-bodied citizen and not only of a 'special warrior caste'; indeed, I am prepared to go further and to maintain that it is the business of every man, woman, and child in the country and not of the able-bodied only to contribute, by their lives, to the development of those qualities on which successful warlike operations ultimately depend.

'Every nation has the army it deserves,' to paraphrase Lord Beaconsfield's dictum about the Jews. If the sense of duty lies dormant in a race, and 'every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost' is the motto of its daily life, no 'warrior caste,' however devoted, can save it. This is the teaching of all military history, and the record of the Crimea is a case in point, for, but for the fact that in that instance our enemy was many times more corrupt than we ourselves, not all the heroism so brilliantly displayed at Balaclava and Inkerman could have enabled us to hold on throughout that terrible winter.

Has Dr. Conan Doyle ever considered the close analogy that exists between the bodily health of a nation in charge of its 'special caste' of physicians, and its moral health in charge of its soldiers?

Is it not a fact that not all the skill and devotion of the 'special caste' to which he belongs could save this country from the invasion of epidemics, plague, cholera, small-pox and the like, if it were unsupported by that attention to sanitary details which during the past century has gradually worked down into the daily practice of the whole community? In so far as the doctors triumph in their daily struggle with disease, is it not because they are helped in that struggle by the gradual spread of a knowledge of sound sanitary principles throughout every class of society? Let the same sound principles which lie at the root of the successful application of warlike forces be spread equally throughout the nation, and the 'warrior caste,' to keep to his phrase, will

soon grapple as successfully with its external human enemies as the physicians are at present in resisting, let us say, the small-pox—I wish one could add the influenza.

Let us pursue the analogy a step further. Dr. Conan Doyle is, I presume, sound on the vaccination question. Assume an outbreak of virulent small-pox, let us say at Gloucester, needing the despatch of a special corps of medical officers to combat the disease.

What would Dr. Conan Doyle and his colleagues say if a whole army of officers and other laymen descended on the town and hampered the work of the doctors by writing anti-vaccination leaflets founded on cooked statistics; and if 'The Times,' together with nine-tenths of the daily press, devoted leader after leader to advocate such unscientific views?

Now this is precisely what Dr. Conan Doyle and the press generally have been doing with regard to the army and the recent war in South Africa, and in selecting him as a target I have been influenced by the fact that he at any rate possesses a scientific training capable of understanding the train of causation involved, whereas I know from long experience that it is as hopeless to induce the average war correspondent or leader writer to make the intellectual effort necessary to grasp these problems in their full significance as it would have been to have tried to convince the man in the street a century ago of the true sequence of cause and effect in the practice of vaccination. I do not question their intellectual capacity, but I know, as a fact, that their daily existence leaves them no time for the concentrated thought military studies require if they are to lead to any useful end.

The art of the destruction of human life for purposes of the State rests on the application of as many sciences as the art of its salvation, whether wholesale or retail, but its exponents are handicapped nowadays by the comparative infrequency of military operations and the widely varying conditions under which they take place.

An army has to be designed to meet the greatest strain that can be brought upon it, and that occurs when, as at Waterloo, it is pitted against the most highly trained and disciplined forces of Europe.

If it can meet that demand, we can afford to put up with occasional friction in the moving parts when it is set to work on a task in which its full power is never required.

It has been to meet this emergency that all the best energies of our ablest men have been devoted for many years past, and the proportions of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, together with their tactics and armament, have been settled on this assumption. It is not therefore to be wondered at if, under the special circumstances of South Africa, the machine has been found to work stiffly. Surely we have heard of civil hospitals built to accommodate the average sickness of a district suddenly overwhelmed by an epidemic outbreak, and when that epidemic has been of a new and unusual description—influenza for instance—we know that a new method of treatment has had to be arrived at by the elementary method of trial and error.

Death, disease, and wounds, these are the only constant factors, and they are common to both professions, and however promising the use of quack remedies may seem, the wise practitioner, whether doctor or soldier, will think many times before he throws over the well tried principles of his profession.

The truth is that in war as in medicine, circumstances constantly arise in which the interests of the nation and the individual clash. It would, for instance, be very much easier to stamp out scarlet fever by the same summary methods we apply to swine fever or cattle disease—and it would not only be easier but far cheaper to the nation in human life in the end, but care for the individual overrides consideration of State, though every doctor can tell you at what a cost of suffering in the aggregate. In war the interest of the State demands the termination of the struggle in the shortest time at the least cost of life and resources. It does not in the least signify to the State whether it is John Smith or Henry Jones who loses the number of his mess, or whether he died by bullet wound or disease, but it does matter very materially whether the State has to mourn a collective loss of some thousands and bear the financial losses war involves, if the tacticians on the spot, either through ignorance or yielding to the pressure of public opinion, could not end the war because they were too busily employed in caring for the safety of the individual.

Now, the experience of centuries of warfare has conclusively shown that, provided there is any approach to equality in the conditions of armament, victory will fall to that side which will endure the heaviest loss without flinching, and possesses the requisite intelligence to assure combined action between its units; and all tactics

are based on the assumption that troops possess a certain amount of this endurance, which may be heightened to an almost incredible degree by the practice of certain exercises which we call drill, and which have nothing whatever to do with what volunteers call practical work, such as training at outposts, on the ranges, &c. This is a fundamental law of war arrived at by a chain of experiments as varied and numerous as those by which we have reached knowledge of the laws of gravity—we do not know what gravity is, neither do we yet know precisely how drill evolves discipline—it is simply a bed rock fact in human nature with which we have to reckon.

Further, we know, equally by experiment, that the most economical use of troops in battle is to exact from every unit which comes into action the maximum endurance of punishment it can bear whilst still remaining an organised entity, before yielding to its demands for reinforcements, for in no other way is it possible to ensure that when the climax of the fight arrives, fresh battalions will remain in hand to meet it. The correct appreciation of this point was the whole secret of Napoleon's success; all his strategy had but one end—to bring his adversary to a decisive battle, and then, by his mastery in the use of his reserves, to deliver the final knockout blow. What constituted him a genius as compared with the ordinary practitioner, was his gift of intuitively reading the collective will power of his own and his adversary's troops, instinctively divining the moment when reinforcement of the first became absolutely necessary, and when the latter's will power had sunk so low that the success of the final blow was assured.

These are the two fundamental principles on which the successful employment of troops in warfare must ever rest, and if you add to these a knowledge of the elementary fact well known to every physician, that 'Human suffering is not cumulative,' you have the fixed points on which to build up a scheme of training and education.

As between equally matched European armies, these two factors, disciplined troops and economy in their employment (not pennywise pound foolishness) on the part of the leaders, will always give the decision; and this being so, it may be imagined what incredible injury may result from the style of criticism in which the press has recently indulged—the keynote of which has been the desire to shake the confidence of the men in their leaders, and to inculcate in each individual that it is his unalien-

able right, as an Englishman, to die when and where he pleases, not where his leader orders him.

So far from the authorities having neglected to insist on the troops being trained to take individual advantage of cover, I hold, and have always held, that we have devoted far too much attention to individual cover for many years past; you cannot take cover and advance at the same time, but it is the determination to advance which we chiefly require, and for want of this the campaign has been so unduly prolonged.

I believe that but for the action of the press, on which the reinforcements from England were nourished before and during the voyage, this determination would never have been wanting, for our successes at Talana Hill and Elaandslaagte, at Belmont and Enslin prove that troops could advance in face of the dreaded magazine rifle, and that too, with a loss, all circumstances considered, much below what experience of warfare between white races had led us to expect. Colenso and the Modder River only proved what we all knew before, that infantry cannot yet fly over an unfordable river, and Magersfontein, that night attacks were sometimes a risky business. But in spite of Colenso our men in Natal, relatively removed from the infection brought with them by the troops that left England after Christmas, showed no want of dash on the way up to Ladysmith, though every feature of the ground was against proper preparation and combination in their attacks.

Paardeberg was the blot on the whole war—that British troops put into an attack could be brought to a stand by something under three per cent. of loss was a possibility no English soldier could ever have dreamed of; and for that disgrace I hold the avoidance of loss and use of cover theory mainly responsible. I quite understand why Lord Roberts decided not to renew the attack after the first day; he knew that once the men were snugly concealed behind the ant-heaps, no power on earth would induce them to move forward. Not because the men were cowards, but because each was firmly convinced that by taking care of his skin he was showing rare adaptability in copying the Boer model the papers had taught him to worship.

The capture of Paardeberg at the point of the bayonet might have cost us 500 killed, but it would have saved us the enteric epidemic responsible for some 5,000 lives, and would, as the Boers have since admitted, gone far to diminish the tenacity of their present resistance.

Coming now to the question of marksmanship, I should have thought that nothing could more effectively have demolished the theory of the crack-shot school than our recent experience. There can be no shadow of a doubt that the Boer is a far superior shot at game in his own country than the regular soldiers of any country can hope to become. Yet so different are the conditions of marksmanship when the target is firing back at you, that never before in history has it taken so long to inflict a certain amount of punishment.

The French are, as a nation, the worst individual shots in Europe; but in 1870, with a far inferior weapon—as regards sighting and rapidity of fire—they made far better practice against similar targets than the Boers. For instance, when the Prussian Guards blundered within range at St. Privat—by one of those accidents it is impossible ever to foresee or avoid—the French accounted for a larger percentage of men in ten minutes at 1,000 yards range, than the Boers did at Magersfontein at 200 yards in half an hour. Similarly they wiped out three batteries of the XIth Corps Artillery opposite Amanvilliers at 800 to 900 yards in less than half the time the Boers took to effect the same result on Colonel Long's batteries at 400 yards. Many other similar examples might be cited, but the explanation is the same in all cases—the French possessed discipline of a sort and the Boers had none.

Straight shooting depends on the absolute steadiness of hand and eye, which, again, is the result of the control of the nerves and muscles by a concentrated effort of will; and the same exercises on the drill ground which give the collective will power we call discipline render to the man also the control of his body and senses.

The essence of the attack as now practised lies in making the conditions of the defender such that aimed shooting becomes a physical impossibility no matter how he may be sheltered.

To hit any target with a rifle you must at least be able to see it; but if you pelt in such a rain of shell that between dust, smoke, and fragments, the whole front is shrouded in an impenetrable veil, it is obvious aimed shooting is out of the question.

To do this needs, of course, a considerable number of guns, means we lacked conspicuously at Talana Hill, Elandslaagte, Belmont, Enslin, and this makes these performances so singularly remarkable, proving to my mind conclusively what we might have done when the guns were available,

When the fire to be faced is perfectly unaimed, it follows that no arrangement of men in lines, groups, or columns, can have any effect whatever on the individual's chances of getting hit. You will get just as wet walking down the road in a thunderstorm whether you are alone or in company of one, two, or a dozen; but if you stop out in the rain for an hour or two, you will certainly get more soaked than in a dash across the street: this little piece of reasoning one may see put in practice whenever a heavy shower falls in the streets of London even by quite young children; but it seems to have escaped the notice of the troops on several occasions out on the open veldt of the Free State.

Lastly, to finish the question of shooting. It is a well-known fact that the difficulty of hitting a target varies enormously as the distance increases; not only does the apparent size of the object diminish as the square of the distance, but a large number of other conditions arise in practice whose effect is cumulative, and which increase this difficulty to at least the cube of the distance. But for the sake of simplicity we will take it that it only increases as the square of the distance: that is to say, that for every shot that hits at 1,000 yards, four will hit at 500, and 16 at 250.

Now take a disciplined body of 1,000 men, who will make one hit in 1,000 shots at 1,000 yards, and march them into 500, losing 200 men on the way, a proportion which used not to be considered excessive until this war began—the remaining 800 will now make one hit in every 250 rounds, and if you carry them into 250, losing another 300, the remaining 500 will be scoring a hit for every 62·5 rounds, or more than five times as many hits as the 1,000 men were originally making. This is why all other nations have insisted on the resolute advance without firing to decisive ranges, when a real attack is launched, and accounts for the value we place on the drill-ground training, which alone renders such an advance possible.

That it is drill and drill alone which confers this power is the teaching of all history, but the following example will make this evident. At the beginning of the American Civil War the Northern leaders found it impossible to make their men go in at the enemy. In the most approved modern fashion, they stuck to cover and fought as individuals but they won no victories; on the contrary, the Confederates whipped them every time. At last they realised what was lacking, and submitted themselves more or less willingly, but very thoroughly, to a severe course of drilling,

and within a twelvemonth they were standing up to punishment as few troops had done before or since.

As it happened, during the fourth year of that war, the First Maine Heavy Artillery—a regiment that had been made on the parade ground and not gradually forged under fire—was sent up to the front; it was in action at Spottsylvania, and lost enough to shake the over-confidence of the drill-ground out of them, but the men were real grit, and when a few days later, June 18, they were ordered to carry the enemy's position at Petersburg across 1,000 yards of open glacis, their effort, unsuccessful through no fault of theirs, was universally admitted to have been the finest exhibition of disciplined courage the war had seen on the Northern side. They left seventy-seven per cent. of their numbers on the ground, almost the whole of whom fell in the advance, a figure which has only been equalled perhaps half a dozen times in British history, though it was exceeded more than once by some of the Confederate regiments.

I sincerely trust that as a result of the war steps will be taken to give us more ammunition and to abolish many of the abuses of our present system; but the ranges alone will never give us the advantage that we know results from a disciplined advance to decisive ranges when once we commence a real attack.

As for carrying defensive armour, as Dr. Doyle suggests, if two centuries ago, when a man's chance of being put out of action was one to four, armour was thrown aside as not worth the trouble of carrying, is it likely that men would submit to the load when it is about ten to one against being hurt in a day's fighting?

An extra 7 lb. weight might easily make a difference of an hour's time in the arrival of a column, and that hour might make all the difference of victory or defeat.

Space prevents me from dealing point by point with many of Dr. Doyle's statements, with the truth of which I fully agree, though I do not admit the methods of correction he proposes; but his remarks on the future of cavalry cannot be passed over.

Surely it is a little hasty to conclude because in this campaign local conditions have interfered to prevent a single real charge being ridden, that therefore the day of sword and lance is over. How would it have been if the Boers in the Free State had had twenty first rate squadrons of Lancers to charge home on the fleeing Highland Brigade at Magersfontein? Should not we have required cavalry to meet and prevent them? Would not

a set charge have been the necessary consequence? Have any of our regiments had to endure such losses as the sword and lance have often inflicted? In 1870, whenever either French or Prussian lancers met cavalry with swords, every officer and thirty per cent. of the front rank went down before the lance, and most of the *wounded died*. That is one reason why the Germans have made the lance universal. And as an instance of what sharp swords can do, let me cite the case of Unett's squadron at Chillianwallah. It charged with seventy men a crowd of Sikh horsemen and drove them back, but forty-six out of the seventy were killed or badly wounded, and again most of the *wounded died*. The Sikhs used old English swords. The advantage of either sword or lance in cavalry work is that a severe wound drops the man at once. A man may be mortally wounded by revolver or rifle bullet and fight on for a couple of hours.

This is a very important point when cavalry charge infantry. It is no use hitting either man or horse if the two or even the horse alone comes on, even if he ultimately falls only twenty yards behind the object charged—he must fall in front, and there is not a military rifle in Europe which can be relied on absolutely to drop him within 100 yards. Indeed, only a direct hit through brain, heart, or spine, can be counted on to bring him down within even a quarter of a mile. It takes also a much more serious wound to disable a man in the saddle than when on his own feet. A man cannot charge far on foot with one or more bullets through his lungs, but he can keep his seat on horseback for a considerable distance. This was the reason why Dum Dum bullets were introduced, and we shall have to go back to them if our infantry are not to be slaughtered like swine by the first European cavalry we meet.

It has been shown again and again in this campaign that infantry can lie out in the open for many hours, ten at the Modder River, for instance, exposed to a fire of 'unprecedented severity' of 'appalling intensity,' &c., &c., to quote the eye-witness testimony of war correspondents, with losses not exceeding five to ten per cent. Cavalry can cover 3,000 yards in five minutes: is it likely that a rapidly moving target would receive as many hits in that time as a stationary one in ten hours? Cavalry officers do not think so. Though I protest against the tone which Dr. Conan Doyle and most other correspondents adopt when speaking of our officers, I admit that many of them, perhaps one third, are not

what they should be. You will find a similar percentage amongst all armies. The chief cause lies in the fact that we have not yet had time to eliminate the abuses which grew up in the old long service days. These abuses were common to all long service armies, and were the necessary consequences of long continued spells of peace time. The Prussian army before Jena is the most striking instance of the extent to which gross abuses may flourish without attracting the attention of those who have grown up amongst them.

Frederick the Great, in his last years, seems to have been the only man in Prussia who knew what was coming after he was gone. Even the celebrated Clausewitz, perhaps the very ablest thinker on the subject of war the last two centuries have produced, failed to realise where the danger lay a fortnight before disaster fell.

The remedy found itself when short service was introduced into the Prussian army, for now there was work enough to employ the energies of all the officers and to teach them to take responsibility young—but even sixty years after the change was made, in 1870, as I showed in a recent article in these pages, the work was little more than half accomplished.

We have had only thirty years, barely one military generation, to work out our salvation—thanks to the war we seem now to have found it, and a few strokes of a pen and five years' time will double the fighting value of the army. An order making captains of cavalry and infantry responsible for their companies as the battery commanders are for their batteries is all that is needed to secure a most economical reform.

I am much in sympathy with Dr. Doyle's views on our army requirements. We do not want more men but better men, the proportions of the three arms being readjusted, and our garrisons in India, at home, and in the Colonies, being redistributed.

We want more cavalry and many more field and horse batteries. for these arms cannot be improvised, and in them peace training returns a far better value for time and money spent than in the infantry.

Unfortunately I must pour cold water on the idea of an Imperial Guard on the Napoleonic model. The difficulty is a psychological one well understood by experienced soldiers. You cannot select men in peace for employment in war, because no man can say how the selection will turn out in the stress of serious fighting. Napoleon's Imperial Guard were veterans, selected for

approved courage under fire, five campaigns and a faultless record was the standard, but it needed a Napoleon to provide such opportunities. His campaigns were no collection of trifling skirmishes, in which many hours' firing on both sides resulted in two to five per cent. of loss, but a series of decisive battles, each brim full of situations with which Spion Kop and Magersfontein will alone bear comparison. Dr. Conan Doyle has read Marbot. Does he recall the incident of the 14^e du Ligne at Eylau—where the regiment was destroyed to the last man, only Marbot escaping, thanks to his maddened English charger bolting with him? Selection by marksmanship judged by our Bisley standards would be utterly useless. It is discipline which makes men shoot straight in action, not verniers and the theory of the trajectory.

If Dr. Conan Doyle is in earnest in his desire to help the cause which we all have at heart, let me suggest that he should induce as many of his colleagues as possible to take up the study of the psychology of a soldier's training and find out why it is that drill produces those collective qualities included in the word 'discipline,' and then let them aid us in conquering the many extraordinary prejudices which still survive as to the purpose and object of a soldier's training. We no longer seek to turn a man into an automaton, indeed we never did so, though the abuse of a good system often led in peace time in the old long service days to that result; but we endeavour to develop in every man that power of concentrated effort and those qualities of honesty, truthfulness and character which, in a healthy state of society, afford the best guarantee for a man's success in life—and the want of which can now be so clearly discerned in the growing deterioration of our great commercial undertakings—notably on our railway lines. It is want of smartness and discipline which make our South Eastern and London Brighton and South Coast Railways the despair of their passengers. It is want of common honesty which hampers the productive employment of capital, because men will no longer do a fair day's work for their wages, and combine together to ratten those unfortunates who endeavour to fulfil loyally their engagements.

In Germany it is admitted that the trained soldier is worth half as much again as a workman as the untrained civilian. Let that fact once be recognised in England and the recruiting problem would solve itself.

Lastly, let them pursue their crusade against overcrowding,

against insanitary dwellings and all similar evils, and give our peasants and work people some chance of breeding and rearing healthy children, and let them reform our system of board school education so that those children may at least learn the elementary notions of duty, of patriotism and of honesty.

Dr. Conan Doyle praises, and rightly praises, the splendid spirit of our private soldiers and their uncomplaining fortitude under privation and suffering. May I ask him to remember what these men were when they came to the colours as recruits?

If, then, our existing system, administered by officers, many of whom we admit to be unfitted for their task, can produce such results, what may we not reasonably expect when, by placing the responsibility on the right shoulders—the captains—we have weeded out the useless, and when the nation itself has acquired a higher standard of duty and sends us better raw material to work up?

AN ERROR RIGHTED.

A GOOD season for pilchards brings as its concomitant a good season for fair maids. When in autumn the catches by the trawlers have been exceptionally abundant, then the catches by the marriageable maids are proportionate.

On the day that succeeded Christmas, there were as many as nine couples united in the parish church in a little port in the West of England. And all the males belonged to the nautical profession. Some were fishermen, and some had barges that plied with Bristol or Cardiff.

The vicar belonged to the old school—a school in which nothing was taught and almost nothing was done. That which had of necessity to be done was performed in a perfunctory manner.

And when, on this particular Bank Holiday, nine couples had to be spliced, the function was performed *en bloc*, and only such portions of the marriage service were distributed to the several pairs as could not possibly be carried out otherwise.

The rite concluded, the little vestry was packed with the parson, divesting himself, the clerk, brides and bridegrooms, bridesmaids, best men, and *pro tem.* fathers, so that the utmost confusion prevailed during the making-out and the signing of the registers.

The dense mob only broke into articulations as it discharged itself through the churchyard gate, when it differentiated itself into pairs with their proper satellites, and these latter fell into rear, to allow the happy couples to exchange mutual amorous passages.

The first to disentangle themselves from the crowd were Samuel Lee and his just acquired wife Floribunda, or, as she was called for the sake of brevity, Florry.

‘Well,’ said Samuel, wiping his mouth, ‘that’s done.’

‘And,’ added Floribunda, ‘can’t be undone.’

‘I hope it’s all right,’ observed the former.

‘How can it be other?’ asked the latter, ‘now that you have got *me*?’

‘I didn’t mean that, dear.’

‘Then you should make your meanin’ plainer.’

'I mean, as how there was a terrible muddle in thickey there vestry, and one cu'd scarce use one's arms. I wish I'd got a copy of the lines.'

'What shu'd you require them for?' asked Floribunda. 'Them lines can't bind us no faster.'

'No, but it 'ud a been more satisfyin',' explained Sam.

'I'm satisfied,' observed the lady, 'and I reckon that's enough. Now what 'ud the lines ha' come to?'

'Eighteen pence, or thereabout.'

'Eighteen pence throwed away. Wot did you give the pass'n and clerk?'

'I gave the vicar ten shillin', and the clerk five.'

'That's just seven and six too much.'

'Well, I won't do it again.'

'I shall take care you shan't. And you, Sam, was a goin' to chuck away eighteen pence more. That just proves as 'ow you ain't to be trusted wi' money. Give me up your purse.'

'Ain't got no purse.'

'Then you turn out your pockets to wance. I'll be your purse in future.'

There are few sights more piteous than that of a noble brig that left port new-rigged, fresh painted, and in perfect trim, after a gale in the Atlantic that has carried away her masts, battered her sides, and rent her bulwarks. But a more piteous object was Samuel Lee four weeks after marriage, the honeymoon set in murk, sitting on a chair with his head against the wall, in his own house, the picture of despondency fringing on despair. Yet that house was in spick and span condition. The floor was so clean that it might have been eaten off, and one would have preferred doing so to sullyng the scoured table, white and spotless as a new bread-trencher. The fender, the irons, the brass, the tin, were all burnished to the utmost brilliancy. Nothing was to be seen that was rusted or battered, save the owner of the cottage, who presented an almost hopelessly crushed and woe-begone appearance, seated, as already intimated, in a chair with his head leaning against the wall.

One lunar month had done it.

And yet a more dapper, comely young woman was hardly to be found than was Floribunda Lee. She was healthy in colour that flushed her smooth cheeks, her hair was glossy brown, and

her eyes clear as a mountain stream. Her every movement betokened vigour.

'Now then! now then!' she exclaimed as she entered the room. 'Sam! doin' nothin'! Yes, worse than nothin'. Just you look how you've a gone and greased the wall wi' rubbin' of yer 'ead agin' it.'

'I aint 'ad no bears' grease on since we was married, last Bank 'Oliday,' explained he.

'Then it's dirt,' said Floribunda, standing with her feet apart and her arms akimbo; 'and dirt is wuss.'

'It can't be, Florry,' protested her husband, 'seeing as you do comb my 'ead all day, and 'ave been these four weeks, wi'out stoppin' to breathe.'

'Now, none o' your imperance,' exclaimed Mrs. Lee. 'Just you jump about, and move out of that.'

Samuel took his chair and transferred it to the middle of the room, seated himself across it, and resting his arms on the back, leaned his chin on his arms.

'How I'm to clean that bit o' wall I don't know. Scotch soda may take out the stain,' said Floribunda. 'Now then! what be you a doing there, swinging on the chair and heavin' it out o' joint. You get along out of the house to wance.'

'Give me some money to buy a bit of baccy,' pleaded Mr. Lee.

'Give you money!' exclaimed the wife. 'That's bold as brass you be, axing for it. You pretend that you handed your money over to me, and I knows, by the way you fumbles wi' something in your pocket, that you're a keepin' back of a part. You're a veritable Ananias-Saphira, and 'll come to just the same bad end.'

Mr. Samuel Lee rose with a sigh and left the house. When outside he mused, scratched his head, and drew half-a-crown from his pocket.

'I'd just like to make sartain,' said he, and took his way to the Vicarage, where he inquired for the parson.

On his introduction to the study, he asked if he might make so bold as to have a copy of his marriage entry.

'Certainly you may,' was the reply.

The volume of marriage registers was produced, and the vicar made out a transcript and certified, signed, and stamped it.

'Thank y' sir, kindly,' said Samuel, looking hard at the slip. 'You're quite sure there is no mistake?'

'Positive. I have certified, as you see.'

'Then here be the eighteen pence.'

'Eighteen pence for the copy, sixpence for the search, and one penny for the stamp. Two and a penny in all,' said the parson.

'What be the stamp for?' asked the fisherman, 'if I may make so bold as to inquire.'

'That validates the document. It is good now in any court of law. Without the stamp the certificate would have no legal value.'

'Thank you, sir—then here is the money,' said Samuel. 'Arf-a-crown, there'll be fivepence change.'

Samuel Lee walked away, occasionally studying the copy of his marriage entry, and shaking his head with an air of perplexity. He took his course to the port, where was a solid timber bench against the wall on the quay, on which bench disengaged boatmen and fishermen, awaiting a favourable wind, were wont to perch, like swallows before a flight to summer climes.

On that bench, on this occasion, Samuel saw one man only, Joshua Blossom, also a seaman, owner of a smack that traded to Bristol with slates and earthenware ovens.

Samuel planted himself at the further end with a nod of recognition and a salutation of, 'Wéll, Josh!'

To which the other responded with another nod and the salute, 'Wéll, Sam!'

Then they remained respectively silent for ten minutes.

Presently Samuel remarked, 'The wind be up a bit more nor'ard.'

'Aye,' responded Joshua, 'a p'int or two.'

Again a relapse into silence that lasted for ten minutes.

Then said Lee, 'I reckon you was married last Bank 'Oliday, Joshuá.'

'I reckon so was you, Samuél.'

Another lull, which neither appeared disposed to break. Finally, however, Lee said, 'And how does you like it?'

'Middlin'. And you?'

'Middlin', also.'

After another arrest in the flow of dialogue, Blossom said, 'And you was married to Florry.'

'I walked 'ome wi' she,' answered Lee. 'And you got spliced to Jemima Jenkin.'

'I did,' with a shake of the head.

'You don't seem to be over comfortable, mate. Is it stomick or 'eart?'

'It's all over me. Jemima's a slut.'

'And mine's a dragon,' admitted Lee.

'You don't mean to tell me?'

'I do. Hers just gone and called me a Hannanigh Saphira. What do you say to that?'

'It's sheer blaspheming,' answered Josh.

Lee sidled up the bench towards the other and slowly drew out a copy of the register.

'Wot do'y make out o' this, mate?' he asked.

Blossom looked hard at it, turned it about, and said, 'I can't make nothin' of it at all.'

'Them's my marriage lines,' explained Lee. 'And dooly certificated, stamp and all wrote across. There bain't no court as can break that evidence.'

'But,' said Blossom, 'they've put you down to the wrong 'ooman.'

'So they hev,' responded Lee. 'But I mean to take the benefit of the act.'

'I don't understand this,' observed Blossom. 'There's a bloomin' error for sartain. They've put you down wi' my wife—that is Jemima Jenkins as vos.'

'I can't help it. So it stands in the book. There was a proper muddle that day, we was so crowded into that there vestry, and nobody knowed exact what he wer putting his hand to.'

'And whom have I been put down to?' asked Joshua.

'I didn't look, mate. I wos that struck of a heap. You go up and see. It's only two and a penny.'

'I don't think I will,' said Blossom gravely. 'I'd rather not risk it.'

'Josh!' said Samuel after another pause, 'I always took you to be a humane man.'

'So I be. You ain't gone and got a different opinion, surely?'

'Oh, no. But I'm just recallin' the past. Do yer mind when a little boy was runnin' on the pier here and tumbled into the water?'

'I mind something about it.'

'And you put down your pipe on this here seat wi'out smokin'

the bacey out, and took a rope and throwed it to him. You saved that 'ere little boy's precious life, but you lost your pipe, for some one took advantage of you bein' 'eroically engaged, and walked off with it.'

'It was so, Samuel.'

'And then once I were goin' a long cruise, and hadn't no cook aboard. Do you remember? You lent me a man as could cook. There waren't one of mine as could do it. If it hadn't been for that charitable act of yours, we'd ha' come back images—shadows.'

'I may ha' done it. I can't say. What do'y want now?'

'I want you to be humane once more. You lent me your cook wance, lend me your wife now.'

'My wife!'

'Well—Josh. She ain't yours, you know, proper and legal like. I could take 'er away slick from under your nose and never ax you; but I won't do it, as between mates. Just look at this here certificate. Jemima be mine by law. But there, Josh, I don't want to keep her all along, only just for a bit.'

'I don't know,' replied Blossom, 'but wot I might accomodate you. I ain't partic'lar for a day or two, or a week at a stretch. But I doubt if she'll go.'

'Her will,' said Lee. 'Not mebbe if us two men was to ax her, and she seed we was terrible keen on it; but if us told her it were to worrit Florry out o' my house, that 'ud put another complexion on the matter. A female 'll go anywhere to vex another female.'

'Us can but try,' said Blossom. 'Come along, mate.'

The two men took their way to the cottage—a house in a row. The front door was open. Josh introduced his companion.

'Hello!' exclaimed Samuel; 'seems to want the deck swabbin', and the gear smartnin' up a mite.'

The interior was dirty and untidy.

'You just come along in here and see,' said Josh, and led the way into the back kitchen. There all was in disorder. Potatoes that had been cooked and not partaken of left in the dish, plates unwashed, a frying-pan uncleaned, bacon lying among dishclouts, and yesterday's milk curdled, with a dress-frill depending into and absorbing it.

'Where be the missus to?' inquired Lee.

'Round the corner, torkin',' answered Blossom. 'There is

where she be always, and that's why my house be left so amazin' nasty, and me made so amazin' oncomfortable.'

Just then, in bounced Jemima, a slim, comely woman, smart in dress, with large dark eyes, and a pretty mouth with good humour lurking in its corners.

'Look y' here, Jemima,' said Samuel, 'can y' read at all?'

'I reckon I can, Mr. Lee.'

'Oh, don't you Mr. Lee me no more! I'm your dear Sammy. Just cast your eye over this. 'Tis our weddin' lines. You see there hev been a bit o' a mistake, and you're gone into the wrong harbour. You is bound to I—the Book sez so, and don't lie, and I be come to carry you off.'

'I don't care what the lines sez,' exclaimed the young woman, staggered. 'I took Josh's 'and, and he put the ring to my finger, and us sweared at each other as was our dooty to.'

'Werry sorry,' replied Lee. 'But 'twas a gashly error, and no mistake; us must bide by it. I can set the perlice on you, and carry you home by main force, but I scorns to use violence. I'll tell y' what I wants you for—it's just to aggravate and 'elp me to rid myself o' Florry as do plague my life dreadful.'

'If that be all,' responded Jemima, 'I'm ready.'

'Well, then, clap on your bonnet—no, right side forrard, and under way. Josh don't mind.'

'Not a brass farden,' acquiesced Josh.

'Crook your arm in mine,' said Lee, as he and Jemima arrived at his door. 'Or, no—to be more stylish, let me 'ang on to your arm. Here we be.'

He threw open his door and sailed in with Jemima. The table was spread.

'That's fine,' said Samuel airily. 'My love, I bet we'll have that couple o' penny buns buttered and toasted, to celebrate wot the lawyers calls the restitootion of conjugal rights. Hello!' as Floribunda entered with a teapot; 'young 'ooman, put that down and steer away. Two's company—three's none.'

Mrs. Lee looked with open and amazed eyes at the spectacle. Then, setting down the teapot, she rested the knuckles of both hands on the table and cleared for action.

Samuel looked innocently into her face, and asked, 'Wot do you want now?'

'Want!' exclaimed Floribunda. 'Want! What's the meaning of these May-games, I'd like to know?'

‘Meanin’?—no more nor this. I always thought there’d been some muddle in that marryin’ on Bank ‘Oliday, and I told you so at the time. Here’s a certificated and signed copy of the register to prove as I was right. I’ve been troubled in conscience about this here mistake, so I thought I’d go and see how it stood in the books, and I’ve fetched home my legitimate and legal wife. So young female—sheer off.’

Floribunda, in place of exploding, became strangely quiet. She looked at the register, then at Lee, and next at Jemima.

‘I don’t believe a word of it,’ she said at last. ‘It’s just a bit o’ your wickedness.’

‘Go to the pass’n and ask to see the books,’ replied Samuel. ‘That’ll convince you. And if you don’t sheer away to wance, I’ll send for the perlice to remove you as a noosence.’

Floribunda snatched up her bonnet, and swung out of the house. She made her way direct to the Vicarage. She was seriously alarmed. At the parsonage she inquired for the vicar, and demanded a sight of the marriage register. This was accorded her, and there, as had been asserted, stood the entry that testified to the union having been effected according to the rites of the Established Church of England, between Samuel Lee, mariner, and Jemima Jenkins, spinster.

‘But,’ gasped Floribunda, ‘where be I? I was married too on Bank Holiday. Who ’ave I got in this ’ere puss-in-the-corner affair? I’d like oncommon to know that.’

A little further examination of the book revealed the matrimonial union of Joshua Blossom, mariner, bachelor, and Floribunda Ford, spinster. The young woman stood aghast.

Presently, in a muffled voice, she required to be given a copy of her marriage lines. The transcript was accordingly made and attested. Then ensued a lively altercation over the fee. The vicar demanded sixpence each for the search after the two entries, in addition to the cost of the copy and the stamp.

A heated controversy ended in the waiving of the second sixpence, and, having paid two shillings and a penny, Floribunda marched off with the certificate.

Meanwhile, Samuel and Jemima were enjoying their tea. That concluded, the latter rose and began to carry off plates, cups, bread, pot, in a hap-hazard manner to the back premises. Then, finally, she shook the table-cloth out over the floor.

'You'll have to sweep up the crumbs,' said Samuel.

'Let 'em lie,' replied Jemima carelessly; 'they'll come to no 'arm.'

'It shall be done, though,' retorted Samuel, 'and I'll oblige you to clean up the tea things and drain the pot, and put the bread in the jar with the cover on, and turn a saucer over the butter.'

'By-m-bye. I be going out.'

'Round the corner torkin',' said Lee. 'I'll trouble you to take off your shoes and stockings.'

'Shoes and stockings! What for?'

'Cos I orders it. Off wi' 'em to wance, or you'll get a taste o' the rope's end as a relish to finish up wi' after them buttered buns.'

Jemima obeyed trembling.

'No,' said Sam, as she handed the stockings to him. 'You fold 'em up properly. I won't take 'em no other way.'

She submitted. Then he pocketed first the stockings and after that the shoes.

'How'm I to go about the floor with bare feet?' asked Jemima. 'I'll chance to tread on a nail.'

'You'll chance to tread on nothin' but the crumbs you've thrown down,' retorted Samuel. 'That other female as was here afore you came never left nothin' lyin' about.'

'What be you in such a cruel hurry for to have all cleaned up? I'll do it all by-m-bye.'

'By-m-bye won't do for me,' said Samuel. 'When now-at-wance is best.' After a pause—'I'll tell y' what. I've been to the house of my mate Josh Blossom, and he blushed for shame to let me see what a dog's hole it were, so dirty and neglected, and all because a slut of a female as had been there, neglected her dooties so as to be for ever round the corner torkin'. I'll have none of that 'ere, and that's why I've took your shoes and stockings.'

Jemima coloured to her temples, and without another word proceeded to clean up.

That done, she looked towards him pleadingly.

'No, not yet, Jem,' said he. 'There's wot they call a lucid interval under your right arm. Just get a needle and thread and make that right.'

She obeyed meekly.

'No, that won't do,' said he censoriously. 'You pull out the

old threads afore you put in the new, and, wot's more, don't throw them thread-ends on the floor, but behind the grate. And when you've done that, there's the gathers out o' your skirt, as wants takin' up. And arter that again there's the braid off the bottom hangin' in a great loop as if you was out seine-fishin'.'

'Whatever be I to do with myself?' asked Floribunda, as she stood in the street fluttering the copy of her marriage register.

Florry had no home. Her parents were dead. She had been in service when Samuel had courted her. Her nearest relative was a brother, married, a hundred miles away. She was more than doubtful whether he would care to receive her, as she and her sister did not agree, and there were ructions in the house when she was present.

'I can't stick here,' said Florry. 'And they won't take me in at the workhouse, as I'm a married 'ooman, and my 'usband be bound to support me. Whatever shall I do?'

After a struggle with herself, 'Well,' said she, 'I may as well just go and see to it. I suppose by law I've as much right to Josh Blossom's 'ouse and earnings as he has hisself. Anyhow, I'll see if I can shake down there a bit.'

Accordingly Floribunda made her way to the street where stood the dwelling of Josh Blossom. The door was open, and the owner was within, sitting by the fire, smoking.

'Now, then!' exclaimed Floribunda, 'wot do you mean spittin' about the grate and fireirons fit to cover 'em wi' rust-blisters? I'm not goin' to allow them drashy ways in my house, I can tell you.'

Then Floribunda looked about her.

'Here's a purty piggery,' she said. 'Bless my soul, it'll take me four and twenty hours right on end to get this fitty. And, loramussy!' she exclaimed after exploring the back kitchen, there's never nothin' to clean up with. Hand me your money. I'm goin' to buy a bar of soap, a pail, scrubbin' brushes, a mop, a broom, and silver sand. Give me your money. A man is bound to maintain his lawful wife in yaller-soap and other necessities.'

The woman left the house, having secured what she had demanded.

Josh sat with an extinguished pipe between his fingers, resting on his knee, and with the other hand he rubbed his head.

On the table she had left the certificate. He got up, looked

at it, and sat down and rubbed his head till all his hair stood on end.

In this position and thus engaged he remained till the return of Floribunda, struggling under an accumulation of cleaning utensils and apparatus.

'Now, then!' said she sharply, 'out of that! I'm a goin' to begin at the hearth. You don't think I'm goin' to wash the floor fust, and rake out the ashes after, do y'?'

Josh rose from his chair and meekly retired into a corner.

'You come back this instant,' ordered Floribunda. 'What do you mean by leavin' thickey chair there afore the fire? Han't you been a usin' of it? Ain't it therefore reasonable as you should put it back in his proper place? Do you consider yourself a master, and have them slovenly ways?'

Josh meekly complied.

'I reckon,' pursued Mrs. Florry, applying herself vigorously to clearing out the grate, raking away the ashes, and filling the air with dust, 'I reckon you call yourself master, and yet allow your house to get into this condition. I wonder how it be wi' your smack. Be she allowed to fall into such a state as this? It's the woman's neglect, you say. But you're master, and responsible. If aboard ship all goes to sixes and sevens, who's answerable? You, I reckon, have to see that the men does their work. Wot be you a rubbin' of your head for? Do y' want to have that shampooed? Just wait abit till I've scoured the floor, and I'll shampoo you.'

When the hearth was cleared, cleaned and black-leaded, the floor was inundated with water, and attacked with soap and a scrubbing-brush. The flood approached the corner into which Josh had retreated.

'Now then!' cried Floribunda, 'you clear away from there. Wot! Rubbin' of your 'ead again? For sure there's something wrong there. You come into the middle of the room. Folks say as how rats be clean animals, although livin' in sewers. This 'ere 'abitation be every jot as bad as any occupied by a rat. But it'll be astonishin' altogether if I finds you keep yourself as respectable as a rat. I'll look you over presently, and if I don't find you as you ort to was, I'll bundle you into this 'ere soapy-water pail, and it's not silver-sand I'll take to you, mister, but bath-brick and monkey-brand.'

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Mr. Samuel Lee sauntered down to the port. His trouser-pockets were obtrusively stuffed; a heel of a shoe projected from each.

He took his place at one extremity of the bench, and noticing Mr. Joshua Blossom at the other extremity, he nodded to him and said 'How do?' To this salutation Josh made no response. He sat looking seaward, with a placid countenance, and a benignant smile hovering about his lips.

After ten minutes Samuel moved somewhat closer, and said: 'Well, mate, how be you getting along?'

Josh, feeling the agitation of the bench caused by the movement of Sam, which communicated itself to him through that portion of his body applied to the seat, turned his head leisurely and nodded, without a word.

Five minutes elapsed without Samuel re-attempting to open communication. But finally he touched Josh on the arm, and asked, 'Well, Joshua——' The man addressed raised his hands, and withdrew two solid plugs from his ears.

'Beg parding,' he said; 'did you offer an observation?' He waited for a reply, holding a plug suspended by each hand, between the first finger and thumb.

'I said, "Well Joshuá."'

'Ah! well then, Samuél.'

'How is you workin' along?'

'Middlin'; and you?'

'Middlin'.'

Then ensued another protracted pause.

Presently Lee inquired: 'And how's the missus?'

'Yappin',' replied Blossom. 'But I've nigh on cured her.'

'You have?'

Josh nodded.

'And how's your missus?' asked Blossom.

'Darnin',' replied Lee. 'I've made her do that.'

'You don't mean it?'

Sam nodded.

Then once more a lull ensued.

Presently Lee inquired: 'Wot be you calked up for?'

Blossom leisurely placed the two plugs on the bench between himself and Lee.

'It's my method,' said he. Then he put his hand in his

pocket and drew forth a bundle. He unrolled a sheet of cotton-wool across his knees.

'I gave sixpence for this,' said Blossom; 'but I didn't ort to ha' paid abov' fourpence. That's the price at the stores.'

'And wot's the good of that?' asked Lee.

'It excludes the yappin',' answered Josh. 'I lets 'er go on for ten minutes. Charity requires that. It's 'er pleasure, and I can't refuse 'er that little gratification. But then I takes two pinches of cotton-wool dipped in melted taller, and I calks up. Then there ensoos a lovely and pleasin' sense of peace in the inner man. And one can't 'elp smilin' for joy of 'eart. At fust,' continued Blossom, 'after I'd a calked up I could look on wi' an indulgent smile and see 'er jaw a workin' like a bone-crushin' machine. 'Twere interestin', but tirin' to 'er. At last she gived up. 'Twere no good when nobody 'eard.'

'That's a notion,' said Lee.

'And fourpence goes a long way to curè a woman of yappin'. Fourpence at the stores, but I paid sixpence. But fourpence 'ud a done it.'

Then a pause, whilst Lee looked with admiration on Blossom.

Presently the latter, puffed up with pride, said: 'And how's Jemima? Round the corner torkin'?''

'Not she,' replied Samuel. 'Look at this.' He pointed to his pockets. 'My own idea. I've cured 'er of that.'

'You don't mean to say so?'

'I do.'

'You're a wonderful man.'

'And it don't cost fourpence. It saves stockin' yarn and shoe-leather. She can't go out 'cos I ha' carried away 'er nether garments!'

Then ensued a pause, during which each man moved to the extremity of the bench, and looked at the other with mutual admiration. After the lapse of ten minutes thus employed, Josh said: 'Wot do y' think now of our changin' back to wot we was.'

'Might do wuss,' responded Sam.'

'You see,' observed Blossom, 'us can always go back again and take the benefit of the act, if our females seem to be retrogradin'.'

'Them registers is a whip in 'and,' said Lee.

'And,' pursued Josh, 'I'll throw you in a quarter of a pound

of cotton wool at sixpence, that didn't ort to have been more than fourpence.'

He folded the sheet and pressed it on Lee.

'I never was obstructive,' said Samuel; 'I always likes to oblige a friend. Here be 'er shoes and stockings,' and he proceeded to disgorge the contents of his trouser pockets.

'You go to my house,' said Blossom, 'but whatever you do, calk up fust. Here's my two plugs at your service.'

'Thank 'ee kindly. But our ears ain't just the same dimensions. I'll make two fresh ones.' Then he added, thrusting as he spoke the shoes and stockings along the bench towards his mate: 'Take them, and go to my house.'

'Well now,' observed Blossom, 'after all, it were an 'appy error, that there registerin' on Bank 'Oliday.'

''Twas so, mate, and an error as has been well righted.'

S. BARING-GOULD.

*OF SOME OF THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE
PRESERVATION OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS
IN PEKING.*

BY THE REV. ROLAND ALLEN,
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSION, PEKING.

No question is more frequently asked of those who have just left Peking than this: 'How did you manage to hold out?' and to no question is it more difficult to find an answer. It is well known that theoretically we had no adequate means of resistance to the Chinese attack, and that after the relief of Tientsin the military authorities in that place considered our position so hopeless that they gravely discussed the advisability of putting off any advance upon the capital until the beginning of September. It is not, however, so well known how great was the danger in which we stood before the actual siege began. For the defence of the Legations was only made possible by the presence in Peking of the foreign guards, and there was a time at which it seemed probable that the guards would be shut out and the foreign community left to face the coming assault alone. The guards actually entered Peking at nightfall on May 31. At that time I was in charge of the Anglican Mission in the west city, and kept a careful diary of events as they occurred and of the feeling in the city as it was represented to me by native servants and Christians.

For the past fortnight we had viewed with increasing anxiety the steady growth of Boxer influence in the city and the persistent rumours of danger which were bruited about the streets. Day by day the Christians came to me with the warning, 'This danger will not blow over'; and their actions gave weight to their words, for they all with one accord began to pack up their goods, pawn their valuables, and prepare for themselves places of retreat in case of a sudden emergency.

Meanwhile nothing was done by the Chinese Government to check the rising tide of disaffection beyond the issue of a few half-hearted edicts, which were received by the people with open derision.

Thus it was with a sickening feeling of disappointment that we heard on Sunday, May 27, that the Ministers had granted the

Chinese Government a week in which to quell the Boxer movement ; and when next day the report came in that Fêngt'ai station had been burnt, and the engineers driven away, we received the news with positive thankfulness. I remember well the delight of a young American with whom I discussed that event the next morning. 'We are saved,' he said. 'The ministers do nothing whilst only native Christians are murdered ; now the Boxers have touched the line, and they will be forced to move.' He was quite right. It was the burning of Fêngt'ai station which saved the situation and, as I believe, preserved us all from having our throats cut. For the foreign ministers at once took a strong attitude, ordered up the guards, and informed the Chinese Government that they would come peaceably if possible ; by force if peaceable entrance was denied them. The consequence was that after two days' shuffling and shilly-shallying the necessary permission was reluctantly given. But there was every motive to urge the Chinese to refuse permission, or, after permission given, to allow the Boxers to rise, or the Imperial soldiers to mutiny and attack the guards.

The country was up. After the burning of Fêngt'ai no one could any longer venture to believe that the movement would stop at the destruction of Christian chapels and the massacre of native Christians ; the Government was manifestly either on the side of the insurgents or at least half-hearted in opposition. The Court was bitterly affronted by the determination of the foreign ministers to force guards upon the city, and the common rumour that six of the Privy Council were resolved upon resistance at all hazards was probably not far from the truth ; the city itself was full of Boxers only waiting their hour to burn and plunder. The Imperial troops were widely disaffected ; many were openly in favour of supporting the Boxers, none were ready to restrain them from any anti-foreign violence. Tung fu hsiang, with his Kan su braves, occupied the Chinese city, and was ready for any opportunity of wreaking vengeance on the foreigner ; the number of soldiers which the ministers proposed to call up was so small as to ensure defeat in the event of any attack, whilst the threatened march up, viewed in the light of the disaster which afterwards befell Admiral Seymour's column, was obviously impossible. If, then, the Chinese had either refused to allow the guards to come up, or had declared themselves, as they did twenty days later, in favour of attack, the defence of the Legations would

have been rendered impossible, and the civilians in Peking would have been at their mercy.

This, then, was the condition of affairs when, on May 31, we heard that, instead of the 1,000 men whom we had before expected, only 330 were on the road, and that they had not started until 4.15 P.M., and consequently could not possibly get into the city before dusk. At 5 P.M. Tung fu hsiang's braves to the number of 6,000 were still encamped between the Ch'ien mên and the Yungting mên, and it was almost beyond reason to believe that they would suffer so small a number of men to march quietly through their midst unharmed, seeing that they were all bitterly anti-foreign and all well aware that nothing would give their chief greater pleasure than an attack upon the foreigners. It seemed more than possible either that the Yungting mên would be shut against the guards, if only for the night, or that in the wide open space between the Yungting mên and the Bridge of Heaven, where there was no cover of any sort, the Kan su braves might fall upon them. In either case, the failure of the guards to get through might have been the signal for the Boxers and city roughs to rise and attack the unprotected foreign houses. A glance at a plan of Peking will show that from the west to the east city there are but two roads—one under the south wall between the Ch'ien mên and the front gate of the Imperial city, the other round by the north wall of the Imperial city. In the event, then, of a sudden outbreak, foreigners living in the south-west would be hopelessly cut off from the foreign quarter in the south-east. To pass the Ch'ien mên, always a crowded thoroughfare, and in disturbed times like these naturally closely guarded, would be impossible; to go a long journey round by the north would take fully two hours, in times of excitement, when the streets are thronged, probably three, and at every step the foreigner would be liable to discovery. Consequently, on May 31 I felt anxious about the event, for the speech of the city was dangerous, and I sent people out into the Chinese city to bring me instant word of any trouble.

About 7 P.M. my nearest neighbour, Dr. Gilbert Reid, came in looking very troubled. He said that he had just returned from the east city, where he found the Legation Street crowded and the Ch'ien mên literally packed with people. The guards were not then in, and the common speech and attitude were threatening. He said that he had already prepared a place of refuge for his

wife and child in the house of a Chinese friend, and he urged me to make every preparation so as to be ready for any emergency. Happily I had before sent away the majority of our mission to the British Legation, and had only one foreigner, a deaconess, with me. By Dr. Reid's advice I warned the native Christians in the event of any outbreak to leave their houses, mingle with the crowd and gradually slip away to some place of hiding. For ourselves, we provided Chinese carts to wait at the back of the compound, proposing to drive about the quieter streets of the city all night, and in the morning seek the best way of escape either by the east or by the west to Tientsin. The carts were ready, the deaconess was disguised as an old Manchu woman, and we waited the result. Happily at eight one of our men ran in with the rumour that the troops had arrived, and half an hour later my boys came to report that they had seen them enter the city. About five Tung fu hsiang's braves had all been led outside the city to the south park, and at eight the foreign guards marched in.

The present danger was past. With many others, I was full of hopes that the presence of even so small a body of troops would overawe the populace, and that peace would be restored; but I was bitterly mistaken. Things within the city and without rapidly went from bad to worse. On June 4 the railway was finally torn up; on June 7 the telegraphic line to Tientsin was cut. Gradually the Boxers closed in upon us; all foreigners gathered together into the lines of defence. Then the Boxers began to burn all the unprotected foreign buildings, and skirmishes between the guards and the enemy were of daily occurrence. Finally, on June 19 the Tsungli Yamen sent us its ultimatum and the siege began in earnest. The only difference made by the arrival of the guards was that the defence of the Legations was rendered possible. Without the marines we should have been undefended; without the native Christians we should have been helpless against the peculiar form of attack which the Chinese now made upon us. We should have had no coolies, no messengers, no servants. The war was a war of barricades. When the relief force arrived they found our position surrounded with a perfect network of them built mainly of brick and earth. Night and day during the whole of the siege we were engaged upon this work, restoring, often by night, the defences which the Chinese cannon had destroyed in the day.

The northern position in Prince Su's palace was defended by

a long trench from three to five feet deep cut into the artificial hills of the pleasure-garden, and banked up high on the enemy's side. This trench connected the Japanese position on the east, which covered the rear of the French and Japanese Legations, with the Italian and British positions on the west, which held the wall on the east bank of the Imperial river and covered the whole east front of the British Legation so that men could pass from the Japanese to the British position in perfect security. In the Legation itself the eastern wall and part of the western was more than doubled in thickness and protected by a trench ten feet deep to prevent mining. On the north, the part of the Hanlin held by the British was guarded by a series of strong barricades, the outermost fitted with gun platforms, and the rest, one behind the other, covering every possible point of attack in case the enemy won their way through the first position. Later in the siege the strong position in the Mongol market taken by Von Strauch was similarly strengthened. Besides this, the American position on the Tartar wall was defended by a series of strong and high barricades built of great bricks, and the approach up the ramp defiladed to prevent sharpshooters picking off men as they changed watch. These works were of such magnitude, and involved such labour in construction, that they would have been absolutely impossible for the small foreign force, which was fully employed in keeping watch on stations thus provided for them. They were all built by native Christians working under the supervision, and generally with the manual aid, of missionaries.

Besides this, in the British Legation alone there were gathered together 473 foreigners without counting the marines. For so great a number it was necessary to have a large body of servants to make life bearable. This work also was performed by the Christian refugees. They acted as cooks, coolies, house-boys, washermen, scavengers; they even supplied us with a cobbler and a watchmender. They did anything and everything that was necessary. Without them we should have been in the direst straits. The ordinary staff of Legation servants would have been utterly inadequate to support the pressure of so great a multitude, and the ordinary staff of servants was no longer there.

Between June 11 and June 15 a large proportion of the servants deserted their masters on one pretext or another, and fled away to look after their own families. The great inrush of foreigners did not take place until the 20th, and the incomers brought with

them scarcely any servants at all. It was interesting to hear men who had served in Africa or India discussing this peculiarity of Chinese servants. No Indian or African 'boy,' they said, would think for a moment of deserting his master in time of need—the greater the peril, the closer and more faithful would he show himself; while the flight of Chinese servants is one of the signs for which the foreigner learns to watch as the sure prelude of evil at the door. This is indeed an interesting question, and one which needs a master for its proper handling. It can hardly be explained by the assumption that the Chinese are incapable of gratitude or loyalty, for that is a long-exploded fallacy; neither is it to be explained by their peculiar doctrine concerning filial piety, and the strong sense of family duty which certainly does bind them with peculiar strictness to their home. It can, I think, be explained only by the singular nature of the attack made upon foreigners. In China, to attack the foreigner means to attack everyone connected with him, and the attack extends not merely to the individual servant in foreign employ but to his whole household. In China, guilt lies not only at the door of the individual offender—it extends to every member of his family, and vengeance is sought not only upon the individual but upon his kinsfolk. Thus in the present instance the Chinese servants felt that, unless they were at home to look after their own families and provide for them some place of refuge, their nearest and dearest would be at the mercy of an enemy who knew no pity. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that they deserted, for every human feeling urged them to desert. But, be that as it may, desert they did; and if it had not been for the presence of the Christians the Legations would have been in evil plight.

It is a curious and interesting thing, when we remember the large part that these people played in the salvation of the foreigners in Peking, to consider the way in which they were collected together. There were in all within the defended lines nearly 4,000 Christians. Not one of these was brought in by the counsel of the ministers, and the larger half came without even the counsel of their pastors. When we first began to think that retreat to the Legations would be necessary, the orders given to us were that no Christians could be received, and this order was repeated again and again to the Protestant missionaries who defended their Christians in the Hsiao shun Hu t'ung. But on

June 15, mainly by the exertions of Dr. Morrison, the 'Times' correspondent, and Mr. Huberty James, one of the professors in the Imperial University, a party of soldiers was sent out to the west city to rescue the Roman Catholics who, as we heard, were being massacred by the Boxers near the south cathedral. This party brought in during the day a large number of Christians, one convoy containing nearly 300. These were settled in Prince Su's palace; and in the course of the next twenty-four hours others came in gradually in small parties till the number amounted to about 2,000. Some were wounded more or less severely, some were sick, all were destitute; and they were tended and fed by Dr. Morrison and his helpers until the siege began in real earnest and their presence became not only a necessity but a cause for thankfulness. They thus did us a double service: they provided us with coolies and they forced upon us the occupation of Prince Su's palace, which, after the burning of the Austrian Legation and the customs buildings, became one of the keys of the strategic position. The rest, who numbered about 1,700, had been gathered into the great compound in the Hsiao shun Hu t'ung which belonged to the American Methodists. Into that place all the American missionaries had collected, and there they had erected fortifications of the most elaborate and ingenious construction, intending to hold it with the aid of a small guard of American marines against the Boxers.

But when on June 20 the condition of affairs changed, and it became a war not against Boxers only but against the Imperial troops, the lines of defence were closed in and the American guard withdrawn. They had thus no choice but to leave their own compound and join the rest of the allies within the lines. The missionaries came into the British Legation, and the native Christians were settled in Su's palace. These American missionaries and their converts did us the most signal service. The organisation of the community was largely due to Mr. Tewkesbury; the arduous task of fortifying the Legation was laid upon Mr. Gamewell. Coming from their own strongly fortified position, they were surprised to find the Legation without defences of any sort. But Mr. Gamewell at once put himself at the service of the military commanders, and proceeded to construct the fortifications of which we were afterwards so proud. Worn out as he was with the incessant labour which he had endured in the Hsiao shun Hu t'ung compound, he began again, and laboured through-

out the entire siege with an untiring zeal. Sick or well, he was everywhere, personally watching over every part of his work with a marvellous activity which really earned for him the clever nickname, with which Dr. Arthur Smith¹ dubbed him, of 'Limited Omnipresence.' The manual labour was done by the missionaries under him, supported by gangs of Christians. These men knew that they were working to defend their own lives as well as ours, and they worked night and day. Some few of them showed the most conspicuous courage under fire; nearly all of them laboured hard and cheerfully when led; a few shirked. But it must always be remembered that amongst these coolies were many men who had been employed as teachers, preachers, doctors' assistants, and in other positions of trust, and were consequently unused to manual labour of any kind, still less to the incessant hard labour which they were expected to endure in our service. I have seen a man fall sick over his spade; I have seen men worn out with toil lie down in the trenches and on the instant fall so fast asleep that it was difficult to awaken them even with blows. But the work which they accomplished was one of the prime causes of the salvation of the Legations.

Thus protected, there were within the defended area 473 civilians, 350 marines, and nearly 4,000 natives. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been impossible to feed such a multitude even for a week; yet, so far from feeling the extreme pinch of famine, we enjoyed throughout the two months of our siege abundance of the necessities of life. It is true that the Roman Catholic Christians in Su's palace were reduced to feeding upon dog's flesh and a coarse cake made of bran and straw mixed with a little meal; and that in the British Legation itself certain commodities, especially fresh fruit and vegetables, milk and eggs, were so scarce that an egg was often divided between two sick people, and even the hospital was unable to supply the wounded and sick with milk; but the general abundance is proved by the fact that not until the last days of July was it felt necessary to order each household to send in to headquarters a list of its supplies, and even then the list only referred to white flour (foreign), sugar, tea, and rice. This happy result was due, not to any kindly generosity on the part of the Chinese Government, but to the fact that within the defended area we were fortunate enough to find large and unexpected stores.

¹ The well known author of *Chinese Characteristics*.

When we first took refuge in the Legation we were ordered to carry with us provisions for a fortnight, the longest time which it was conceived possible that the siege could last before relief arrived from Tientsin. Thus each new arrival brought in a certain amount of food, and each mess kept its own store throughout the siege. But that would have been utterly inadequate for the support of the community during the two months in which for practical purposes we received no supplies from outside, and private stores had to be supplemented by large additions from the common stock, which dealt out liberal rations daily. This common stock was gathered in during the morning of June 20 and in the quieter intervals of the next few days, and was subsequently increased by additions found in the immediate surroundings of the Legation. No one, however, could have anticipated that we should find such large stores of food in the defended area. This extended along the Legation street from the American Legation on the west to the French Legation on the east. Next door to the American Legation on the west was one of the foreign stores, which was subsequently burnt; but it was not burnt until its entire supply of food was safely within the Legation walls. Further east, between the Japanese and the French Legations, were situated the two other foreign stores, and the whole of their contents was preserved.

These latter supplies were not large, but they gave us a considerable quantity of tinned meat, preserved fruit, tea, and coffee, and abundance of wine of all sorts, together with an adequate amount of aerated water. The necessities of life—rice, flour, and meat—were found in Chinese stores and the stables of the community. When we first began to collect, we found in the Legation street a large Chinese grain-shop which had been replenished only a few days before, and contained many thousand bushels of the best wheat. This was all brought into the Legation, together with three large grinding-mills, and not only provided all our wants during the siege, but left a surplus sufficient to have lasted for at least another month. For fresh meat we were wholly dependent upon the ponies and mules belonging to the foreign community. On June 20, it is true that we brought in a small flock of sheep and a few cows, but these were reserved for women and the sick, and were generally in such poor condition that in the opinion of most people pony-meat was infinitely preferable.

The number of ponies and mules brought in at the beginning of the siege was very great—greater indeed than it was possible for us to keep alive—and in consequence many were lost or driven away, and it would have been utterly impossible to keep more than a very few if we had not discovered within the lines a large Chinese shop full of fodder, which was afterwards supplemented by smaller quantities found in some of the houses between the British and Russian Legations. Thanks to these supplies, we kept enough ponies and mules in condition to feed us liberally with good fresh meat to the end, and when the relief arrived we had still some half-dozen ponies and mules left. In addition we found large quantities of rice, which formed a standing dish at nearly every meal, and one of which most of us got heartily sick. Thus, though we often lacked many of the commodities which make eating a pleasure, and the want of potatoes, fresh vegetables and fruit, milk, eggs, and chickens told hardly upon the babies and the weakly, many of whom suffered a good deal, yet the healthy appetite, whetted by manual labour, was never at a loss for the wherewithal to satisfy its legitimate demands.

One of the reasons which made the British rather than any other Legation the natural stronghold of the besieged was its splendid water-supply. In Peking there is always plenty of water. In nearly every part of the city it is found a few feet below the surface, and wells abound ; but nearly all of it is bitter, and most of it is dangerously impure, so that a fresh-water well is considered a source of revenue. In the British Legation there were no less than five wells of good drinking-water, and two others, large and deep, the water from which could be used for washing. Thus, though at first they were measured day by day with some little anxiety, and baths were forbidden, yet, in spite of the fact that a large quantity of water was used in extinguishing fires, and that the expenditure for household purposes tended to grow more lavish as time went on, the amount in the wells, refreshed by occasional storms of rain, rather increased than diminished, and the community suffered no lack. It is truly astonishing how fully every need of the besieged was supplied without any special preparation, without any forethought on their part. What in most cases is provided by men for themselves with the most painstaking care was for us found ready to hand as we needed it. If we had expected a long siege a month beforehand, and had had every facility for providing ourselves with stores, we might

indeed have had more luxuries, but we could not have been in less danger of real famine.

If the British Legation was naturally adapted by the magnificence of its water-supply to be the stronghold upon which the allies were to retire in case of emergency, it was also the only Legation large enough to contain the entire foreign community. There were actually within its walls on August 1 some 883 people, Chinese and foreigners, men, women, and children; and if we had been driven out, the natural place of retreat would have been, not one of the other Legations, but the palace of Prince Su. As a defensible position, however, it had several very weak spots. One of the most dangerous modes of attack which the Chinese could employ was fire, and in three places the Legation was peculiarly liable to that danger. On the west side there was a collection of Chinese houses close against the Legation wall, at a place where the outbuildings of the Chinese Secretary's house actually touched it. In the south-west corner there were Chinese buildings close up to the stables, and if the latter had once caught fire the whole of that quarter must have been demolished. In the north the great halls of the Hanlin college and library were close to the back of the students' quarters, the Minister's stables, and the servants' outbuildings. On each of these points in rapid succession the enemy made an assault.

The organised attack of the Chinese troops began on June 20. For the past few days the wind had been S.S.E., but on Friday, June 22, a west breeze sprang up, and they managed to set fire to the buildings behind the Chinese Secretary's house. In one of the courtyards close up to the wall was a wooden scaffolding or p'êng, such as the Chinese use in the summer to make a mat shed over their yards to shelter them from the sun. This we had allowed to remain standing, and by it the enemy found an easy means of setting the whole place in a blaze. At that time the community was scarcely organised, and the fire committee was not yet generally recognised; the largest of our two hand-pumps refused to work, no one knew who was in command, and orders were issued by anyone who had a mind to give them. The wildest confusion prevailed, and the disturbance which everywhere attends a fire was here increased by the incessant cracking of the rifles. Some men fell upon the servants' quarters, which adjoined the wall, and tore down every visible piece of woodwork—doors and window-sashes; others rushed into the house itself and swept everything

portable out into the garden. Curtains, pictures, books, furniture were snatched violently from their places; even the matting on the floors was crumpled up, and the whole bundled unceremoniously out. In five minutes the house presented the appearance of having been looted by Boxers. Happily it was all quite unnecessary: the wind was light, the volunteer firemen, with the aid of the small hose and strings of buckets, kept the fire from encroaching on our side the wall, and gradually the danger passed away.

That first attempt brought home to us the truth that until the buildings nearest to us were destroyed we lay under continual danger of disaster, and we immediately set to work on the south-west corner to pull down some of the most dangerous buildings, especially a small temple which lay just under the south corner of the stables. The Hanlin we hoped was safe. In it was stored the first library in the kingdom, and the place was in Chinese eyes almost sacred. For us to have burnt it would have been an act of aggression against the Imperial Majesty such as we shrank from committing; for the Boxers to fire it without direct orders from the throne would have been an act of insurrection such as would have merited, and under ordinary circumstances would have received, condign punishment. Indeed, before the act was committed it would have been deemed absurd, not to say impossible.

Nevertheless, the Chinese in this instance, as in so many others during the siege, falsified all calculations based on earlier precedent. We ourselves were so uneasy about their presence in the Hanlin that we had already resolved to send in a party of marines to clear the place, when they anticipated us by an hour and set it on fire. There was a strong north wind blowing at the time, and the danger to the Legation was for a while very great. People even began to discuss the best means of retreat in case Sir Claude Macdonald's house was burnt. Everyone in the Legation turned out to fight the fire. We had to defend the whole north wall of the Legation, the greatest danger being at the students' quarters and the Minister's stables. We sent in a party of marines, who seized and held the great hall behind the students' quarters; we exerted all our efforts to keep the water-supply plentiful. Still all our labour might have been in vain had not the wind changed. With this powerful assistance the fire was gradually overcome, but the whole of the beautiful Hanlin compound, only excepting the one great hall which we held, was utterly destroyed

and the library completely lost. When I went up there in the evening the fire was still burning, making a vast red glare against the deep blue of the Chinese evening sky, and one great tree which remained standing in the courtyard, stripped of all foliage, stretched out its bare arms to heaven burning with no flame but with a hollow translucent glow as if it had been cut out of a living ruby. The remnants of the library were scattered over the ground or trampled into the mire, and the great dictionary of Yung Lo was soaking in the ornamental pool in front of the smaller library. It was a sight to move pity even in the hearts of those who had been saved by the destruction.

At the third point of danger, the south stables, as I have already remarked, we had made some preparation, and in another day or two we should doubtless have had the place safe. The enemy, therefore, made their attack next day, Sunday, June 24, about 10 A.M. Again they were tempted by a favourable westerly breeze, and again the wind changed, and all danger of fire was over at one o'clock. For a time, however, we were in serious danger. There was hard by the house in the stable-yard a large door in the west wall, leading into the Mongol market. If this had fallen the enemy would have been able to fire from their loopholes on the other side of the market straight into the Legation, even if they had not been tempted to charge. Round this door the battle raged. On our side volunteers, amongst whom it would be invidious to mention names, were pulling down the adjacent stables and building up against the door, then actually on fire, a huge brick barricade. On their side the enemy advanced right up to our wall, coolly set up their flag, and poured upon us an incessant rain of bullets through the burning houses.

It was to drive out these troops that the British marines, led by Captain Halliday, made a sortie through a breach in the wall a little to the north. In this sortie Captain Halliday fell seriously wounded in the shoulder, and one of the marines received a wound in the groin from which he subsequently died. But, thanks to their courage, the enemy were driven back, and the volunteers inside the Legation, aided by the wind, kept out the fire. Before nightfall the gate was supported by brickwork six or eight feet thick. Thus within three days the enemy had done for us what we must otherwise have done more slowly ourselves, and one of the great dangers which beset us was removed. After

this last fire there remained no buildings outside the Legation near enough to cause us any real anxiety, and, indeed, after June 24 until the day of our relief we suffered no further alarm on that score. The enemy might have attempted to burn one of our principal buildings by means of fireballs or fire-arrows, and they succeeded in thus demolishing a large part of Prince Su's palace, and in driving the native Christians out of the northern part of that compound, but they never attempted it in the British Legation, or, if they attempted it, they failed so completely that they did not even arouse our alarms. We did indeed often see fireballs thrown up in the Hanlin, but they never came near us, and we generally supposed that they were merely intended as signals.

Nevertheless, though danger of fire was removed, yet our position was a sufficiently perilous one. The enemy held the Imperial palace wall on our north, the Tartar wall from the Ch'ien mên to the American Legation on our south, the Mongol market and the carriage park on our west, and the northern part of Su's palace on the east. From the palace wall they commanded the whole Legation at a distance of about 300 yards, and there they constructed a huge platform forty feet long, fitted in front with iron doors, behind which they prepared their guns in perfect security. After the siege was over I went up on to this platform, and then for the first time I realised how great our danger had been. The ground between the wall and the Legation was cleared by the burning of the Hanlin. Straight in front, in full view, was the roof of the students' quarters, and behind that, amidst the trees of the Legation, were the chimneys of the different houses clearly visible, whilst the roofs of some of the higher buildings showed their entire length. With a good gun it seemed as if one could in a moment reduce that Legation to the condition of ruin in which the Hanlin lay at one's feet, whilst the other Legations were visible a little farther off, and a clever gunner could have trained his weapon with absolute certainty on any one of the principal buildings. If one of us civilians had stood on that platform during the siege he would have said, 'The game is up. The Legation cannot hold out for twenty-four hours.'

From the Ch'ien mên, again, the enemy could have shelled the whole quarter occupied by the foreigners. The actual buildings of some of the Legations were not so conspicuous as they were from the palace wall, but the position of them was perfectly clear, and it would have been possible to do almost as much

damage from that station as from the other. The top of the wall was fifty feet above the city level, whilst if one took the trouble to ascend the gate tower, another fifty feet, one would have a bird's-eye view of the whole city. From that position the enemy could have shelled us in perfect security, for their barricades facing the American guard on the wall were well built and strongly manned, and could only have been taken at fearful cost.

In the Mongol market, after the burning of the houses on our side of the open space where the Mongols pitch their winter tents, the enemy had an uninterrupted view of the south stables. They loopholed the walls of the houses on their side and poured in a continual rifle-fire upon the stable-house which rendered it dangerous to approach any of the windows; and on June 28 they mounted a gun behind a barricade at a distance of about 100 yards and proceeded to shell the house. They put four shells in succession through the walls of the upper story, driving out the guard and reducing the house to the verge of collapse. Then they fired at the charred remnants of the gate which we had so carefully supported, and, finding that they could make no impression upon it, they ceased and removed the gun. It was fortunate for us that they did not attack the wall on either side of the gate, for we had not then strengthened it, and they could easily have breached it and thus made for themselves an open way into the Legation.

Of the importance of the position in Su's palace I have already spoken. Its capture would not only have laid open the rear of the Spanish, Japanese, and French Legations, but would also have given the enemy complete command of the whole east front of the British Legation. The Imperial river comes out from under the Imperial city wall and flows due south under the bridge of the Legation street through the Tartar city wall, by what is now called the 'water gate,' into the moat. On the east side is the high wall of Su's palace, on the west the parallel wall of the British Legation with its great gate in the centre. These two walls are thus about fifty paces apart, and in dry weather, or when it pleases the sluice-keeper in the palace, the river-bed is dry. If the enemy had taken the wall of Su's palace, they could have mounted a gun and breached the Legation wall, or marched up the river-bed under cover of fire from that position. They captured half of Su's palace; they had a gun there with which to destroy our barricades, and they might without any very great loss have

captured the rest. From any one, then, of these four positions they might have made a successful attack at any time during the siege; from two of them they could have destroyed us without our being able to strike a blow.

It is difficult now to discover exactly what guns the enemy actually had during the siege; we were only conscious of the use of three or four, which they continually moved from place to place, and these for the most part they served very badly. They fired high, from the palace wall over into the Chinese city, from the Ch'ien mén into the east city; they fired ill-fitting shells, which travelled slowly with a peculiar irregular buzz like that of an ill-made humming-top; they fired false shells filled with white lime or some such substance; they used ancient cannon which presented us with a fine collection of old iron round-shot; finally, so soon as they got the range and were really doing us serious damage, they ceased firing, and carried off their gun to take up another position. Even with the use which they did make of their guns, if they had followed up their advantage they could certainly have inflicted upon us serious loss. In Su's grounds they shelled one of our barricades, forced us to retire, and occupied it themselves before morning without the loss of a man. In the south stables they were within an ace of breaching the wall. During the early days of the siege they could have blown down the west wall at any point, and opened a path into the heart of the Legation. Why they did not do so it is extremely difficult to explain. It was probably due partly to dissensions amongst their leaders, partly to fear. I suppose that Prince Ch'ing and the commanders more immediately under his influence were not anxious to make any vigorous attack, and divided counsels in court and camp led to half-hearted action in the field. It is certain that the troops were inspired with a strange fear of us.

When we went out to view the city after the relief, we found their barricades in the Legation street built one behind the other as though the enemy had been the attacked and we the attacking force and they had been compelled to provide themselves with a place of retreat in case we had driven them back. This fear did not impel them to flight when we did go out against them; for the sorties which we made in the hope of capturing their guns ended in dismal failure, but it prevented them from coming in to us. It is true that they did twice break into our lines—once at the very beginning of the siege when the Japanese in Su's palace

grounds led them into a trap and inflicted upon them some loss ; and later, on July 13, when they made the last serious attack, exploding their mine in the French Legation. A party of them then succeeded in taking the German barricade, and rushed down the road under the Tartar wall till they were finally driven back by the Americans and Germans with a loss of forty men. But for the rest of the time they never once attempted to charge or to follow up in any way the success of their guns. On the very night of the great attack on the French Legation they allowed us to build up in Prince Su's grounds a barricade which they had shelled during the day, and which we could not have held for a moment against a determined assault. The night before that the Italians, who covered the right flank of the British position in that place, retired before their fire, and if they had rushed in they would not only have met with no resistance, but would have taken the British in the rear and cut off their retreat. However, they were afraid. This fear was due partly to a well-grounded dread of meeting the foreigner at close quarters, partly to an empty superstition.

The great majority of the soldiers, and all the Boxers who attacked us, had never met a foe armed with foreign weapons before, and they were quite unprepared for the furious and deadly resistance which they actually encountered. They no doubt expected to wipe out the foreigners in a few days, and as time went on, and the defence grew stronger rather than weaker, they became discouraged. The attack on the north cathedral in the city failed, the attack on Tientsin failed, and men and guns were withdrawn from the city to meet the expected advance of the Allies. The soldiers grew weary, discontented, and dispirited. Boxer magic failed ; the Boxers fell before foreign bullets like ordinary mortals ; the spirit warriors did not descend from heaven to aid them ; the gods were plainly unable or unwilling to help them against the foreigner's arts. In ordinary times of peace the Chinese believes that many things done by the foreigners are accomplished by some secret 'medicine.' He sees huge blocks of stone created out of a little dust ; he sees carriages travel at amazing speed without visible means of propulsion ; or he hears of these marvels and of others still more fabulous, some monstrous and absurd. It is all one to him. If one is true, all may be true: What further miracles the foreigner can perform, what subtle and unspeakable means he has at his command to afflict mankind and

avenge him on his foes, the Chinese can only guess, and he is consequently afraid. I should not be in the least surprised if the report went round the Chinese camp on the night of June 28 that the besieged had by magic prevented the Chinese gun from knocking down a half-burnt tottering wooden gate. Whatever the cause, the Chinese were held back by this fear from direct assault, and their ranks were gradually thinned by desertion.

Thus, deprived of their most formidable weapons of attack, they had to fall back upon those more secret and laborious methods which seem peculiarly suited to the Chinese character—approach by barricades and mines. On the Tartar wall, in the Mongol market, in the Hanlin, and in Su's palace grounds, they succeeded in working their way to within a few paces of our position, so that it was not uncommon for the opposing forces to pelt one another with broken brick, and we at one time attempted to burst their sandbags by throwing vitriol upon them, whilst at quiet intervals each party could hear the orders given in the other's quarters, or sit quietly listening to the chink-chink of brick laid upon brick. The Chinese built splendid barricades with the most wonderful speed and silence. On the Tartar wall they one night raised a new barricade within a few feet of the American position. The night was dark, and the sentry said that he noticed nothing until he saw a row of large bricks about a foot and a half high close up to him, which grew brick by brick under his eyes. He saw no enemy—he saw nothing but bricks rising up one upon the other. In the morning there was a new barricade eight or ten feet high. But when the enemy could make no use of the position thus gained it mattered little. Day after day and night after night our men squatted behind their barricades whilst the enemy poured in a continual rain of bullets. The only danger was in approaching the loopholes, for the Chinese had a few crack marksmen who seemed to make certain of hitting a loophole, and consequently the number of men wounded whilst on watch was considerable. For the rest, the perpetual night attacks and incessant rifle-fire seemed rather intended to keep us on the alert and to wear out our nerves than to do actual damage, for the shooting was generally very wild, high over the Legation buildings, and nearly all the people wounded in the open spaces of the Legation were hit by ricochet bullets.

More serious was the danger of mines. At these, as at barricades, the Chinese worked swiftly and silently, but happily

for us they did not make any attempt until late in the siege, and only one of their mining ventures was brought to a successful issue. On Friday, July 13, they exploded a mine in the French Legation, and blew down one of the houses, but no one was killed ; only two men were wounded, and the French succeeded in holding the rest of their Legation. A mine which they dug under the students' mess-room in the British Legation at the end of the siege might have had far more serious results. I have already mentioned that all down the inside of the west wall of the Legation we had dug a deep trench to cut any mine attempted by the enemy. There was, however, one place where the trench ceased just behind the students' mess-room, because there was the students' kitchen. On the other side of the wall was one of the great halls in which the Imperial sedans and carriages were kept. The enemy began their mine in the floor of this hall, and, either by chance or treachery, struck upon this one spot where our trench ceased. The mine was finished, the fuse was laid, the powder was ready at the head of the mine ; all that remained to do was to carry the powder to the end of the passage and fire the fuse. When the relief force arrived on August 14, one of the first works which the Sikhs undertook was the clearing of the carriage park. They found in it only five men, whom we at first supposed to be sharpshooters ; but afterwards, when the soldiers came to occupy the great halls, they discovered this large mine, and it was then concluded that those five men had remained in the park intending to explode the mine that night. It was, indeed, a happy escape ; for in the ground-floor of the mined building all the students messed and many of them slept, and in the upper story there was a guard. Consequently the explosion of the mine at an opportune moment would not only have breached the carriage-park wall and wrecked the building, but would have also involved a large body of the fighting men in the ruins. The failure of the enemy to fire that mine remains, and must remain for the present, an unexplained mystery.

On the Tartar wall we found the beginning of another mine, but it had not proceeded more than a few feet. In all this we were singularly fortunate. A danger which might have been most serious, and against which we had for nearly half the time of the siege made no adequate preparation, passed by us. In the Roman Catholic cathedral in the north, which was defended by the French Fathers, with the aid of a few marines and a host of

native Christians, the explosion of a mine resulted in great loss of life.

One other danger beset us—the danger of epidemic disease. From this, too, we were wonderfully preserved. In the season when Peking is most unhealthy, when all women and children, and those men who can escape, usually flee away to the hills or the seaside, or at least go out at frequent intervals for a breath of fresh air, when malaria is rampant and typhoid and cholera abound, 883 people were cooped up in a space 300 yards long by 100 wide, whole Legations crowded into houses built for a single family, whole families into the rooms provided for a single student, seventy people living in a chapel seated for scarcely fifty. With the naturally pestilential air of Peking rendered fiftyfold worse by the stench of rotting horses and mules, with individual cases of scarlet fever, typhoid, dysentery, and malaria in the compound, whilst in the next compound and the neighbouring houses were collected 3,000 or 4,000 Chinese refugees, amongst whom were cases of small-pox and measles—there was yet no outbreak of any epidemic. Several causes combined to bring about that unusual and unexpected result, but none by itself, nor all taken together, can really *explain* it.

In the first place, the nature of the food provided for us probably conduced greatly to the health of the community. Siege diet was of course hard upon babies, but children old enough to run about thrived on it; and for grown men, though nearly all lost pounds and stones in weight, yet the loss in weight did not seem to entail a corresponding loss in strength. The food was such as to satisfy hunger without tempting to excess, and there was no ‘cholera food,’ and so we escaped one of the greatest dangers which the hot weather brings to Europeans. Moreover, the summer was this year exceptionally mild, and at a time when the heat is usually most intense we were often glad of a blanket at night. We did, indeed, suffer a few very hot days and nights, when even a sheet seemed intolerable, but the great heat never lasted for many days at one time, cool breezes and showers relieving the strain, so that it was a matter of universal comment amongst those who had lived a few years in North China that we had seldom or never passed through a hot season with so little discomfort.

Another cause of the general healthiness was doubtless the unceasing employment which kept every one busy and made most

people properly hungry. Nearly every able-bodied man was hard at work during the whole siege, building, digging, keeping watch, filling and carting sandbags, or at some such wholesome labour. The provision of sandbags, of which we turned out a vast quantity, kept a whole army busy. All day the women-folk were sewing and filling these indispensable means of defence. It was often difficult to supply material fast enough for the sewing people, or for the sewing people to satisfy the insistent demands of the diggers, or for the diggers to keep up with the carters, or the carters with the demands of the builders. Men, women, and children all turned out to fill sandbags. In the same pit were Greek priests with their cassocks tied round their waists and their hair twisted into a knot, ladies, and coolies. Children, foreign and Chinese, ran to and fro with rickishas piled with bags, thinking it the greatest fun until they were tired. Sandbag making and filling was the one unceasing occupation; after handing water-buckets at a fire, or keeping a watch, or building a wall, if any one was in search of something to do there was always the useful employment of filling sandbags. The weakest could hold bags for the digger, the strongest could weary himself with a long spell of digging. So it came to pass that most people were hungry at mealtime and sleepy at bedtime. Then for leisure hours there was a good supply of books. The Chinese secretary, Mr. Cockburn, had a small but amazingly catholic library. This he threw open to the common use, and the multitude used his liberality to the full.

Throughout the siege none fell sick for want of something better to do, or melancholy for want of something to think about. The consequence was that the spirits of the community, as a whole, were very good. Scarcely any lost heart, or if they did they concealed it. We were always expecting to be relieved in a few days, and we always had some fresh proof that the relief was close at hand. It would be wearisome here to recount all the rumours and arguments which went on every day about this one subject. My diary is full of them from one end to the other. Of course many of these rumours and reports were vain and worthless, but they all tended to keep up people's spirits, and we received at suitable intervals messages from Tientsin, some most provoking, but all sufficient to cause expectation and excitement. Towards the end of the siege, moreover, Colonel Shiba employed a soldier in the bodyguard of Jung Lu to bring him news, and this

man provided us with a complete history of the march of an imaginary relief force supposed to have left Tientsin on July 21, and led on with suitable victories by comfortable stages to within seventeen miles of the city. The force was said to have reached that last stage on July 30, and then the poor man, being in straits to explain why it did not appear, defeated it and forced it to retire two stages. It was frequently remarked by the wise that the man was well worth his money, because, though his story was a mass of lies, yet it helped to keep up the spirits of the besieged at a time when the strain was most heavily felt. And happily the false story was not ended before the true story began, so that the reaction and disgust which might otherwise have depressed us were scarcely felt.

Of the real causes for anxiety, of the facts which might have led even the stoutest-hearted to despair, we were happily ignorant. Of the counsels of the commanders in Tientsin to put off the relief until after the end of August we knew nothing. On July 28 we received a letter from the British Consul at Tientsin which exasperated us all because it did not inform us of the date at which we might expect relief, and we all said many hard things about its author in consequence; but at least it hid from us the truth, and for that we have since learnt to be duly grateful. Again, few of us realised the strength of the enemy's position until we walked round the city after we had been relieved, and none of us had any idea of the resources at the enemy's command. Because the Chinese fired ill-fitting shells and gingal bullets, we supposed them to be short of ammunition; because we were only conscious of two or three guns we imagined that they had no more. About the mine in the carriage park, moreover, in spite of the persistent assertion of some of the men that they heard the enemy working in that quarter, we were very sceptical; only in the conviction that the enemy would not dare to charge home, or that if they did break in they would be heartily glad to get out again, was our confidence well based. But that confidence, based on solid or on hollow grounds, was undoubtedly a source of strength to us, and tended to the preservation of the community.

These, then, were some of the causes by which we were saved from serious disaster. It is abundantly clear from what has been said that we were saved, not by what we did for ourselves so much as by what the Chinese refrained from doing; not so much by our own foresight as by an unexpected combination of circum-

stances over which we had little or no control. All things seemed to work together for our salvation. Intrigues in the palace, wind and weather, the thoughtful care of good men for the native Christians, the rash impulses of the Boxers which disclosed the plot against us before its time, the private arrangements of Chinese shopkeepers, the superstitions of the ignorant, the rivalry of the Allies—all these combined to save us. Some men say we had extraordinary luck. But they are not the wise.

Arima : September 27, 1900.

THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY.

HUSH Thee, hush Thee, little Son,
Dearest and divinest One :
Thine are all the untamed herds
That upon the mountain go,
Thine are all the timid birds,
Thine the thunders and the snow.

Cry not so. Husho, my dear !
Thunder shall not come Thee near
While its roar shall frighten Thee.
Mother holds Thee safe and warm ;
Thou shalt walk upon the sea
And cry 'Peace' unto the storm.

Thou shalt take the souls of men
In Thine hand, as I a wren.
But not yet, not yet, my Son.
Thou art still a babe asleep ;
All Thy glories are un-won,
All mine own Thou art to keep.

Some day I shall see Thee stand
King and Lord of every land,
Now I feed Thee at my breast,
And delight to feel Thee near.
Some day——Ah ! this time is best.
Hush Thee, hush Thee, Babe most dear !

NORA HOPPER.

*CHARLOTTE BRONTË.*¹

BY GEORGE M. SMITH.

THE ten years from 1840 to 1850 were a very eventful decade to me. In 1844 my father fell into ill health, and went to live at Box Hill near Dorking, where he died in August 1846. Mr. Elder had never taken a leading part in the business, and when my father's health broke down the general management to a great extent fell on me. At this time I was twenty years of age. In the year 1845 we had to face the fact that my father's condition was hopeless, and he retired from the firm. Mr. Elder deciding to retire at the same time, a new partnership was constituted by the remaining partner (whose name I prefer not to mention) and myself. The partnership lasted only about two years, after which time I was under the painful necessity of dissolving it. The entire control of the business now fell upon my rather youthful shoulders. My condition was a very anxious one: nearly every penny my father possessed had been invested in the business; the provision for my mother and my young brothers and sisters was absolutely dependent on its success; and although the business was a profitable one, I had the gravest reasons for anxiety as to its financial position, which had been cruelly undermined. It will be seen that the situation was one to bring out whatever there was in me, and I worked with all the intensity and zeal of which I was capable. The work I got through may be described as enormous. In addition to my previous responsibilities, I had to take in hand the Indian and Colonial correspondence, of which my partner had previously been in charge. This work was, of course, more difficult for me at first, as the details of it were new, but I quickly mastered it. I must in those days have had great powers of endurance; the correspondence was heavy, the letters were often both very long and very important; I used to dictate to a clerk while two others were occupied in copying. It was a common thing for me and many of the clerks to work until three or four o'clock in the morning, and occasionally, when there was but a short interval between the

¹ Copyright 1900 by George M. Smith in the United States of America.]

arrival and departure of the Indian mails, I used to start work at nine o'clock of one morning, and neither leave my room nor cease dictating until seven o'clock the next evening, when the mail was despatched. During these thirty-two hours of continuous work I was supported by mutton-chops and green tea at stated intervals. I believe I maintained my health by active exercise on foot and horseback, and by being able after these excessive stretches of work to sleep soundly for many hours; on these occasions I generally got to bed at about eleven, and slept till three or four o'clock the next afternoon.

Happily for me my mother removed to London shortly after my father's death, and I had the advantage of her daily support and sympathy. Naturally, the hard work was not the worst for me; the continuous anxiety and sense of responsibility from which I had to suffer were even more crushing. Had it not been that I had in my mother a woman of the most indomitable courage, I do not believe that I could have sustained the combined stress of anxiety and work. My mother's cheerful spirit never forsook her: in looking back I can see that she devoted herself to sustaining my courage; she even made fun of our perilous position. On one Sunday, when I was unusually depressed, she took me for a walk in Kensington Gardens; a more wretched creature than I felt, and I suppose looked, when we started for our walk could hardly be imagined, but my mother had evidently set her heart on cheering me. She had some gift of mimicry, and she drew such a humorous picture of the result of our utter ruin, when she expressed her intention, if the worst came, of having a Berlin wool shop in the Edgware Road, and so admirably mimicked one of my sisters—who was regarded in the family as having rather a taste for display—serving behind the counter, that I could not restrain my laughter, and returned home in a different and more hopeful condition of mind.

At this time I was unable to give much attention to the publishing business, but the firm produced some books of importance, and if these unpretentious jottings are found interesting by the readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, I may possibly ask the editor to give his consideration to a few of my reminiscences of their authors and of other writers whom I have known subsequently. Meanwhile I propose to devote the present paper to some recollections of a writer whose personality, as well as, or even more than, her literary gifts, was always peculiarly interesting to me.

In July 1847 a parcel containing a MS. reached our office addressed to the firm, but bearing also the scored-out addresses of three or four other publishing houses; showing that the parcel had been previously submitted to other publishers. This was not calculated to prepossess us in favour of the MS. It was clear that we were offered what had been already rejected elsewhere.

The parcel contained the MS. of 'The Professor,' by 'Currer Bell,' a book which was published after Charlotte Brontë's death. Mr. Williams, the 'reader' to the firm, read the MS., and said that it evinced great literary power, but he had doubts as to its being successful as a publication. We decided that he should write to 'Currer Bell' a letter of appreciative criticism declining the work, but expressing an opinion that he could produce a book which would command success. Before, however, our letter was despatched, there came a letter from 'Currer Bell' containing a postage-stamp for our reply, it having been hinted to the writer by 'an experienced friend' that publishers often refrained from answering communications unless a postage-stamp was furnished for the purpose! Charlotte Brontë herself has described the effect our letter had on her:

As a forlorn hope, he tried one publishing house more. Ere long, in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught him to calculate, there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary anticipation of finding two hard hopeless lines, intimating that 'Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. were not disposed to publish the MS.,' and, instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done. It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

The writer of this letter was, as I have said, Mr. W. Smith Williams, and his name appears so frequently in all accounts of the Brontë family that a brief mention of his relations with Smith, Elder, & Co. may be interesting.

When I first came into control of the business I felt the necessity of getting efficient assistance in the publishing department. A happy accident gave me the man I sought. The accounts of the firm had fallen into some confusion in consequence of my father's illness. Mr. Elder, who, on my father's breakdown, had taken charge of them, was but a poor accountant. Among the first tasks to which I devoted myself was that of bringing the accounts into order. An account with the lithographers who

had printed the illustrations for Darwin's 'Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*,' and for other books of smaller magnitude, was in an almost hopeless state of confusion. It had not been balanced for years, sums having being paid 'on account' from time to time.

I went to see the bookkeeper of the firm of lithographers—Mr. W. Smith Williams—taking with me a bundle of accounts with a view to getting them arranged in proper form. Mr. Williams's gifts as a bookkeeper I soon found were of a most primitive character. I asked him how he had struck his numerous balances, remarking that we had no corresponding balances in our books. 'Oh!' said Mr. Williams, 'those are the bottoms of the pages in our ledger; I always strike a balance at the bottom of a page to avoid the necessity of carrying over the figures on both sides.' I had a good many interviews with Mr. Williams, and if he was not a good bookkeeper, he was a most agreeable and most intelligent man, a man with literary gifts wasted in uncongenial work. My sympathy was excited by seeing one of so much ability occupied with work which he did ill, and which was distasteful to him; and by noticing the overbearing manner in which he was treated by the junior member of the firm which employed him. Mr. Williams confided to me that, by way of relief from his bookkeeping efforts, he contributed reviews and other articles to the 'Spectator,' then making its high position under the able editorship of Mr. Rintoul. Mr. Williams used also to write theatrical criticisms for the 'Spectator,' but found himself hampered a good deal, he said, by the chilly temperament of his editor, Mr. Rintoul, who used to say, in the most impressive manner, 'The "Spectator" is *not* enthusiastic, and must not be'!

I fancied I had discovered the man who could help me in my publishing business. I invited Mr. Williams to tea at my lodgings in Regent Street, and after tea I said to him, 'Rightly or wrongly, I do not think you like your present occupation?' 'I *hate* it,' said Mr. Williams with fervour. This reply made clear sailing for me, and before he left my room we had arranged that he should come to Cornhill as my literary assistant, and general manager of the publishing department. It was for both of us a happy arrangement. Mr. Williams remained with me until his advancing years obliged him to retire from active work. He was loyal, diligent, of shrewd literary judgment and pleasant manners, and proved a most valuable assistant; and his relations with me and my family were always of the most cordial description.

In reply to Mr. Williams's letter came a brief note from 'Currer Bell,' expressing grateful appreciation of the attention which had been given to the MS., and saying that the author was on the point of finishing another book, which would be sent to us as soon as completed.

The second MS. was 'Jane Eyre.' Here again 'Currer Bell's' suspicion as to the excessive parsimony of London publishers in regard to postage-stamps found expression in the letter accompanying the MS. She wrote :

I find I cannot prepay the carriage of the parcel, as money for that purpose is not received at the small station where it is left. If, when you acknowledge the receipt of the MS., you would have the goodness to mention the amount charged on delivery, I will immediately transmit it in postage-stamps.

The MS. of 'Jane Eyre' was read by Mr. Williams in due course. He brought it to me on a Saturday, and said that he would like me to read it. There were no Saturday half-holidays in those days, and, as was usual, I did not reach home until late. I had made an appointment with a friend for Sunday morning; I was to meet him about twelve o'clock, at a place some two or three miles from our house, and ride with him into the country.

After breakfast on Sunday morning I took the MS. of 'Jane Eyre' to my little study, and began to read it. The story quickly took me captive. Before twelve o'clock my horse came to the door, but I could not put the book down. I scribbled two or three lines to my friend, saying I was very sorry that circumstances had arisen to prevent my meeting him, sent the note off by my groom, and went on reading the MS. Presently the servant came to tell me that luncheon was ready; I asked him to bring me a sandwich and a glass of wine, and still went on with 'Jane Eyre.' Dinner came; for me the meal was a very hasty one, and before I went to bed that night I had finished reading the manuscript.

The next day we wrote to 'Currer Bell' accepting the book for publication. I need say nothing about the success which the book achieved, and the speculations as to whether it was written by a man or a woman. For my own part I never had much doubt on the subject of the writer's sex; but then I had the advantage over the general public of having the handwriting of the author before me. There were qualities of style, too, and turns of expression, which satisfied me that 'Currer Bell' was a woman, an opinion in which Mr. Williams concurred. We were bound, however, to respect the writer's anonymity, and our letters

continued to be addressed to 'Currer Bell, Esq.' Her sisters were always referred to in the correspondence as 'Messrs. Ellis and Acton Bell.' The works of Ellis and Acton Bell had been published by a Mr. Newby, on terms which rather depleted the scanty purses of the authors. When we were about to publish 'Shirley'—the work which, in the summer of 1848, succeeded 'Jane Eyre'—we endeavoured to make an arrangement with an American publisher to sell him advance sheets of the book, in order to give him an advantage in regard to time over other American publishers. There was, of course, no copyright with America in those days. We were met during the negotiations with our American correspondents by the statement that Mr. Newby had informed them that he was about to publish the next book by the author of 'Jane Eyre,' under her other *nom de plume* of Acton Bell—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell being in fact, according to him, one person. We wrote to 'Currer Bell' to say that we should be glad to be in a position to contradict the statement, adding at the same time we were quite sure Mr. Newby's assertion was untrue. Charlotte Brontë has related how the letter affected her. She was persuaded that her honour was impugned. 'With rapid decision,' says Mrs. Gaskell in her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' 'Charlotte and her sister Anne resolved that they should start for London that very day in order to prove their separate identity to Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.'

With what haste and energy the sisters plunged into what was, for them, a serious expedition, how they reached London at eight o'clock on a Saturday morning, took lodgings in the 'Chapter' coffee-house in Paternoster Row, and, after an agitated breakfast, set out on a pilgrimage to my office in Cornhill, is told at length in Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë.'

That particular Saturday morning I was at work in my room, when a clerk reported that two ladies wished to see me. I was very busy and sent out to ask their names. The clerk returned to say that the ladies declined to give their names, but wished to see me on a private matter. After a moment's hesitation I told him to show them in. I was in the midst of my correspondence, and my thoughts were far away from 'Currer Bell' and 'Jane Eyre.' Two rather quaintly dressed little ladies, pale-faced and anxious-looking, walked into my room; one of them came forward and presented me with a letter addressed, in my own handwriting, to 'Currer Bell, Esq.' I noticed that the letter

had been opened, and said, with some sharpness, 'Where did you get this from?' 'From the post-office,' was the reply; 'it was addressed to me. We have both come that you might have ocular proof that there are at least two of us.' This then was 'Currer Bell' in person. I need hardly say that I was at once keenly interested, not to say excited. Mr. Williams was called down and introduced, and I began to plan all sorts of attentions to our visitors. I tried to persuade them to come and stay at our house. This they positively declined to do, but they agreed that I should call with my sister and take them to the Opera in the evening. She has herself given an account of her own and her sister Anne's sensations on that occasion: how they dressed for the Opera in their plain, high-necked dresses:

Fine ladies and gentlemen glanced at us, as we stood by the box-door, which was not yet opened, with a slight graceful superciliousness, quite warranted by the circumstances. Still I felt pleasurably excited in spite of headache, sickness, and conscious clownishness; and I saw Anne was calm and gentle, which she always is. The performance was Rossini's *Barber of Seville*—very brilliant, though I fancy there are things I should like better. We got home after one o'clock. We had never been in bed the night before; had been in constant excitement for twenty-four hours; you may imagine we were tired.

My mother called upon them the next day. The sisters, after barely three days in London, returned to Haworth. In what condition of mind and body those few days left them is graphically told by Charlotte Brontë herself:

On Tuesday morning we left London, laden with books Mr. Smith had given us, and got safely home. A more jaded wretch than I looked, it would be difficult to conceive. I was thin when I went, but I was meagre indeed when I returned, my face looking grey and very old, with strange deep lines ploughed in it—my eyes stared unnaturally. I was weak and yet restless.

This is the only occasion on which I saw Anne Brontë. She was a gentle, quiet, rather subdued person, by no means pretty, yet of a pleasing appearance. Her manner was curiously expressive of a wish for protection and encouragement, a kind of constant appeal which invited sympathy.

I must confess that my first impression of Charlotte Brontë's personal appearance was that it was interesting rather than attractive. She was very small, and had a quaint old-fashioned look. Her head seemed too large for her body. She had fine eyes, but her face was marred by the shape of the mouth and by the complexion. There was but little feminine charm about her; and of this fact she herself was uneasily and perpetually conscious. It may

seem strange that the possession of genius did not lift her above the weakness of an excessive anxiety about her personal appearance. But I believe that she would have given all her genius and her fame to have been beautiful. Perhaps few women ever existed more anxious to be pretty than she, or more angrily conscious of the circumstance that she was *not* pretty.

Charlotte Brontë stayed with us several times. The utmost was, of course, done to entertain and please her. We arranged for dinner-parties, at which artistic and literary notabilities, whom she wished to meet, were present. We took her to places which we thought would interest her—the ‘Times’ office, the General Post Office, the Bank of England, Newgate, Bedlam. At Newgate she rapidly fixed her attention on an individual prisoner. There was a poor girl with an interesting face, and an expression of the deepest misery. She had, I believe, killed her illegitimate child. Miss Brontë walked up to her, took her hand, and began to talk to her. She was, of course, quickly interrupted by the prison warder with the formula, ‘Visitors are not allowed to speak to the prisoners.’ Sir David Brewster took her round the Great Exhibition, and made the visit a very interesting one to her. One thing which impressed her very much was the lighter rooms of the newspaper offices in Fleet Street and the Strand, as we drove home in the middle of the night from some City expedition.

On one occasion I took Miss Brontë to the Ladies’ Gallery of the House of Commons. The Ladies’ Gallery of those days was behind the Strangers’ Gallery, and from it one could see the eyes of the ladies above, nothing more. I told Miss Brontë that if she felt tired and wished to go away, she had only to look at me—I should know by the expression of her eyes what she meant—and that I would come round for her. After a time I looked and looked. There were many eyes, they all seemed to be flashing signals to me, but much as I admired Miss Brontë’s eyes I could not distinguish them from the others. I looked so earnestly from one pair of eyes to another that I am afraid that more than one lady must have regarded me as a rather impudent fellow. At length I went round and took my lady away. I expressed my hope that I did not keep her long waiting, and said something about the difficulty of getting out after I saw her signal. ‘I made no signal,’ she said. ‘I did not wish to come away. Perhaps there were other signals from the Gallery.’

Miss Brontë and her father had a passionate admiration for the Duke of Wellington, and I took her to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which he generally attended on Sunday, in order that she might see him. We followed him out of the Chapel, and I indulged Miss Brontë by so arranging our walk that she met him twice on his way to Apsley House. I also took her to a Friends' meeting-house in St. Martin's Court, Leicester Square. I am afraid this form of worship afforded her more amusement than edification.

We went together to a Dr. Browne, a phrenologist who was then in vogue, using the names of Mr. and Miss Fraser. Here is Dr. Browne's estimate of the talents and disposition of Miss Brontë:

A PHRENOLOGICAL ESTIMATE OF THE TALENTS AND DISPOSITIONS OF A LADY.

Temperament for the most part nervous. Brain large, the anterior and superior parts remarkably salient. In her domestic relations this lady will be warm and affectionate. In the care of children she will evince judicious kindness; but she is not pleased at seeing them spoiled by over-indulgence. Her fondness for any particular locality would chiefly rest upon the associations connected with it. Her attachments are strong and enduring—indeed, this is a leading element of her character; she is rather circumspect, however, in the choice of her friends, and it is well that she is so, for she will seldom meet with persons whose dispositions approach the standard of excellence with which she can entirely sympathise. Her sense of truth and justice would be offended by any dereliction of duty, and she would in such cases express her disapprobation with warmth and energy; she would not, however, be precipitate in acting thus, and rather than live in a state of hostility with those she could wish to love she would depart from them, although the breaking-off of friendship would be to her a source of great unhappiness. The careless and unreflecting, whom she would labour to amend, might deem her punctilious and perhaps exacting: not considering that their amendment and not her own gratification prompted her to admonish. She is sensitive and is very anxious to succeed in her undertakings, but is not so sanguine as to the probability of success. She is occasionally inclined to take a gloomier view of things than perhaps the facts of the case justify; she should guard against the effect of this where her affection is engaged, for her sense of her own importance is moderate and not strong enough to steel her heart against disappointment; she has more firmness than self-reliance, and her sense of justice is of a very high order. She is deferential to the aged and those she deems worthy of respect, and possesses much devotional feeling, but dislikes fanaticism and is not given to a belief in supernatural things without questioning the probability of their existence.

Money is not her idol, she values it merely for its uses; she would be liberal to the poor and compassionate to the afflicted, and when friendship calls for aid she would struggle even against her own interest to impart the required assistance—indeed, sympathy is a marked characteristic of this organisation.

Is fond of symmetry and proportion, and possesses a good perception of form, and is a good judge of colour. She is endowed with a keen perception of melody

and rhythm. Her imitative powers are good, and the faculty which gives manual dexterity is well developed. These powers might have been cultivated with advantage. Is a fair calculator, and her sense of order and arrangement is remarkably good. Whatever this lady has to settle or arrange will be done with precision and taste.

She is endowed with an exalted sense of the beautiful and ideal, and longs for perfection. If not a poet her sentiments are poetical, or are at least imbued with that enthusiastic glow which is characteristic of poetical feeling. She is fond of dramatic literature and the drama, especially if it be combined with music.

In its intellectual development this head is very remarkable. The forehead is at once very large and well formed. It bears the stamp of deep thoughtfulness and comprehensive understanding. It is highly philosophical. It exhibits the presence of an intellect at once perspicacious and perspicuous. There is much critical sagacity and fertility in devising resources in situations of difficulty, much originality, with a tendency to speculate and generalise. Possibly this speculative bias may sometimes interfere with the practical efficiency of some of her projects. Yet since she has scarcely an adequate share of self-reliance, and is not sanguine as to the success of her plans, there is reason to suppose that she would attend more closely to particulars, and thereby present the unsatisfactory results of hasty generalisation. This lady possesses a fine organ of language, and can, if she has done her talents justice by exercise, express her sentiments with clearness, precision, and force—sufficiently eloquent but not verbose. In learning a language she would investigate its spirit and structure. The character of the German language would be well adapted to such an organisation. In analysing the motives of human conduct, this lady would display originality and power, but in her mode of investigating mental science she would naturally be imbued with a metaphysical bias; she would perhaps be sceptical as to the truth of Gale's doctrine. But the study of this doctrine, this new system of mental philosophy, would give additional strength to her excellent understanding by rendering it more practical, more attentive to particulars, and contribute to her happiness by imparting to her more correct notions of the dispositions of those whose acquaintance she may wish to cultivate.

T. P. BROWNE, M.D.

367 Strand, June 29, 1851.

Dr. Browne could not have had any idea whose head he was examining. A few days afterwards Mr. Richard Doyle, whom I used to see frequently, mentioned that a friend of his had examined the head of a lady, and was so much struck by the imaginative power she possessed that he should like to find out something about her. 'If he succeeds,' said Richard Doyle, 'I will tell you who she is; for, if Dr. Browne is right, the lady ought to be worth your looking after.' The estimate of my own head was not so happy. From the frequent reference to it and to Mr. Fraser in Miss Brontë's letters to me I must have sent it to her, and I cannot find that I have kept a copy.

Her letters show that she enjoyed the recollection of these visits, and the society at our house; but my mother and sisters

found her a somewhat difficult guest, and I am afraid she was never perfectly at her ease with them. Strangers used to say that they were afraid of her. She was very quiet and self-absorbed, and gave the impression that she was always engaged in observing and analysing the people she met. She was sometimes tempted to confide her analysis to the victim. Here is an extract from a letter which she wrote to myself :

I will tell you a thing to be noted often in your letters and almost always in your conversation, a psychological thing, and not a matter pertaining to style or intellect—I mean an undercurrent of quiet raillery, an inaudible laugh to yourself, a not unkindly, but somewhat subtle playing on your correspondent or companion for the time being—in short a sly touch of a Mephistopheles with the fiend extracted. In the present instance this speciality is perceptible only in the slightest degree, but it *is* there, and more or less you have it always. I by no means mention this as a *fault*. I merely tell you you have it, and I can make the accusation with comfortable impunity, guessing pretty surely that you are too busy just now to deny this or any other charge.

For my own part, I found her conversation most interesting ; her quick and clear intelligence was delightful. When she became excited on any subject she was really eloquent, and it was a pleasure to listen to her.

On an occasion when I took her to dine with Mr. Thackeray the excitement with which Charlotte Brontë's visit was expected is portrayed by Miss Thackeray, who was then a mere child :

I can still see the scene quite plainly !—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant ; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us : our governess, my sister, and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active, well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then after a moment's delay the door opens wide, and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny, delicate, serious, little lady, pale, with fair straight hair, and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty ; she is dressed in a little *barège* dress with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness ; our hearts are beating with wild excitement.

Charlotte Brontë's intense interest in Thackeray, to whom she had dedicated the second edition of 'Jane Eyre,' is graphically described by Miss Thackeray :

She sat gazing at him with kindling eyes of interest, lighting up with a sort of illumination every now and then as she answered him. I can see her bending forward over the table, not eating, but listening to what he said as he carved the dish before him.

Thackeray himself has drawn a touching picture of Charlotte Brontë as he first saw her :

‘I saw her first,’ he says, ‘just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterise the woman.’

New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own ; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance and affectation, with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favourites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal.

How Charlotte Brontë could ‘chill’ a party is humorously described by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in her account of an evening reception given by her father in Charlotte Brontë’s honour :

Every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. . . . The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all.

At a later stage in the evening Miss Thackeray tells us how

I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him. When I went back to the drawing-room again the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back.

But he was not ! He had given up his own party in despair, and betaken himself to the consolations of a cigar at his club ! The gloom, the constraint, the general situation had overwhelmed him.

‘The ladies,’ says Miss Thackeray, ‘waited, wondered, and finally departed also. As we were going up to bed with our candles after everybody was gone I remember two pretty Miss L——’s in shiny silk dresses arriving, full of expectation. We still said we thought our father would soon be back ; but the Miss L——’s declined to wait upon the chance, laughed, and drove away.’

Mrs. Procter was accustomed to tell the story of that evening with much humour. It was, she always declared, ‘one of the dullest evenings she ever spent in her life,’ though she extracted much entertainment from it years afterwards. The failure of this attempt by Thackeray to entertain Charlotte Brontë illustrates one aspect of the character of both of them : in Charlotte Brontë her want of social gifts ; in Thackeray his impatience of social discomfort.

Mrs. Brookfield, who was perfectly at home in any society, said that Charlotte Brontë was the most difficult woman to talk to she had ever met. That evening at Thackeray’s house she tried hard to enter into conversation with her. Mrs. Brookfield used to relate with some humour what she called

‘my conversation with Charlotte Brontë.’ She said, ‘I opened it by saying I hoped she liked London; to which Charlotte Brontë replied curtly, “I do and I don’t.”’ Naturally Mrs. Brookfield’s audience used to wait for more, but, said Mrs. Brookfield, ‘that is all.’

If Miss Brontë did not talk much, as was usual with her, she kept her eyes open. One of Mr. Thackeray’s guests was Miss Adelaide Procter, and those who remember that lady’s charming personality will not be surprised to learn that I was greatly attracted by her. During our drive home I was seated opposite to Miss Brontë, and I was startled by her leaning forward, putting her hands on my knees, and saying ‘She would make you a very nice wife.’ ‘Whom do you mean?’ I replied. ‘Oh! you know whom I mean,’ she said; and we relapsed into silence. Though I admired Miss Procter very much, it was not a case of love at first sight, as Miss Brontë supposed.

When I first asked Thackeray to dine to meet Charlotte Brontë, he offended her by failing to respect the anonymity behind which, at that time, she was very anxious to screen herself. On another occasion Thackeray roused the hidden fire in Charlotte Brontë’s soul, and was badly scorched himself as the result. My mother and I had taken her to one of Thackeray’s lectures on ‘The English Humourists.’ After the lecture Thackeray came down from the platform and shook hands with many of the audience, receiving their congratulations and compliments. He was in high spirits, and rather thoughtlessly said to his mother—Mrs. Carmichael Smyth—‘Mother, you must allow me to introduce you to Jane Eyre.’ This was uttered in a loud voice, audible over half the room. Everybody near turned round and stared at the disconcerted little lady, who grew confused and angry when she realised that every eye was fixed upon her. My mother got her away as quickly as possible.

On the next afternoon Thackeray called. I arrived at home shortly afterwards, and when I entered the drawing-room found a scene in full progress. Only these two were in the room. Thackeray was standing on the hearthrug, looking anything but happy. Charlotte Brontë stood close to him, with head thrown back and face white with anger. The first words I heard were, ‘No, Sir! If *you* had come to our part of the country in Yorkshire, what would you have thought of me if I had introduced you to my father, before a mixed company of strangers, as “Mr.

Warrington"? Thackeray replied, 'No, you mean "Arthur Pendennis."' 'No, I *don't* mean Arthur Pendennis!' retorted Miss Brontë; 'I mean Mr. Warrington, and Mr. Warrington would not have behaved as you behaved to me yesterday.' The spectacle of this little woman, hardly reaching to Thackeray's elbow, but, somehow, looking stronger and fiercer than himself, and casting her incisive words at his head, resembled the dropping of shells into a fortress.

By this time I had recovered my presence of mind, and hastened to interpose. Thackeray made the necessary and half-humorous apologies, and the parting was a friendly one.

Thackeray shocked Charlotte Brontë sadly by the fashion of his talk on literary subjects. The truth is, Charlotte Brontë's heroics roused Thackeray's antagonism. He declined to pose on a pedestal for her admiration, and with characteristic contrariety of nature he seemed to be tempted to say the very things that set Charlotte Brontë's teeth, so to speak, on edge, and affronted all her ideals. He insisted on discussing his books very much as a clerk in a bank would discuss the ledgers he had to keep for a salary. But all this was, on Thackeray's part, an affectation; an affectation into which he was provoked by what he considered Charlotte Brontë's high falutin'. Miss Brontë wanted to persuade him that he was a great man with a 'mission;' and Thackeray, with many wicked jests, declined to recognise the 'mission.'

But, despite all this, Charlotte Brontë, much as she scolded Thackeray, never doubted his greatness. He was, she once said, 'a Titan in mind.'

Before Thackeray went to America in the autumn of 1852 I had a portrait of him made by Mr. Samuel Laurence as a present to his daughters. My mother took Charlotte Brontë to see it at the artist's studio. It was a very fine and expressive rendering of Thackeray's powerful head. Charlotte Brontë stood looking long upon it in silence; and then, as if quoting the words unconsciously, she said: 'There came up a lion out of Judah.'

After Charlotte Brontë's first visit to our house her anonymity was dropped, and people naturally tried to draw her out. She shrank from this, or resented it, and seemed to place herself under my mother's care for protection. My mother accepted the position, and was generally equal to it, but sometimes, when accident left Charlotte Brontë exposed to a direct attack, the fire concealed beneath her mildness broke out. The first time this

happened I was not a little surprised. G. H. Lewes, who was lunching with us, had the indiscretion to say across the table, 'There ought to be a bond of sympathy between us, Miss Brontë; for we have both written naughty books!' This fired the train with a vengeance, and an explosion followed. I listened with mingled admiration and alarm to the indignant eloquence with which that impertinent remark was answered.

By way of parenthesis, I may say that 'Jane Eyre' was really considered in those days by many people to be an immoral book. My mother told me one evening that Lady Herschel, having found the book in her drawing-room, said: 'Do you leave such a book as *this* about, at the risk of your daughters reading it?' Charlotte Brontë herself was quite unconscious that the book possessed, in any degree, a reputation of this sort; and she was as much surprised as affronted when Lady Eastlake—then Miss Rigby—in her review of 'Jane Eyre' in the 'Quarterly Review' (December 1848) brutally said that 'if it were written by a woman, it must be by one who had forfeited the right to the society of her sex.'

Charlotte Brontë had much nobility of character; she had an almost exaggerated sense of duty; she was scrupulously honest and perfectly just. When Sir James Stephen, the father of the late Mr. Justice Stephen, said to me during a long conversation I had with him at Cambridge on a very delicate subject, 'I have lived a long and not unobservant life, and I have never yet met with a perfectly just woman,' I could not help thinking that he had never met Charlotte Brontë. Miss Brontë was critical of character, but not of action; this she judged favourably and kindly. Generally, I thought, she put too kind an interpretation on the actions of a friend.

As I have mentioned, my mother and sisters complained that Charlotte Brontë always seemed to them to be noting and analysing everything that was said and everything that happened. That they were more or less right can hardly be doubted, and the following extract from a letter, written after her first visit to London to a friend in New Zealand, and sent by her to Mrs. Gaskell—who gave it to me—is a salient instance of Charlotte Brontë's habit in this respect:

Mr. Smith's residence at Bayswater, six miles from Cornhill, is a very fine place. The rooms, the drawing-rooms especially, looked splendid to us. There was no company, only his mother, his two grown-up sisters, and his brother, a lad of

twelve or thirteen, and a little sister, the youngest of the family, very like himself. They are all dark-eyed, dark-haired, and have clear pale faces. The mother is a portly handsome woman of her age, and all the children were more or less well-looking, one of the daughters decidedly pretty. We had a fine dinner, which neither Anne nor I had appetite to eat, and were glad when it was over. I always feel under an awkward constraint at table; dining out would be hideous to me. Mr. Smith made himself very pleasant. He is a firm, intelligent man of business, though so young; bent on getting on, and I think desirous to make his way by fair honourable means. He is enterprising, but likewise cool and cautious. Mr. Smith is a practical man: I wish Mr. Williams were more so, but he is altogether of the contemplative theorising order. Mr. Williams has too many abstractions.

The 'fine place' in Bayswater was a house in Westbourne Place, now a street of shops. The house in which we lived is occupied by a hairdresser, and you may purchase cosmetics and hairpins in what used to be the dining-room, and have your hair cut, curled, singed, and shampooed in the little room in which I read the manuscript of 'Jane Eyre.'

'Villette' is full of scenes which one can trace to incidents which occurred during Miss Brontë's visits to us.

The scene at the theatre at Brussels in that book, and the description of the actress, were suggested by Rachel, whom we took her to see more than once. The scene of the fire comes from a slight accident to the scenery at Devonshire House, where Charles Dickens, Mr. Forster, and other men of letters gave a performance. I took Charlotte Brontë and one of my sisters to Devonshire House, and when the performance, which was for a charity, was repeated, I took another of my sisters, who had been too unwell to go on the first occasion, and a Miss D. At one stage of the second performance the scenery caught fire. There was some risk of a general panic, and I took my sister and Miss D. each by the wrist, and held them down till the panic had ceased. I seem to have written a description of the occurrence to Miss Brontë, for I find that she refers to it in one of her letters, saying, 'It is easy to realise the scene.'

In 'Villette' my mother was the original of 'Mrs. Bretton'; several of her expressions are given *verbatim*. I myself, as I discovered, stood for 'Dr. John.' Charlotte Brontë admitted this to Mrs. Gaskell, to whom she wrote: 'I was kept waiting longer than usual for Mr. Smith's opinion of the book, and I was rather uneasy, for I was afraid he had found me out, and was offended.'

During Miss Brontë's visit to us in June 1850, I persuaded

her to sit to Mr. George Richmond for her portrait. This I sent afterwards with an engraving of the portrait of the Duke of Wellington to her father, who was much pleased with them.

Mr. Richmond mentioned that when she saw the portrait (she was not allowed to see it before it was finished) she burst into tears, exclaiming that it was so like her sister Anne, who had died the year before.

At the conclusion of this visit I had to take a young brother to Scotland. I was accompanied by my sister, and with some difficulty I induced Miss Brontë to meet us in Edinburgh. I think the visit was very agreeable and interesting to her. We were fortunate in getting a driver, whom we engaged for the whole of our visit, who knew every interesting nook and corner in Edinburgh, who was better read in Scottish history and the Waverley Novels than I was, and whose dry humour exactly suited Miss Brontë. We left her in Yorkshire on our way back to London.

Towards the end of 1853 I was engaged to be married, and wrote to inform Miss Brontë of the fact. Her reply was brief, but she afterwards wrote more at length on the subject, when informing me of her engagement to Mr. Nicholls:

I thank you for your congratulations and good wishes; if these last are realised but in part I shall be very thankful. It gave me also sincere pleasure to be assured of your happiness, though of that I never doubted. I have faith also in its permanent character—provided Mrs. George Smith is—what it pleases me to fancy her to be. You never told me any particulars about her, though I should have liked them much, but did not like to ask questions, knowing how much your mind and time would be engaged. What *I* have to say is soon told.

The step in contemplation is no hasty one; on the gentleman's side, at least, it has been meditated for many years, and I hope that, in at last acceding to it, I am acting right; it is what I earnestly wish to do. My future husband is a clergyman. He was for eight years my father's curate. He left because the idea of this marriage was not entertained as he wished. His departure was regarded by the parish as a calamity, for he had devoted himself to his duties with no ordinary diligence. Various circumstances have led my father to consent to his return, nor can I deny that my own feelings have been much impressed and changed by the nature and strength of the qualities brought out in the course of his long attachment. I fear I must accuse myself of having formerly done him less than justice. However, he is to come back now. He has foregone many chances of preferment to return to the obscure village of Haworth. I believe I do right in marrying him. I mean to try to make him a good wife. There has been heavy anxiety—but I begin to hope all will end for the best. My expectations however are very subdued—very different, I dare say, to what *yours* were before you were married. Care and Fear stand so close to Hope, I sometimes scarcely even see her for the shadows they cast. And yet I am thankful too, and the doubtful Future must be left with Providence.

On one feature in the marriage I can dwell with *unmingled* satisfaction, with a *certainty* of being right. It takes nothing from the attention I owe to my father. I am not to leave him; my future husband consents to come here—thus papa secures by the step a devoted and reliable assistant in his old age.

There can, of course, be no reason for withholding the intelligence from your mother and sisters; remember me kindly to them whenever you write.

I hardly know in what form of greeting to include your wife's name, as I have never seen her. Say to her whatever may seem to you most appropriate and most expressive of goodwill.

Yours sincerely,

C. BRONTË.

Miss Brontë and my wife never met. She was married to the Rev. Arthur B. Nicholls on June 29, 1854, and died on March 31, 1855.

COLONIAL SERVANTS.

BY LADY BROOME.

MY very first experience of the eccentricities of colonial servants dates more than half a century ago, and the scene was laid in Jamaica, where my father then held the office of 'Island Secretary' and Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, was Governor. It was Christmas day, and I had been promised as a great treat that my little sister and I should sit up to late dinner. But the morning began with an alarm, for just at breakfast time an orderly from one of the West Indian regiments, then stationed in Spanish Town, had brought a letter to my father which had been sent upstairs to him. I was curled up in a deep window-seat in the shady breakfast room, enjoying a brand-new story-book and the first puffs of the daily sea breeze, when I heard a guttural voice close to my ear whispering 'Kiss missy, kiss.' There stood what seemed a real black giant compared with my childish stature, clad in gorgeous Turkish-looking uniform with a big white turban and a most benignant expression of face, holding his hand out palm upwards.

I gazed at this apparition—for I had only just arrived in Jamaica—with paralysed terror, while the smiling ogre came a step nearer and repeated his formula in still more persuasive tones. Just at this moment, however, my father appeared and said, 'Oh yes, all right; he wants you to give him a Christmas-box. Here is something for him.' It required even then a certain amount of faith as well as courage to put the silver dollar into the outstretched palm, but the man's joy and gratitude showed the interpretation had been quite right. I did not dare to say what my alarm had conjured up as the meaning of his request, for fear of being laughed at.

As well as I remember, at that Christmas dinner party—and it was a large one—the food was distinctly eccentric, edibles usually boiled appearing as roasts and *vice versa*. The service also was of a jerky and spasmodic character, and the authorities wore an air of anxiety, which, however, only added to the deep

interest I took in the situation. But things came to a climax when the plum-pudding, which was to have been the great feature of the entertainment, did not appear at its proper time and place, and a tragic whisper from the butler suggested complications in the background. My father said laughingly, 'I am sorry to say the cook is drunk and will not part with the plum-pudding,' so we went on with the dinner without it. But just as the dessert was being put on the table there was a sound as of ineffectual scrimmaging outside, and the cook—a huge man clad in spotless white—rushed in bearing triumphantly a large dish, which he banged down in front of my father, saying, 'Dere, my good massa, dere your pudding,' and immediately flung himself into the butler's arms with a burst of weeping. I shall always see that pudding as long as I live. It was about the size of an orange and as black as coal. Every attempt to cut it resulted in its bounding off the dish, for it was as hard as a stone. Though not exactly an object of mirth in itself, it certainly was 'a cause that mirth was in others,' and so achieved a success which might have been denied to a better pudding.

Many years passed before I again came across black servants, and the next time was in India. I was not there long enough, nor did I lead a sufficiently settled life, to be able to judge of the Indian servant of that day. Half my stay in Bengal was spent under canvas, and certainly the way in which the servants arranged for one's comfort under those conditions was marvellous. The camp was a very large one, for we were making a sort of military promenade from Lucknow up to Lahore—my husband being the Commanding Officer of Royal Artillery in Bengal—but I only went as far as the foot of the Hills and then up to Simla. It was amazing the way in which nothing was ever forgotten or left behind during four months' continuous camp life. All my possessions had to be divided, and, where necessary, duplicated, for what one used on Monday would not be get-at-able until Wednesday, and so on all through the week. No matter how interesting my book was, I could not go on with it for thirty-six hours—*i.e.* from, say, Monday night till breakfast time on Wednesday morning. I could have a new volume for Tuesday, but the interest of that had also to remain in abeyance until Thursday. Still, I would find the book precisely where I laid it down, and if I had put a mark, even a flower, it would be found exactly in the right place.

I always wondered when and how the servants rested, for they seemed to me to be packing and starting all night long, and yet when the new camping-ground was reached the head servants would always be there in snowy garments, as fresh and trim as if they came out of a box. There were two sets of under-servants, but the head ones never seemed to be off duty.

We started with the first streak of daylight, and there was no choice about the matter, for if you did not get up when the first bugle blew your plight would be a sorry one when the canvas walls of the large double tent fell flat at the sound of the second bugle, half an hour later. The roof of the tent was left a few moments longer, so one had time for hot fragrant coffee and bread and butter before starting either on horse or elephant back. I generally rode on a pad on the *hathi's* back for the first few miles while it was still dark, and mounted my little Arab some six or eight miles further on. The marches were as near twenty-five miles daily as could be arranged to suit the Commander-in-Chief's convenience as to inspections, &c.

Everything was fresh and amusing, but I think I most delighted in seeing the modes of progression adopted by the various cooks. The head cook generally requisitioned a sort of gig, in which he sat in state and dignity, with many bundles heaped around him. Part of his cavalcade consisted of two or three very small ponies laden with paniers, on top of which invariably stood a chicken or two, apparently without any fastenings, who balanced themselves in a precarious manner according to the pony's gait. No one seemed to walk except those who led the animals, and as the camp numbered some 5,000 soldiers and quite as many camp followers the supply train appeared endless.

Just as we neared the foot of the Himalayan range, where the camp was to divide, some of us going up to Simla, leaving a greatly lessened force to proceed to Lahore, smallpox appeared among our servants. I wonder it did not spread much more, but it was vigorously dealt with at the outset. I had as narrow an escape as any one, for one morning, while I was drinking my early coffee and standing quite ready to start on our daily march, one of the servants, a very clever useful Madras 'boy' whom I had missed from his duties for several days, suddenly appeared and cast himself at my feet, clutching my riding-habit and begging for some tea. He was quite unrecognisable, so swollen

and disfigured was his poor face, and I had no idea what was the matter with him. He was delirious and apparently half mad with thirst. The doctor had to be fetched to induce him to let me go, and as more than once the poor lad had seized my hands and kissed them in gratitude for the tea I at once gave him I suppose I really ran some risks, for it turned out to be a very bad case of confluent smallpox. However, all the same, he had to be carried along with us in a dhooly until we reached a station where he could be put into a hospital.

But certainly the strangest phase of colonial domestics within my experience were the New Zealand maid-servants of some thirty-five years ago. Perhaps by this time they are 'home-made,' and consequently less eccentric; but in my day they were all immigrants, and seemed drawn almost entirely from the ranks of factory girls. They were respectable girls apparently, but with very free and easy manners. However, that did not matter. What seriously inconvenienced me at the far up-country station where my husband and I had made ourselves a very pretty and comfortable home was the absolute and profound ignorance of these damsels. They took any sort of place which they fancied, at enormous wages, and when they had at great cost and trouble been fetched up to their new home I invariably discovered that the cook, who demanded and received the wages of a *chef*, knew nothing whatever of any sort of cooking, and the housemaid had never seen a broom. They did not know how to thread a needle or wash a pocket-handkerchief, and, as I thought, must have been waited on all their lives. Indeed, one of my great difficulties was to get them away from the rapt admiration with which they regarded the most ordinary helps to labour. One day I heard peals of laughter from the wash-house, and found the fun consisted in the magical way in which the little cottage-mangle smoothed the aprons of the last couple of damsels. So I—who was extremely ignorant myself, and had no idea how the very beginnings of things should be taught—had to impart my slender store of knowledge as best I could. The little establishment would have collapsed entirely had it not been for my Scotch shepherd's wife, a dear woman with the manners of a lady and the knowledge of a thorough practical housewife. What broke our hearts was that we had to begin this elementary course of instruction over and over again, as my damsels could not endure the monotony of their country life longer than three or four months, in spite of the many

suitors who came a-wooing with strictly honourable intentions. But the young ladies had no idea of giving up their liberty, and turned a deaf ear to all matrimonial suggestions, even when one athletic suitor put another into the water barrel to get him out of the way, and urged that this step must be taken as a proof of his devotion.

After the New Zealand experiences came a period of English life, and I felt much more experienced in domestic matters by the time my wandering star led me forth once more and landed me in Natal. In spite, however, of this experience, I fell into the mistake of taking out three English servants, whom I had to get rid of as soon as possible after my arrival. They had all been with me some time in England, and I thought I knew them perfectly; but the voyage evidently 'wrought a sea change' on them, for they were quite different people by the time Durban was reached. Two developed tempers for which the little Maritzburg house was much too small, and when it came to carving-knives hurtling through the air I felt it was more than my nerves could stand. The third only broke out in folly, and showed an amount of personal vanity which seemed almost to border on insanity. However, I gradually replaced them with Zulu servants, in whom I was really very fortunate. They learned so easily, and were so good-tempered and docile, their only serious fault being the ineradicable tendency to return for a while—after a very few 'moons' of service—to their kraals. At first I thought it was family affection which impelled this constant homing, but it was really the desire to get back to the savage life, with its gorges of half-raw meat and native beer, and its freedom from clothes. It is true I had an occasional very bad quarter of an hour with some of my experiments, as, for instance, when I found an embryo valet blacking his master's socks as well as his boots, or detected the nurse-boy who was trusted to wheel the perambulator about the garden stuffing a half-fledged little bird into the baby's mouth, assuring me it was a diet calculated to make 'the little chieftain brave and strong.'

I think, however, quite the most curious instance of the thinness of surface civilisation among these people came to me in the case of a young Zulu girl who had been early left an orphan and had been carefully trained in a clergyman's family. She was about sixteen years old when she came as my nursemaid, and was very plump and comely, with a beaming countenance,

and the sweetest voice and prettiest manners possible. She had a great love of music, and performed harmoniously enough on an accordion as well as on several queer little pipes and reeds. She could speak, read, and write Dutch perfectly, as well as Zulu, and was nearly as proficient in English. She carried a little Bible always in her pocket, and often tried my gravity by dropping on one knee by my side whenever she caught me sitting down and alone, and beginning to read aloud from it. It was quite a new possession, and she had not got beyond the opening chapters of Genesis, and delighted in the story of 'Dam and Eva,' as she called our first parents. She proved an excellent nurse and thoroughly trustworthy; the children were devoted to her, especially the baby, who learned to speak Zulu before English, and to throw a reed assegai as soon as he could stand firmly on his little fat legs. I brought her to England after she had been about a year with me, and she adapted herself marvellously and unhesitatingly to the conditions of a civilisation far beyond what she had ever dreamed of. After she had got over her surprise at the ship knowing its way across the ocean, she proved a capital sailor. She took to London life and London ways as if she had never known anything else. The only serious mistake she made was once in yielding to the blandishments of a persuasive Italian image-man and promising to buy his whole tray of statues. I found the hall filled with these works of art, and 'Malia' tendering, with sweetest smiles, a few pence in exchange for them. It was a disagreeable job to have to persuade the man to depart in peace with all his images, even with a little money to console him. A friend of mine chanced to be returning to Natal, and proposed that I should spare my Zulu nurse to her. Her husband's magistracy being close to where Maria's tribe dwelt, it seemed a good opportunity for 'Malia' to return to her own country; so of course I let her go, begging my friend to tell me how the girl got on. The parting from the little boys was a heart-breaking scene, nor was Malia at all comforted by the fine clothes all my friends insisted on giving her. Not even a huge Gainsborough hat garnished with giant poppies could console her for leaving her 'little chieftain;' but it was at all events something to send her off so comfortably provided for, and with two large boxes of good clothes.

In the course of a few months I received a letter from my friend, who was then settled in her up-country home, but her

story of Maria's doings seemed wellnigh incredible, though perfectly true.

All had gone well on the voyage and so long as they remained at Durban and Maritzburg; but as soon as the distant settlement was reached, Maria's kinsmen came around her and began to claim some share in her prosperity. Free fights were of constant occurrence, and in one of them Maria, using the skull of an ox as a weapon, broke her sister's leg. Soon after that she returned to the savage life she had not known since her infancy, and took to it with delight. I don't know what became of her clothes, but she had presented herself before my friend clad in an old sack and with necklaces of wild animals' teeth, and proudly announced she had just been married 'with cows'—thus showing how completely her Christianity had fallen away from her, and she had practically returned, on the first opportunity, to the depth of that savagery from which she had been taken before she could even remember it. I soon lost all trace of her, but Maria's story has always remained in my mind as an amazing instance of the strength of race-instinct.

My next colonial home was in Mauritius, and certainly the servants of that day—twenty years ago, alas!—were the best I have ever come across out of England. I am told that this is no longer the case, and that that type of domestic has been improved and educated into half-starved little clerks. The cooks were excellent, so were the butlers. Of course, they had all preserved the Indian custom of 'dustoor' (I am not at all sure of the spelling) or perquisite. In fact, a sort of little duty was levied on every article of consumption in a household.

I never shall forget the agony of mind of one of my butlers at having handed me a wrong statement of the previous day's 'bazaar.' I had really not yet looked at it, but he implored me with such dreadful agitation to let him have it back again to 'correct' that I read it aloud before him, to his utter confusion and abasement. The vendor had first put down the price paid him for each article, and then the 'dustoor' to be added; needless to say, I was to pay the difference, and the tax had been amply allowed for in the price charged. As 'Gyp' would say, Tableau!

Curiously enough, it was the dhoby or washerman class which gave the most or rather the only trouble. They—*i.e.* the washerman and his numerous wives—fought so dreadfully. Once I

received a petition requesting me in most pompous language to give the youngest or 'last-joined' wife a good talking to, for in spite of all corrections—that is, beatings—she declined entirely to iron her share of the clothes, and had the effrontery to say she had not married an ugly old man to have to work hard. The dhoby on his side declared he had only incurred the extra expense and bother of a fourth and much younger wife in order that the 'Grande Madame's' white gowns might be beautifully ironed, fresh every day.

I handed the letter—almost undecipherable on account of its ornate penmanship and flourishes—to the A.D.C. who was good enough to help me with my domestic affairs, and he must have arranged it satisfactorily, for when he left us hurriedly to rejoin his regiment, which had been ordered on active service, he received a joint letter of adieu from all the dhobies, wishing him every sort of good fortune in the campaign, and expressing a hope that he might soon return with the '*croix de la reine Victoria flottant de sa casaque*.' Rather a confusion of ideas, but doubtless well meant.

In spite, however, of the general excellence of Mauritius servants, my very dignified butler at Réduit gave me the most trying experience of my party-giving career. Once upon a time I had an archery meeting at Réduit, and a dance afterwards for the young people. This programme—combining, as it did, afternoon and evening amusements—required a certain amount of organisation as to food. The shooting was to go on as long as the light lasted, and it was thought better to have the usual refreshments in the tents during that time, and then an early and very substantial supper indoors so soon after the dancing began as the guests liked to have it.

There used in those days to be an excellent restaurant in Port Louis which furnished all the ball suppers. The cost was high, but all trouble was saved, and the food provided left nothing to be desired. The manager of the '*Flore Mauricienne*' never made a mistake, and only needed to be told how many guests to provide for; everything was then sure to be beautifully arranged. So I had no anxieties on the score of ample supplies of every obtainable dainty being forthcoming. Great, therefore, was my surprise, when, after the first batch of guests had been in to the supper-room, I was informed in a tragic whisper that everything looked

very nice in there, but that there was no second supply of food to replenish the tables. This seemed impossible, and I sent for the butler and demanded to know what had become of the supper. 'Monsieur Jorge' smiled blandly and, waving his hands in despair, ejaculated 'Rien, rien, Madame,' repeatedly. So, although I had not intended to go in to supper myself just then, I hastened to the scene. There were the lovely tables as usual, a mass of flowers and silver, but with empty dishes. I felt as if it must be a bad dream from which I should presently awake, but that did not make it less terrible at the moment. Of course the A.D.C.s were active and energetic, but they could not perform miracles and produce a supper which they had themselves ordered and thought had arrived, but which seemed to have vanished into thin air. Tins of biscuits were found and sandwiches were hastily cut, and every one was most kind and good-natured and full of sympathy for me.

If 'Monsieur Jorge' and his myrmidons had appeared in the least tipsy, the situation would have been less perplexing, but except a profound and impenetrable gravity of demeanour every servant seemed quite right. My guests danced merrily away, and hunger had no effect on their gay humour, but the staff and I (who had had no supper) were plunged in melancholy.

The moment our telegraph clerk came on duty next morning a message was sent to Port Louis (eight miles off) asking the manager of the 'Flore' what had become of his supper, and by the time I came down to breakfast that worthy had appeared on the scene, and, more versed in the ways of Mauritian servants than any of us were, had elicited from Monsieur Jorge that he remembered putting the numerous boxes of supper away carefully, but where, he could not imagine. The night before he had insisted that he had placed all the supper there was on the tables. So a search was instituted, and very soon the melancholy remains of the supper were discovered hidden away in an unused room. All the packing ice had, of course, melted, and jellies, &c., were reduced to liquid. There was about fifty pounds' worth of food quite spoiled and useless, most of it only fit to be thrown away. The manager's wrath really exceeded mine, and he stipulated that not one of the crowd of servants should have a crumb of the remains of that supper, which I heard afterwards had been given to the garden coolies. As a matter of fact, I believe Monsieur Jorge *was* somewhat tipsy, and it took

the form of complete loss of memory. But it was a dreadful experience.

From the *belle île de Maurice* we went to Western Australia, where we arrived in the middle of winter, and the contrast seemed great in every way, especially in the domestic arrangements, for servants were few and far between and of a very elementary stamp of knowledge. I tried to remedy that defect by importing maid-servants, but succeeded only in acquiring some very strange specimens. In those days Western Australia was such an unknown and distant land that the friends at home who kindly tried to help me found great difficulty in inducing any good servant to venture so far, and although the wages offered must have seemed enormous, the good class I wanted could not at first be induced to leave England. Later, things improved considerably and we got very good servants, but the first importations were very disheartening. I used to be so amazed at their love of finery. To see one's housemaid at church absolutely covered with sham diamonds, large rings outside her gloves, huge *solitaire* earrings, and at least a dozen brooches stuck about her, was, to say the least of it, startling; so was the apparition of my head cook, whom I sent for hurriedly once, after dinner, and who appeared in an evening dress of black net and silver. I also recognised the kitchen-maid at a concert in a magnificent pale green satin evening dress, which, taken in conjunction with her scarlet hair, was rather conspicuous. Of one gentle and timid little housemaid, who did not dazzle me with her toilettes, I inquired what she found most strange and unexpected in her new home—which, by the way, she professed to like very much—

‘The lemons, my lady, if you please.’

‘Lemons!’ I said, ‘why?’

‘Well, it’s their growin’ on trees as is so puzzlin’—like, if you please.’

‘Where else did you expect them to grow?’ I inquired.

‘I thought they belonged to the nets. I always seen them in nets in shops, you know; and lemons looks strange without nets.’

My next and last experience of colonial servants was in Trinidad. By this time I had gained so much and such varied experience that there was no excuse for things not working smoothly, and as I was fortunate in possessing an excellent head servant who acted as house-steward I had practically no trouble

at all, beyond a little anxiety at any time of extra pressure about the head cook, who had not only heart disease, but when drunk flew into violent rages. Our doctor had warned the house-steward that this man—who was a half-caste Portuguese from Goa—might drop dead at any moment if he gave way to temper and drink combined. So it was always an anxious time when balls and banquets and luncheons followed each other in quick succession. On these occasions, besides his two permanent assistants, G. was allowed a free hand as to engaging outside help. But he seemed to take that opportunity to bring in his bitterest foes, to judge by the incessant quarrels, all of long standing, which poor Mr. V. (the house-steward) had to arrange. I only did the complimenting, and after each ball, supper, or big dinner sent for the cook and paid him extravagant compliments on his efforts. That was the only way to keep him going, and things went well on the surface; but there were tragic moments to be lived through when the said cook had refreshed himself a little too often, and about midday would declare he had no idea what all these people were doing in his kitchens, and, arming himself with a rolling-pin, would drive them forth with much obloquy. I chanced to be looking out of my dressing-room window one day when he started a raid on the *corps d'armée* of black girls who were busily picking turkeys and fowls for that night's ball supper. I never saw anything so absurd as the way the girls fled into the neighbouring nutmeg-grove, each clasping her half-picked fowls and scattering the feathers out of her apron as she ran with many 'hi, hi's.'

I really began to think it would be necessary to summon the police sentries to protect them, for G. was flinging all sorts of fruit and vegetables at them, and had quite got their range. However, as Mr. V. emerged from his office and began to inquire of the cook if he was anxious to die on the spot, I only looked on. At first there was nothing but rage and fury on the cook's part, to which Mr. V. opposed an imperturbable calm and the emphatic repetition of the doctor's warning. Then came a burst of weeping, caused, G. declared, by his sense of the wickedness of the human race in general and 'dem girls' in particular. After that a deep peace seemed to suddenly descend on the scene, and the cook returned to his large and airy kitchens, still weeping bitterly. Mr. V. vanished, the picking girls re-appeared one by one, and, cautiously looking round to see if it was safe to do so, took up their former

positions under shady trees. Presently I saw other forms stealing back into the kitchens, from which they too had been forcibly ejected ; and then I heard the cook's voice start one of Moody and Sankey's hymns, with apparently fifty verses and a rousing chorus. After that I had no misgivings as to the success of the supper.

We succeeded, as it were, to most of our servants, for they had nearly all been at Government House for some years, and at all events knew their duties. I met one functionary, whose face I did not seem to know, on the staircase one day, and inquired who he was. 'Me second butlare, please,' was the answer. The first 'butlare' was an intensely respectable middle-aged man, of apparently deeply religious convictions, and I always saw him at church every Sunday, and he was a regular and most devout communicant. Judge, then, of my surprise and dismay, when, poor Jacob having died rather suddenly of heart disease, I was assured that four separate and distinct Mrs. Jacobs had appeared, each clad in deepest widow's weeds, and each armed with orthodox 'lines' to claim the small arrears of his monthly pay. But I am afraid that similar inconsistencies between theory and practice are by no means uncommon in those 'Summer Isles of Eden.'

THE TRUMPETER'S WIFE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

AT the time when the English, French, and Turkish armies were engaged in laying siege to Sebastopol, in the years 1854 and 1855, the French Government found it necessary to strengthen their army, and ordered more troops, ammunition, and supplies from Toulon. These were to be despatched immediately, and therefore great activity was displayed in getting them sent off without delay; and before long the French army before Sebastopol counted 200,000 men.

Many of the soldiers who were under orders to embark wore long, sad faces, for it meant a cruel separation from wives, children, and all who were dear to them; and how would the wives and children be kept from starving for an indefinite time, for there was no knowing when they would return, even if spared by the cruel hand of Death? Among these was to be noticed a tall, handsome young fellow, who was trumpeter in a cavalry regiment belonging to General B——'s army. He was very wretched, for he had only been married a couple of weeks, and now he must leave his dearly loved young bride, because no women were permitted to go with the army. She was a pretty girl, and being an orphan when she married had a little money of her own, which she had inherited from her parents. Catherine possessed a determined character, so, when bidding her husband good-bye, she told him to keep up his spirits, for they should not be parted very long, for that, by some means or other, she was determined to join him. But he told her that this would be quite impossible, seeing that, by order of the commander-in-chief, women were not to come to the seat of war, so he entreated her not to do anything rash, but wait patiently for his return, if only the good God should permit him to escape from all the horrors of war, perils of the sea, and detestable climate.

'Ah! you don't know of what I am capable,' she exclaimed. 'I shall soon surprise you, and you will see your Catherine arrive in the Crimea. I shall not be long in finding you out after I have landed on Russian soil. You don't believe me, but I will do it, as sure as you are standing before me.'

So they parted, he to go on board his ship along with the troops, whilst she began to devise some mode of proceeding which would ensure the fulfilment of her desires. At first she could think of no plan likely to succeed, but she was not baffled or discouraged; she knew she must not be idle, for it would be advisable to take a few hundred francs with her, and as she did not wish to take more than half of what remained of her little fortune, which would give her 350 francs, she resolved to hire herself out either as a servant or sometimes as an ironer, and by this means got as much work as she could do, living meanwhile very frugally, and by degrees her little heap of silver grew bigger. Then she cautiously made inquiries respecting the destination of some of the ships in the harbour, and soon learnt that one of them was under orders to proceed to the Crimea laden with provisions and blankets for the troops. She at once determined to go in her. One of the sailors having mentioned in her hearing that they would sail at ten o'clock next morning, she hurried off and lost no time in making her preparations for departure, purchasing amongst other things a warm travelling rug, a waterproof cape, and a pair of strong boots. She also laid in a little stock of provisions, and the following morning, laden with her bundles, she stood for some time alongside of the ship, and, having dexterously watched her opportunity, she managed to go on board with a few women, some of whom were taking leave of the sailors, while the others had brought a few articles for sale, such as fruit, eggs, cakes, sweets, small pictures of religious subjects in gilt frames, &c.

Catherine soon contrived unperceived to slip in between and behind some large bales of merchandise with her bundles, for not only was the hold filled as tight as possible with them, but they were piled up in every available corner or space. She lay down with her bundles under her head in a corner, and felt satisfied that she was quite hidden from view, and did not dare to move for fear of detection.

Presently there was a great deal of movement on board; sailors running to and fro, orders shouted, and a little later, to her heartfelt joy, Catherine knew that the vessel was in motion; there was no doubt about it, she was at last on the way to join her husband. She was so happy she could have screamed with joy; but she must not make the slightest noise, or some one might discover her and inform the captain of her presence, who would no doubt order the ship to be stopped and have her carried on shore, or put

on a passing boat, so she took care to keep well behind the bales of merchandise.

She had put some large sandwiches in her pocket and had some wine in a bottle, so she did not starve, and after making a good meal during the afternoon, she slept soundly, and never awoke till early on the following morning, when, hearing no noise, she got up and stretched herself, for she was very cramped from keeping so many hours in one position. Her sleep had greatly refreshed her; however, she judged it prudent to return to her hiding-place, for the day had dawned, so, taking a little more food, she lay down again, taking care to be well surrounded by the large bales.

She remained undiscovered for several hours longer, when, owing to the wind rising and becoming violent, it was evident that a heavy gale was imminent, and it became necessary to prepare for it by making everything in the ship taut and trim. Amongst the rest the bales of merchandise had to be moved and heaped so as to prevent the possibility of their rolling about, and it was then that Catherine was found sound asleep behind them. The exclamations of the officer and sailors startled and awoke her.

‘Who is this woman? how did she come here?’ said the mate in a shrill voice.

The sailors answered that they did not know her, nor how she came on their ship, and they had never seen her at all.

She immediately got up, and then went down on her knees and asked forgiveness. The mate told her to get up, for he was not the captain, and he despatched one of the men to inform him of what had occurred. He was greatly annoyed on hearing that a woman had been found on his ship, and ordered that she should be brought before him. On her appearing, he asked her what she was doing on his vessel without permission, and what she had to say for herself. She prayed most humbly that he would pardon her, and said that, having learnt that his ship was under orders to proceed at once to the Crimea, and being most anxious to join her husband, who was a trumpeter in a cavalry regiment serving in General B——’s army before Sebastopol, she had made bold to come on board, and had been able to hide herself behind some large bales and elude observation. Again she besought him to have compassion upon her and land her in the Crimea. She told him how hard it had been for her to be parted from her husband just two weeks after their marriage, and she hoped

he would allow her to remain in his ship until it arrived at its destination.

‘As I do not wish to commit murder, having no means of landing you here, and cannot spare time to go out of my way to do so, you must proceed with us,’ the captain replied. ‘You have done a very wrong action in coming on board like this, stealing in like a thief.’

Catherine burst into tears, greatly ashamed and confused.

‘There are no women here,’ the captain went on, ‘therefore I shall give orders for a small cabin to be prepared for you; this you will occupy and not dare to leave it until we arrive. Food and water shall be brought to you every day, and if you put your foot out of the cabin, you may fear the consequences. You are to understand that I mean to be obeyed. On our arrival you will be permitted to land, but you must not leave your cabin until then.’

He turned to the mate and said, ‘Take her down to a place of safety now, and return with all hands to see to the effectual security of the ship, for the gale is increasing in violence and promises to be very severe.’

Catherine thanked him and promised that he should have no fault to find with her, and then followed the mate down below.

Very soon a furious gale was raging, and the poor woman thought that her last hour had come. She was terribly frightened until it had abated and both wind and sea had become calm. A few hours later she was conducted to a small cabin, which she never left until informed that, having reached Kamiesch harbour, she must prepare to land. She caught up her bundles and followed the sailor who had come for her, and soon found herself standing on dry land. She asked if she might go and thank the captain, but was told that it was impossible, for he was fully occupied. She stood still, not knowing which way to turn; no one would listen to her, all being far too busy, although some few stared in astonishment, as they went by, at seeing this comely young woman standing, looking so scared.

After a while she summoned courage to ask the driver of a wagon who had stopped near her to tell her in which direction she must go to find the cavalry troop to which her husband belonged. Directly she had named the regiment, he said, his eyes beaming with good nature, ‘Come, young woman, you had better get up beside me, for I am going that way and can set

you down within a quarter of a mile of the cavalry tents. We have not far to go, as you will see.'

He held out his hand and helped her to get on to the seat, and she thanked him for his kindness. As soon as he received his last instructions with regard to the cases and packages confided to his care and with which his wagon was fully laden, he brandished his whip, and away they went. When Catherine was set down the kind wagoner told her in a few words how she could reach the troop she wanted.

'I fear, however, that you may have a difficulty in passing the pickets, for the rules are awfully strict, but good luck to you, ma'am. I am glad I have been able to help you so far on your way.' She thanked him for his great kindness, and he had scarcely driven away when she saw three soldiers approaching towards her from another direction. In a few moments, as they came nearer, there was a shout, and one of them rushed towards her in great excitement. 'It is Catherine, my dear wife, boys, or I am dreaming.'

Immediately she found herself locked in the arms of her husband, who, being off duty, was taking a stroll with two of his comrades. This was a surprise for him; the gallant trumpeter never expected that his wife could possibly carry out her desire to come and find him in the Crimea. It was such joy to see her again, his pretty, darling wife; but what was he to do with her, no women being allowed in camp? Indeed, he had not seen one even, until those unfortunate Russian women and children who had been turned out of Sebastopol by order of Prince Gortchakoff had passed through on their way to Russia on foot, in a pitiable condition, some of them scarcely able to walk, while others had to carry their children.

Whilst Catherine was telling her husband how she had contrived to keep her word and follow him to the Crimea, the captain of his troop, accompanied by a lieutenant with whom he was conversing, came that way, and, seeing a woman talking with his men, stopped to inquire who she was and what she was doing, women not being permitted within the lines, and he was much surprised to find her there.

Catherine immediately stood forward, and told the officers that she hoped that they would allow her to remain with her husband, for she had travelled all the way from Toulon to come to him; they had only been married a few days when he was torn from

her, being obliged to go to the war. She could not bear the separation and had followed him as soon as it was possible. She was an honest, respectable woman, ready to do anything provided she might stop with her husband.

The captain replied that he was sorry to tell her that she must go away, for the commander-in-chief's orders could not be transgressed ; but she begged him so much to speak for her to the colonel and general, that at last she persuaded him, being a most kind-hearted man, to see if anything could be done for her. He went to seek his brother officers and told them the story of Catherine, the wife of their favourite trumpeter, and proposed that if a little money could be subscribed, they might get the general to give his consent to her being installed in a small hut which they would raise for her in any spot he would select, where she could hold a canteen and become sutler, selling drinks not only to their own regiment, but to all who might want them, and if this little barrack tavern were placed on the side of their camp which adjoined the British lines, he was sure she would soon drive a roaring trade. The officers were generous in subscribing, the general received the proposal kindly and gave his consent. Therefore, in a very short time, the trumpeter's wife was the happy possessor of a hut which she found filled with all the requisites for a good business ; she got plenty of customers, for she was always good-humoured and ready to supply all they required. The English soldiers were not long in finding their way to her tavern, and she had as much to do as heart could desire ; and time passed pleasantly enough but for the frequent din and turmoil of battle, when she shook and quailed, especially when the Russians made their sorties out of Sebastopol, yet, as soon as they were repulsed, she would go back to her duties and be in readiness to refresh any of the combatants, and in return learn from them all that had taken place, her constant anxiety being lest her husband should get shot ; this he luckily escaped, though often in great peril.

Catherine's assiduity to her work brought her in plenty of money. The trumpeter was so proud of his clever, fascinating wife, and those kind officers who had been the first to help and befriend her were quite delighted at her success, and felt they had done right to set her up in business. She remained in the Crimea until some time after the taking of Sebastopol. As soon as peace with Russia was signed, her husband's regiment received orders to return to France. Alas ! more than half the regiment had

succumbed during the war, but the brave fellows who were left and our heroine were received with open arms by their friends on reaching Toulon, and were warmly congratulated on their safe return home after all the perils they had gone through, and some of the women were quite envious of Catherine's success, and wished, when too late, that they had also had the pluck to follow their husbands to the war.

C. A. CREED.

*THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.*

BY S. G. TALLENTYRE.

JUST a century ago, in an Irish village, a father and daughter were preparing the second edition of a highly successful and famous work entitled 'Practical Education.'

The book is as dead as a forgotten mode. It is to be found buried in the dust of libraries or hidden in that charnel-house of many good things—a second-hand bookstall. Yet it was typical, and a very favourable type, of a branch of literature which once flourished and was green. The volumes are stiff with instruction. They are so common-sensible, so obvious, so verbose, so leisurely, so minute—their virtues as much as their failings make them impossible reading for a generation widely different from their own. The two Edgeworths who wrote them, pious Mrs. Trimmer, correct Miss More, prim Mrs. Chapone, form a committee as it were, who sat in a dreadfully righteous judgment on the youthful manners and morals of their time, with the author of 'Sandford and Merton' in the chair (that unique person whose destiny it was never to smile in life or to be mentioned without a smile after his death), and who are responsible for more Advice, Letters to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind, Strictures, Views, Opinions, Rules for the Bettering of This and the Encouragement of That, Moral Tales, Moral Reflections, Moral Considerations, Guides to Knowledge, to Genteel Manners and to Heaven than any other six persons in the world.

That they found plenty to reform in the upbringing of the young, there is very little doubt. The Golden Age for children was yet very far off. In France, thirty years before the Revolution, the greatest genius and scoundrel of his day had cried aloud, in 'Émile' and a white heat of passion, for a few of their most elementary and natural rights. The French child of the time was the artificial and dressed-up little toy of a modish mother, taught to bow and pirouette, to coquet and compliment, and nothing else in the world. With its body deformed by irrational clothing from its infancy and its mind by a most vile and unnatural state

of society, Madame wrote the most charming little pamphlets on it in the pauses of her intrigues and went into hysterics over M. Jean-Jacques Rousseau's astounding accusations in that novel of his, and the plain-spoken assurance of her dear doctor, the fashionable physician, M. Tronchin, that she had been put into the world not to be a mistress but a mother, and had failed in her only vocation.

There is no surer test of the character of a nation or an individual than its treatment of the helpless. A hundred and twenty years ago domestic John Bull did not stand that trial very much better than that immoral French brother of his whom he held in such a holy British horror. His servants, for whom anything was good enough, were in their turn good enough for his children. The fashionable mother, like her contemporary in France, left them to nurses whose character may be guessed from Swift's famous 'Directions to Servants.' If they were obliging enough to be pretty and set her off well, why, then they might come downstairs and do it: or be taken out driving by My Lady in the Parks—a fashion, as a toy-spaniel is the fashion one year and a plain companion with her back to the horses, another. The boys escaped from an inadequate tutor, who was worse paid and less respected than the footman, to the improving society of the grooms and the stablemen of a coarse age. My Lady's daughters were brought up to sell well. Once sold, they could be as vicious, useless, incompetent, listless, and wretched as they pleased.

It was from such an education and its effects that that committee of good ladies and elderly gentlemen tried, each in their turn, to save childhood. Their own conception of it, indeed, is not a little curious. The poet's 'A child? A fragment of the morn—a piece of Spring!' was not their idea at all. The child of reality—stumping little feet on the stairs, noisy when you want to be quiet and merry when you want to be sad, naughty and innocent, wilful and gay, the cause and cure of half the cares of life, had no place either in their philosophy.

Mrs. Trimmer's *beau idéal* of the young was a little grandson, who 'so enjoyed the rest as well as the comforts of the Sabbath, that he put away his toys with alacrity on Saturday night,' 'would have scorned to seek amusement unsuited to the season and have been offended with the person who would have supposed him capable of it.'

Miss More, on the other hand, thought it a fundamental error

to regard children as innocent beings, and considered 'the most important quality in an instructor of youth' a conviction of its innate wickedness.

No one perhaps has ever supposed the Sandford and Merton of their author's playful fancy to have the slightest resemblance to what Mr. Chadband called the Human Boy. While even Miss Edgeworth, who wrote with a vigour and ability not known to her compeers—Miss Edgeworth's little Charleses and Marys have, fortunately for themselves, never lived outside a book.

But if the Committee were at variance in many of their notions regarding a child, they were all agreed on one point. It was a Thing. It might be a bad Thing or a good Thing. But it was a Thing—to do as we choose with—to model after our ideas. No one seems to have thought it possible that the modelling might not take effect; that the clay might be stiff and the child born with a character. Ladies who had been complimented by Dr. Johnson may be forgiven indeed for being a little self-assured. They were the Pinkertons of Minerva Academy, who, having been crowned by the great lexicographer, could henceforth do no wrong.

The most striking feature of the works for the use of the young is their moral aspect. Georgian Tommy began to be moral in words of one syllable and a frock. 'Bob took a cake. Fie, Bob!' said his kind aunt. 'I love a good boy, but a bad boy I do not love.' The pattern is unaltered to this day.

Similarly, in the little 'Pathway of Knowledge' book, Tommy's errant attention having been gained by the query 'What is treacle?' had 'Who made you?' fired off at him as question two, before the attention had time to wander again. Throughout the rest of such works the authors artfully skip in a like manner from inquiries on dormice and jam, to questions on immortal destinies and a future world, to which only the pious assurance of a Trimmer or the gay innocence of a Tommy could have returned answers so pat, so certain, and so damnatory.

Once in little frilled trousers and two or three syllables, Tommy of four advanced to more improving stories about squirrels or rob-ins, in which he expressed the righteous opinion that as those active, nimble creatures could never be happy in a cage, and he loved to see them happy, his dear Mam-ma should never have the grief of seeing him catch one. (To be sure,

his Mam-ma might have been pretty comfortable on that point, in any case.)

Even history and geography were turned to a moral account. Tommy was to observe the workings of a beneficent Providence in the fact that in Arctic regions where there was no sun, there were no trees; while in the tor-rid zone, there were palms. He was also to be taught to see that the un-right-e-ous di-vo-ice of Katharine of Arragon (poor Tommy!) led by the bless-ing of Heaven to Anne Boleyn and Pro-tes-tant Eliz-a-beth.

Tommy was, in fact, improved at every turn. He must have felt quite murderous towards kings and queens whose examples not only pointed out to him the way he should go, but served as reproaches when he had gone the way he should not go.

‘But Henry was frail and licentious beside,
And, at last, by a surfeit of lampreys he died—’

was, for instance, a direct hit at a youth who had only yesterday requested two helpings of cake, and been so audacious as to suppose that he knew better than the governess whether or no he was still hungry.

He could not even learn a piece of poetry which had not ‘Moral’ written large over the last verse. ‘How Doth the Little Busy Bee’ had had no sacrilegious parody written upon it then to enliven its solemnity for his youthful imagination.

The didactic pentameters of ‘You are Old, Father William,’ had not then any associations which could possibly raise a smile. One can picture the luckless Thomas, seated bolt upright in his drab-coloured schoolroom, with a pair of chubby legs stuck out straight in front of him, a small sister on either side, and little anxious eyes fixed on that abominably improving woman, that stiff-starched emblem of narrow bigotry, the Prunes and Prism of her day. No doubt, indeed, the schoolroom was not always drab-coloured. Sometimes Prunes and Prism, under that frigid and correct exterior, felt the prompting of an overwhelming feeling, called the maternal instinct. But if one may judge by the works for children combined with the works about them, the age thought too little of love and laughter and too much of reproof and improvement.

When the play hour was supposed to be come, Prunes and Prism read aloud stories in which a lesson was artfully concealed, like a powder in a spoonful of jam. One enthralling little narra-

tive contained an account of Mr. Lovechild instructing Augustus on numerals and Roman figures. "I shall be happy," replied the charming youth, "to hear any questions my dear Papa will propose: and I will endeavour to answer them as well as I can."

A second narrative opened in this promising manner: "My dear Mamma," said Eliza Primrose, as she skipped playfully over a flowery mead with her beloved parent one fine summer evening, "I think I have committed to memory all the verses you so kindly taught me: so that if you will ask me the questions which introduce them, we can hold a conversation all the way we have to go."

It may be taken for granted that Tommy and Mary, with the admirable downrightness of children, immediately detected that Eliza Primrose, for all her playful skipping, was going on to instruct them about somebody or something—and had, in fact, been created for no other purpose.

Neither story nor lesson was made more enthralling to luckless Tommy by all fields being alluded to as 'flowery meads,' hot climates invariably spoken of as 'torrid'—in fine, a grand word used wherever a simple one would do much better. Yet it must have been supposed that to translate a bishop into a 'revered prelate' and a girl into a 'delicately nurtured young female,' explained those personages better to the infant mind, since it was always done, most conscientiously.

The book out of which these extracts are culled is old, faded and battered, and yet carefully mended with black strips across the back by some neat little hand, long dead. It inevitably recalls a good little Georgian mother who earnestly tried to find therein suitable nutriment for the baby heart. Who can help hoping that she gave up the effort sometimes—took Tommy on her lap, and with his wondering, innocent eyes looking up into her face, told him stories with no moral, of gnomes, of giants and of fairies; or, forgetting Trimmers, Chapones and Edgeworths, taught him, from the simple wisdom of her own mother heart, a lesson of love?

It may also be diffidently suggested that the moral so greatly insisted on was not by any means the best of morals. Miss Edgeworth made quite sure, in a preface, that her tales were higher toned than those deplorable Cinderellas and Jack-the-Giant-Killers with which the infant mind had hitherto been corrupted. But, after all, her theory of virtue is the same as the

fairy stories—and is the Sugar Plum theory throughout. Be virtuous, because honesty is the best policy. Don't seize a tart, and your kind aunt will give you the largest on the dish. 'Truth, though it slay me,' do right, though it cost you your all, is, to be sure, a hard doctrine to teach a child. But it is at least no harder than hundreds of strange theological problems which were wont to be expounded, God knows how! to that small intelligence on many dreary Sunday afternoons. And despite Miss More's dismal notion of all the young as little Monsters of Depravity, there is no heart which is readier to receive a noble ideal than the unspoil heart of a child.

When Tommy at length escaped from the Moral Tale, it was only to the Improving Game. A later generation of children have also made geographical puzzles; without any particular benefit accruing to their geography. It is to be hoped this was also the case with Master Tommy and those good little sisters of his with their prim pinafores and little trousers coming below their frocks. But in the Geographical and Historical Question game there was no escaping instruction. What a poor reward six counters must have seemed for being cheated out of your playhours and made to give information about the houses of Israel and Judah, and the fauna of the Balkan Peninsula! Prunes and Prism, who was so sure when Tommy had had enough tea, never seems to have reflected that he might have had enough lessons also. A new age, and the best champion Tommy has ever had, have come to the conclusion that his natural instincts were not the less the right ones, and that he was almost always underfed and over-taught.

From Admonitions and Instructions of some kind the unfortunate boy never seems to have been free for a single moment. There were Rules (at the end of the Spelling Book) for his behaviour in every circumstance of existence. They got him up in the morning and followed him to bed at night. They pursued him into Church, the Street, and the Garden. They waylaid him on the Stairs. They tripped him up in the Schoolroom. They disposed equally easily of his soul and his pocket-money.

There was one division which regulated his 'Behaviour in Walking Alone:' and another which attended to his 'Keeping Company with his Elders:' and a third which provided for his 'Conduct with Companions.'

Tommy ('knowing the time of dinner and being ready a

quarter of an hour before') was to 'keep his eye on his plate and not on the dishes or the company.' When his parents told him he had had enough, he was on no account even to desire more. He was never to talk at table, 'much less sneeze, cough, or yawn.' 'If a bone hurts your mouth or anything sticks in your teeth,' painfully minute instructions were at hand to assist him to extract the offending object. In the parlour afterwards Tommy was to bow immediately he got inside the door, and, apparently, was to continue bowing until his parents became tired of the Mandarin monotony of the proceeding and bade him sit down. He was to bow again before he took the seat. He was to bow when visitors came in the room and immediately to bow himself out of it, unless formally instructed to the contrary. If he remained he was to be sure not 'to wink or use antic motions.' Neither was he to read a book, or look at a paper, or blow his nose: while sneezing and coughing were as strictly interdicted as at meals: and he was prudently cautioned not to slip out of the room privately, 'as that is mean and unhandsome.' Yet during the whole of this bad quarter of an hour Tommy was to 'look pleased but not merry:' and it was thought necessary to further forbid him to laugh. Laugh! there is not a single natural impulse of his youthful heart which those 'Directions for an Agreeable Behaviour and Polite Address' would not have crushed if they could.

Tommy was never to skip or jump, 'much less run, get hot, or pant.' He was not to whistle or sing when he walked alone, 'for these are marks of clownishness and folly;' while the same acts, in company, are 'the idle tricks of vulgar children.' The sins of tree-climbing and leap-frog are not even alluded to. They are the abominable crimes of which one does not speak.

The morality of the Agreeable Behaviour and Polite Address is a good deal more after the Sugar-Plum order than the morality of the Moral Tales, and has underlying its piety a kind of sly shrewdness, of which its good author was no doubt entirely unconscious.

'Be generous, but never give away what you may want.'

'Be always obliging, for obstinacy is a fault of vulgar children, and arises from their not having your advantages of birth and education.'

'Be ready to give your brothers and sisters anything they like, and they will give you what you desire.'

‘Never revenge yourself, for that is wicked; your relations will always take your part when you behave with quietness.’

‘If anyone uses you unkindly, despise him; and do not keep company with him afterwards.’

Oh, Tommy, Tommy! surely you of whom a Greater Authority than all the Polite Addresses and Agreeable Behaviours that ever were, has said, ‘Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,’ had in your childish soul a faith, a love, and a generosity, quite hidden from the calculating piety of your prudent instructors!

It may be confidently supposed that even the Tommy who was the victim of such maxims as these sometimes gave away a top he really *did* want to console a sad little sister, forgave his small wrongs with that divine forgiveness which is a child’s alone, and clambered into a motherly lap to be kissed and spoilt, entirely without afterthought or design either for this world or the next.

It is not difficult to fancy how that over-admonished youth must have sat looking enviously out of the schoolroom window at the lambs frisking in the meadow, or at Fido gambolling on the lawn. Tommy, alas! never gambolled. When he passed from the jurisdiction of Prunes and Prism it was only into that of ‘beloved Mr. Barlow,’ who stepped, as it were, straight out of the pages of ‘Sandford and Merton,’ for his discomfiture.

Had Mr. Barlow inevitably a white choker, short-sighted eyes, spectacles, and a bubbling stream of information which overburst all bounds, and welled up incontinently in playhours? This was his type, at least. He took Tommy out walking. Tommy held his hand and wished despairingly that either he or Mr. Barlow (but preferably Mr. Barlow) had never been born. That gentleman improved, or spoilt according to the point of view, every shining minute. Tommy could not smell a rose without being reminded of its calyx and corolla, nor enjoy the sunshine without a lesson in astronomy. If a rabbit crossed their path—dreadful interrogatories from Mr. Barlow as to the family of *mammalia* to which it belonged, and pious observations on the beneficent design of the Creator in providing it with legs wherewith to run and gambol. (It never seems to have occurred to the Barlows of the period that little boys had been also beneficently provided with legs for precisely the same purpose.)

There was a dreadful little story called ‘Eyes and No Eyes,’ which must have haunted Tommy’s walks like an avenging spirit, though, to be sure, the presence of Mr. Barlow made other

torments superfluous. 'Eyes' was the boy who proffered intelligent queries about fauna and flora the whole time he was out of doors, and of course was much too well bred to ask questions, as a real child would inevitably have done, to which his tutor did not know the answers. As for 'No Eyes'—how guilty Tommy must have envied that *insouciant* youth!—he ran on in front and frisked and shouted and enjoyed himself, and at the end of the walk was a warning to all little boys and blissfully ignorant of everything, except, perhaps, the evanescent arts—how to be happy and young.

There is no record that Tommy indulged in infantile football or cricket. He did not, at least, indulge in them with assistance from Mr. Barlow. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that prim white-chokered person and the vigorous young master in a modern public school, whose athletics are quite as important as his Greek, and who is by no means so many years older than Tommy that he is out of sympathy with that youth's character and ideals.

There is no wonder that when the Tommy burst, as he always seems to have done, straight from childhood to manhood, he generally misused the liberty to which he was entirely unaccustomed, and knowledge having been rendered hateful to him, forgot all he did know as soon as he could. Nor is it marvellous that when Mr. Barlow took him on the Grand Tour, the emancipated pupil set the worthy governor at defiance; and Mr. Barlow's pompous epistles home, tricked out with suitable quotations from the classics, were full of holy horror at Tommy's incorrigibility and wildness.

But if Tommy was to be pitied, little sister Maggie was to be pitied a great deal more. From the earliest age she was never allowed to be 'that perfect sexless creature so complete in its own matchless innocence, a child.' She was always a Delicately Nurtured Young Female.

She cannot have been more than three when she first sat at Prism's feet and learnt to sew, while Prism improved the occasion with solemn stories of the awful fate reserved in this world and the next for little girls who did not excel in that exclusively feminine accomplishment. It was ladylike to play the piano—so the unfortunate Maggie, with no taste for music, and the persistent Prism seated at her side—struggled with the first two bars of 'In a Cottage near a Wood' until her brain got benumbed and dreary, and large grubby tears fell down

her baby cheeks. It was ladylike to dress little English girls as if they lived in the torrid zone, so what Maggie suffered from the atmosphere of that schoolroom, at once imperfectly warmed and imperfectly ventilated, can be but dimly imagined. When the hour of recreation came, it was almost always too cold, or too damp, or too windy for a small person in little kid shoes and bare arms and legs to go out at all. As it was very unladylike, not to say immodest, ever to speak under any circumstances to that enormous division of the human race which the Spelling Book called 'vulgar children,' Maggie, from her chaste garden and chilly walk and holding Prism's knuckly hand all the time, could only sadly and silently envy fortunate village Sally, who might be seen through a gap in the hedge, with her battered hat by her side and her brown legs swinging, seated on the top of a stile, throwing stones into a pond—natural, plebeian and happy.

The only amusement, indeed, permitted to the young Female, at once satisfactory and proper, was her doll. What strange secrets of grown-up stupidity and misunderstanding that young Female of six must have whispered with her warm lips pressed tight against Selina Anne's comfortable composition face! Prism, of course, knew infallibly and to a second the time when Selina Anne became a foolishness and must be put away in a box-room; and Maggie was left with nothing but her natural buoyancy to console her. It is fortunate that at the age when one grows long legs and short petticoats, natural buoyancy is a force to be reckoned with.

From that time the Proprieties pursued Maggie like a pack of demons. For her, all athletic exercises were immodest. It was equally vulgar to look blue and cold, and to go for a brisk walk and get warm. It was dangerous to get her feet wet and ungenteel to wear thick boots and keep them dry. The most rigorous outdoor exercise she was ever allowed was a drive behind Papa's fat coach-horses—and then it was *de rigueur* to scream, turn pale, or faint, if those over-fed animals went beyond an asthmatic trot. (Screaming and fainting were not, indeed, recommended in so many words; but the Young Female who only laughed at such tragedies was regarded as distinctly unfeminine, or, at best, of No Sensibility.) Did Maggie wish to dance in the evenings? Miss More, in a famous work on 'Female Education,' had alluded shudderingly in a footnote to 'the indecent and offensive waltz.' No wonder that, in an age when bead mats and wax flowers were the only recreations from the use of the globes and

the 'Young Lady's Primer of General Information,' that Prism had to wage perpetual war against poking, stooping and fidgeting—round shoulders and crooked spines—the natural consequence of its being considered immoral to sit on a chair with a back to it, and the custom to sit all day long.

The Proprieties, of course, ruled lessons too.

It was proper to learn a little French and a little Italian; but only a very little, and with Prism's rich British accent carefully accentuated, for fear the Delicately Nurtured Young Person should be suspected of having visited improper Paris, or—gracious heavens! of having received instruction from a handsome, impoverished Italian nobleman. A little drawing, a little painting, and a little harp-playing became the Young Female, so long, that is, as she showed no signs of becoming proficient in these arts, or of being able to turn any of them to account. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, lifted up her voice against the cultivation of all such accomplishments when the pupil had for them neither taste nor use; but it remained, not the less, long after her day the universal idea that, when an occupation ceased to be objectless, it ceased to be ladylike.

It would have been thought that an age which was so anxious to make Maggie feminine would at least have given her a sound training in cookery and useful needlework. But it did not. In these branches of learning, as in all others, it was vulgar to be thorough, and possibly self-supporting. Maggie learned theoretically, perhaps, even the useful groundwork of domesticity; but practically it spoiled one's hands to touch nasty saucepans and frying-pans, and it was more refined to trifle with a little modish chenille work than to learn to make useful clothing.

Poor Maggie! The female of education of her day may be well described as a worthless ornament, which the genteel put on for show.

The Proprieties further directed not only the female mind and body, but the heart and soul. It was correct for Maggie to give away part of her pocket-money to the poor: but highly indelicate and not to be thought of to have any of that practical knowledge of the nasty dirty creatures which might have made the gift a blessing instead of a curse.

When Maggie wrote a letter to an absent sister she had always the 'Young Lady's Complete Letter-writer' at her elbow and expressed sentiments in which 'our august and beloved

sovereign' (George IV!) and 'the inscrutable Designs, my dearest Maria, of an All-beneficent Providence' figured largely. Was there a twinkle sometimes in Maggie's eye as she looked for the correct spelling of 'beneficent' in what she called her 'Dixonary,' and a corresponding twinkle in dearest Maria's when she perused those pompous epigrams? It is to be hoped so; for if Maggie and Maria could not laugh at the exquisite lack of humour in their tasks and teachers, their girlhood must have been dull indeed.

The Proprieties moreover thought it their duty to point out Improprieties. One good lady wrote a little story on purpose to tell Maggie how wicked—and entertaining—were those French novels on the top shelf. Without the warning, to be sure, Maggie would never have supposed that any amusement could possibly be furnished by works written in that abominably tricky and idiomatic tongue which she had imperfectly acquired, with tears.

Finally, it was in her day alike impossible to have any other destiny in life but marriage, and improper to be fitted for it. If it was ungenteeled to be useful, it was immodest to be acquainted with the most elementary laws of health and good sense.

A female so delicately nurtured that she was never allowed to allude to the legs of the table or the chairs, could not, in the nature of things, be taught anything of the construction of the human body. Prism thought all Nature indelicate. If Maggie was to have been hereafter a mediæval nun, her training would have been foolish; as she was to be wife and mother, it was criminal. The age which found it shocking for her to play a game with her brothers or to nurse a cottager's baby, considered it entirely right, honourable, and decorous to marry her to any person selected by her parents the moment she emerged, still in a pinafore, from the schoolroom, half laughing, half afraid, longing to get away from lessons, no more awake to the responsibilities of life than a bird, and with—Heaven help her!—her only notions and experience of it drawn from Prism's.

The Proprieties gave her, as it were, the final push-off over the brink of that untried existence in the shape of Mrs. Chapone's 'Letter to a Young Married Lady,' wherein Mrs. Chapone solemnly instructed the bride how to retain Mr. L——'s affection by Sensibility and Softness, and how to artfully humour his temper when he was fractious.

The good Committee of Trimmers, Days, Chapones, Mores,

Edgeworths, having thus brought Tommy and Maggie to the Grand Tour and Marriage respectively, having in all points done their best, written voluminously, advised copiously, moralised continually, sat down as it were, satisfied : were complimented by Good Queen Charlotte and the nobility in general ; folded their hands ; assumed the right expression ; had their portraits painted ; and died.

They did much. They saved Childhood from Vice and Neglect. They did too much. They hampered it by unnatural restrictions and cramped it by narrow ideals. Yet they were not the less pioneers to better things.

It is not possible to say that even now the training of all boys is the best suited to make them self-supporting, good citizens, good fathers ; or that the education of girls is perfectly fitted to make them good mothers or useful old maids. It is still too often forgotten that ' the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal.' It is still too much the fashion to teach what *may* possibly be useful, before what certainly *must* be. Yet if the dismal Tommies who emerged from Polite Behaviours and walks with Mr. Barlow to dull license and libertinism be contrasted with those cheerful beings, the public schoolboy and the athletic undergraduate of to-day, which is the better picture ? While who can think that the repressed Maggie, with her back-ache and her Proprieties, her stuffy schoolroom and her stilted life, is not well exchanged for that fresh breath of morning, that gay, vigorous, impulsive person, with her outdoor games and her hundred honest interests, the English girl of to-day ?

AN AMAZING VAGABOND.

THE ne'er-do-well is not always so pitiable as he is painted. Society often loves the fool of its family; and not seldom does a handsome scamp possess passports which no amount of mere honesty and sobriety can obtain. The history of notable and entertaining persons opens the page on many a Barry Lyndon who, by sheer impudence and raffishness, has won his way to fortune and more luck than he deserved. Often enough, too, they have had the indulgence of an easy-going tolerance which in this sterner age has become almost impossible.

And this, too, was the luck of that amazing vagabond and scamp Bampfylde Moore Carew, who, born a Devonshire Carew and godfathered by noblemen, in early life became a roving gipsy, and in that capacity and countless disguises tramped and cheated and masqueraded in every part of the southern and western counties of England—not to speak of the Continent and America. So daring were his exploits and such his genius for lying that he became as famous as he was successful, and was elected 'king' of the gipsies while still a young man. Cousin to half the best blood in Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, he took a special delight in victimising the class from which he sprang; and to this day one of the most interesting features of his extraordinary career lies in the fact that he imposed an unparalleled series of audacious tricks on the well-known men of a century and a half ago, whose names are very familiar to us as borne by their descendants to-day, who live and flourish in the very homes in which Carew the Gipsy King played with the credulity and misused the benevolence of their forefathers.

To a man like myself, born and reared in the West, such a past is no mere history. I can follow every furlong of the road along which Bampfylde Carew limped—as the soundest cripple thereabouts—from Exeter to Axminster; every yard of his path as he went up to 'Squire' Portman's house to impose audaciously upon him; every step of the way he went from Halswell to the spot where, disguised as a most respectable old housewife, he had a terrible fit in the road, and so extracted the dole which Sir Charles Tynte—the Tyntes are still at Halswell—had sworn he

would never give to Carew, disguise himself as he would! That strange visit to the Lord Weymouth of his day; that escapade at Taunton, with its sequel in the jail; the pranks at Dunster; the rout of the Revenue officers on the coast of South Devon, when there was something in smuggling and smuggling was something—these and a hundred more of such incidents are so connected with historic names and well-known places that no dweller in Wessex could fail to find an almost personal interest in the history of this well-bred and ill-conditioned scamp; while the story of his life, not to speak of its problems, has a whimsical charm for his fellow-sinners on earth—at any rate, as long as their pulses beat quick and their blood runs warm.

Bampfylde Moore Carew was the son of Theodore Carew, rector of Bickleigh, or Bickley, near Tiverton, and was born in July 1693. It was a family living, and is to this day held by a Carew. His Christian names were those of his godfathers, who ‘tossed up’ to decide whose should come first. In due course he went to that good old centre of flogging and letters, Blundell’s School, at Tiverton, and here it was that the crisis in his life came to him. For at that time the schoolboys of Tiverton kept up between them a pack of hounds, and Carew distinguished himself above his fellows by his powers of running and jumping, and by a ‘Hi, tantivy-tantivy!’ of such merit that we must suppose it was not unlike John Peel’s, whose ‘view-halloa would waken the dead or a fox from his lair in the morning.’ He also learnt, probably from some keeper of the better sort (and they are made from penitent poachers), a method of enticing dogs to obey and follow him—no slight accomplishment for those sons of the soil who so love the fat game that, having none of their own, they cannot rest until they acquire that of their neighbours. All these accomplishments stood him in good stead in later life, and ‘The Dog Stealer’ became one of his most common and not undeserved sobriquets. Curiously enough, the pack of hounds was permitted by the school authorities, even when used for a questionable variety of sporting purposes, though the fox was, of course, the supreme quarry. Now, just before harvest-time one year, as ill-luck would have it, a red deer wandered into the neighbourhood of Tiverton; and promptly enough the Tiverton School pack followed in pursuit. A grand run of many miles ended in the death of the deer—and enormous damage to the standing crops; and this speedily brought a deputation of yeomen and farmers to

the school, and the ringleaders were identified. The headmaster (a proficient of the birch) promised them a most drastic punishment, and, to make the more of it, held it over them until the next day.

But on the morrow Carew and three of his schoolfellows—Escott, Coleman, and Martin—ran away from the horrors they could well imagine, and, falling in with a band of gipsies, then and there joined them, cheerfully taking the oaths and going through the rude ritual imposed by gipsy custom. It is curious to note, by the way, that although all four were sons of persons of position and means, they never entirely turned their backs on the people whom they then joined. Interludes of home-life there were, and circumstances in two cases ultimately brought responsibilities which could not well be shirked; but to the end all four retained an affection for the vagabond's life and exhibited a loyalty to the 'Priggers,' 'Prancers,' 'Rufflers,' 'Swaddlers,' and 'Doxies'—as the gipsies are known among themselves—which I cannot help thinking should be put down to their credit.

Carew was now about sixteen years of age, and, just as he had shown himself to be apt at all his school work, so he soon proved to be as quick at acquiring the gipsy 'cant' and lore. His superior education, his gift of ready speech, and the energy with which he threw himself into all the 'cunning arts' of the gipsies, very soon gained him a reputation through the country-side; and when the gipsies wished to 'cut bene whiddies,' or prophesy smooth things to some fine lady, they selected him as likely to do the work best. He thus became their 'dimber-damber man,' which is equivalent to saying, I fear, that he was a prince among the rogues—the completest cheat of them all. His first opportunity was not long in coming, for no less a person than Lady Musgrave consulted him about a large sum of money which she believed to be secreted about her house. Carew, after an elaborate performance of ritual, gave it as his opinion that she was right, that the treasure lay near a particular tree, and that the day and hour for discovering it had been placed by the constellations exactly seven days forward from that time. Overjoyed by this confirmation of her suspicions, the good soul gave him twenty guineas for his prophecy; but I regret to add that when seven days had elapsed Carew was far away, and no treasure could be found under any tree, dig however deep and wide ten sturdy labourers would!

After some time, compunction for the sorrow which his career was causing his parents brought him back to Bickley. Here he stayed for several months; but, in spite of all the natural ties of affection, he could not be happy, and one day he stole away and again joined the band with which he had formerly travelled. The next art he mastered was rat-catching and that of curing fits in cattle and dogs; and, true to his new character, he now clothed himself in an old blanket as covering for his body, while of shoes and stockings he had none. He played, in fact, the part of 'Poor mad Tom'—'Tom's a-cold! Who gives anything to poor Tom?' He would beat himself, eat coals, butt the wall, tear any garments given him, and generally play 'the natural'—who, in country villages, is often considered endowed with special medical powers. By this means revenue poured in steadily for some time, and then, when his ground had been well covered, he reappeared as a poor farmer, ruined by a flood in which all his cattle had been drowned. Again was the metamorphosis complete, for now he was respectably dressed, and very quiet and simple became his demeanour. He went about with a wife and seven children—commodities always at hand and on hire in a gipsy gang. Such a wife is known by the gipsies as an 'autem-mort'—*i.e.* a church-woman or married woman—not because she is necessarily going about with her husband, or is even married, but because she is accompanied by several children, though none of them need be her own! Disguise followed disguise, and I doubt not that he learnt in his uninterrupted campaign against human credulity a good many useful facts connected with human character. But Carew was not content. His passion for land-wandering grew into one for earth-wandering. He wanted to know more of the world, and, falling in at Dartmouth with his old schoolfellow Escott, still playing the gipsy, the two worked their passage to Newfoundland. *Cælum non animum mutant*, and with his chosen career never out of his mind, Carew simply treated the island as a mine for future mendicant purposes. He lost no opportunity of ascertaining everything known about everybody of any importance, and, after the fishing season was over, set sail again for England, disembarking at Dartmouth. Within twenty-four hours he was earning a good living as an unfortunate sailor who, coming back from Newfoundland, had lost his all by shipwreck. He particularly sought out the merchants of Bristol and Plymouth, who traded with Newfoundland largely, and in proportion to the

intimate information he could give them of that island did he receive of their abundance. The only change he made in this story was the date of the catastrophe and the name of the ship; for, with a sense of the claims of a topical event and an imaginative versatility which would have done credit to a modern journalist, Carew seldom let a shipwreck pass without turning it to account. Whenever the news of such a disaster reached the country, whether she had sailed from Weymouth or Poole or Plymouth or Bristol, Carew quickly appeared in the neighbourhood of those places, the one survivor of the melancholy event! His month or two at sea and month or two in Newfoundland were well invested.

The next event in his life was his marriage—an elopement with a Miss Grey, the daughter of a surgeon at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He represented himself to be mate of a trading vessel then lying in the Tyne, and the lady, impressed by his good looks and soft words, consented to fly with him. As a matter of fact, she sailed with him—in a ship commanded by a friend of his, was very uncomfortable in the North Sea and the Channel for a number of days, and, on arriving at Dartmouth, very downcast to learn that after all her husband was a gipsy and only a mate for her. But she was much stricken in love, and remembering that below all his disguises there lay, or slumbered, the gentleman, she forgave him; and, extraordinary though it may seem, they remained throughout a long life devoted lovers. It is true that they were seldom long together; months, and sometimes a year or more, elapsed without their hearing of or seeing each other; but to the end they were devoted man and wife, and, when together, as happy as any couple could be.

It was not long before Carew was on the road again. The newly married couple had stayed for a short time at Porchester with Carew's uncle, a well-to-do clergyman, who had offered to make him his heir if he would give up the vagabond life. But Carew could not be attracted by anything so secure, and within a week, taking his cue, as always, from his latest surroundings, was walking through Dorset and Somerset dressed in the gown and bands of a clergyman, mournfully and piously explaining to those he met that, although he had a wife and seven children, conscience had bidden him resign his Welsh living rather than take oath to the new Government, the policy of which was so against his moral convictions. His extreme modesty scarcely permitted him to

accept the many favours which his pious resignation extracted from the benevolent ; but nevertheless he had nothing to complain of for some time. Suddenly, however, the country was horrified by news of a terrible shipwreck in the Bristol Channel, in which many Quakers, bound for Philadelphia, lost their lives ; and, as Somerset was somewhat of a Quaker stronghold, he flung away his gown and bands, turned down the flaps of his hat, and ‘thee’d’ and ‘thou’d’ all and sundry as he related his providential and marvellous escape from drowning in the recent shipwreck. And this way came revenue exceeding.

An amusing story is told of the rapidity with which this ‘lightning artist’ changed his *rôle*. He knew the Portmans well, but when he called at Bryanston disguised as a rat-catcher they failed to recognise him. A clergyman present, however, declared him to be Carew, and this was admitted by the rat-catcher. Thereupon Mr. Pleydell, who happened to be there—Portmans and Pleydells still flourish exceedingly on the same soil—expressed his pleasure at meeting Carew at last ; he had heard so much of him, but had never seen him before. ‘What!’ exclaimed Carew, ‘do you not remember the poor wretch, with no shirt to his back nor stockings to his feet, who had been cast away on the French coast, and the rest of the crew drowned, to whom you gave a guinea and a suit of clothes?’ ‘Yes, I do remember that poor object,’ was the reply. And then, to the amazement of those present, Carew avowed himself the sailor. Thereupon Mr. Pleydell and Mr. Seymer of Hanford (his descendants are still to be found there) laid him a guinea apiece they would know him again ; and Carew took the bets eagerly. And the very next day an old woman, with a frill and high hat, and hooped petticoats, and two children holding on to them while a third lay in her arms, came to Mr. Pleydell’s with a terrible tale of the dreadful fire which had just happened at Kirton, hard by, and of the total loss of all she owned. As she was loitering about in the yard, Mr. Pleydell and several friends came in from shooting, and one of them asking where she hailed from was told ‘From Kirton, your honour ;’ and thereupon she began again her tale of woe. ‘D—n you!’ said a worthy magistrate, ‘there’s been more money collected for Kirton than ever Kirton was worth!’ But he gave her a shilling, and Mr. Pleydell gave her half a crown, Mr. Seymer another, and so on. Then, as they were going into the house, a loud ‘Hi, tantivy-tantivy!’ from the snuffling old woman first

amazed and then vastly amused them; for, after all, Carew had won his bets.

It seems to me that Carew must have obtained a certain measure of artistic enjoyment from these endless tricks. He was a mummer as well as a 'mumper.' He showed again and again that he took an especial pleasure in performing deft and daring tricks, and simply because they were just that. He was particularly fond of getting a donation twice or even three times in one day from the same philanthropist—not a mean performance for either side! Thus, in the morning he would be an unfortunate blacksmith, and in the afternoon a disabled sailor; or an old granny with five orphans dependent on her at one time, and a one-legged cripple at another. He was Presbyterian, Quaker, Baptist, Roman Catholic, and sound English Churchman, according to the profession of his prey. The Duke of Bolton, the Bouveries, Northcotes, Aclands, Dykes, Arundells, and his cousins the Coplestones, Courtenays, and Cliffords—all unconsciously paid toll to him again and again, always in a new guise and in response to a new tale. Whenever he happened to be discovered he was almost invariably treated with the utmost good-humour and friendliness. His fame had gone abroad, and people knew well that he was no ordinary scamp.

A remarkable story in connection with Carew is told of the Lord Weymouth of that day—the Marquisate of Bath was not created till later. Carew was playing at the time the part of a shipwrecked sailor, and he fell in with another mendicant in like guise, 'begging away for God's sake,' and telling an equally piteous tale. As they approached Warminster, Longleat, Lord Weymouth's magnificent place in Wiltshire, with its promise of rich spoil, could not fail to attract them. They were at first very badly received, and the servants told them that Lord Weymouth, having travelled abroad, could detect any false tales about foreign parts; and that if he did so he would horsewhip them to the edge of his property, as was his happy wont with those he proved to be impostors. However, Carew felt quite safe as regards Newfoundland and certain parts of the Continent, and he and his companion continued to beg piteously. At last the housekeeper relented, gave them a shilling, some bread and beer, and nearly the whole of a cold leg of mutton. On their way from the house the two beggars quarrelled as to who should carry the mutton, Carew wanting to throw it away there and then, while his companion wished

to exchange it for drink at the nearest inn. This they eventually did, and after a long carouse they parted; but very shortly afterwards Carew was overtaken by two horsemen sent by Lord Weymouth to bring back the sailors who had called at Longleat. When ushered into the great man's presence, Carew was treated very roughly and promised a sojourn in jail and a flogging to boot. He was then removed to await the capture of his comrade, and soon that ragged gentleman entered the room where Carew was confined. They had just time for a hurried consultation together before they were again separated, and Carew was once more brought before the Lord of Longleat, who thereupon, to the unbounded astonishment of the prisoner, disclosed the extraordinary fact that his ragged shipwrecked comrade was none other than himself! Lord Weymouth's quick changes and stratagems had been made possible by his valet being in his confidence, and it seems that he was in the habit of thus playing the vagabond, partly to relieve a natural *ennui* and partly to learn what was really going on in the neighbourhood of his vast estates. I should add that he insisted on Carew staying with him at Longleat for some time, for he not only knew him well by repute as the prince of beggars, but was also acquainted with several members of his family. And thus he atoned for his very practical joke.

It was about this time that the old 'king' of the gipsies died and that Carew, on the strength of his innumerable exploits and the fame he had obtained through them, was elected to be 'king' in his stead. Strictly speaking, this position placed him above the necessity for providing his own sustenance, the custom being for the 'king' to be supported by the joint contributions of his subjects—sons of St. Peter, as they were called, whose every finger was a predatory fish-hook! But Carew's nature was too mercurial for this, and he was soon as busy as ever on the road. Yet, had he but known it, he was hastening on to disaster; for shortly afterwards he was arrested by the order of a magistrate bitterly opposed to him and the gipsies in general, and eventually convicted and sent to Maryland, in America, there to be sold into slavery for seven years. I cannot now follow him in his extraordinary adventures there, nor tell of his many hairbreadth escapes, nor of his flight into the woods with a huge iron collar round his neck—subsequently filed off by Indians—but I may just refer in passing to one or two facts which show that the America of Carew's day was strangely unlike that of even fifty years later. Thus, at Phila-

delphia (the incorrigible scamp was a Quaker there, by the way) we hear that all the houses had large gardens and orchards attached to them, and that there were two fairs in the year and two market-days in the week. In New York he found about 7,000 inhabitants, most of them Dutch; but he was chiefly struck by the hundreds of negroes he saw hanging on as many gallows all round the town. At Boston, that self-righteous Pharisee of a town, the pavement of the street was held to be so immaculate that 'to gallop a horse on it is three shillings and fourpence forfeit.' It is of further interest to hear for what wages he shipped for 'the run home;' the captain agreed to give him 15*l.* in sterling, fifteen gallons of rum, ten pounds of sugar and tobacco, and ten pipes. This was the market price of the period.

The news of his return to England was received at first as incredible, but he very soon proved himself to be the real and only genuine Carew, and, strange to say, he was welcomed by everyone with almost a royal hospitality. Although he had been sentenced to seven years of slavery, he had actually returned home before the ship on which he had been taken out! That was a great achievement in times when the law was hard and evasion of it popular.

And so the old life was renewed—the wandering up and down the deep lanes of the West Country and across its open heaths, sleeping in the dells and combes and coppices, and feasting, as perhaps only a Devonshire man could, on the fruit of the countless orchards. I do not doubt that in many a town he 'stood pad,' as the gipsies say—that is, with a placard on his chest proclaiming him blind, dumb, or what not; that when hunger pressed he did not hesitate to 'ramp beaker-kens' (rob poultry-houses); or when the exigencies of the many parts he played required it, to become a 'prig-lully' and steal a shirt that fluttered clean upon a clothes-line. Many a pheasant paid tax to the Gipsy King with its life; and cunning snares brought many a rabbit and hare to his camp-fire at night. By 'dukking,' or telling fortunes, he often loaded pockets unpleasantly light, and by some audacious 'bammer,' or fairy tale, he extracted large-handed charity from the generous, impulsive landowners of the West. Yet kind he was to the really poor, and by his gipsy oath bound to share his spoil with those whose life, like his, was on the road. Often, too, like Robin Hood of old, he visited a summary vengeance on those whose hearts were turned against the poor. Though from one

point of view an Ishmaelite indeed, he would have been no true gipsy had he not been brother, friend, and comrade of the unfortunate.

One more story and I have done with this remarkable man. As it tells of a trick played upon him, it will partly compensate for those of the many tricks he had played upon others. In the days of which I write Bridgewater Fair was a very great junketing indeed, and attracted crowds of plump-pursed visitors from all parts of the West. As a natural consequence, there the vultures gathered together; and Carew, limping painfully along on crutches, entered Bridgewater on the eve of the fair one year with a dozen companions, some of whom were blind, some deaf, and some lame. Now the Mayor of Bridgewater was no friend of the gipsies, and as soon as he heard that this motley group of cripples had arrived he announced to some of his friends that he was possessed of a power they perhaps little suspected—that, in fact, he could make the blind see, the deaf hear, and the lame walk. Bets were freely made that he could do nothing of the kind, and thereupon the Mayor had the gipsies arrested and immediately brought before him. Of a truth they were a sorry lot. Those who were not deaf were blind; those who were not blind were deprived of a leg or so crippled as to be wholly dependent on crutches. The Mayor, after hearing their harrowing tales, ordered them to be confined for the night in the lock-up—a windowless one-roomed building such as may still be seen in old-fashioned towns in the West. Thus they were locked in, with nothing but the brick floor for repose and the liveliest anticipations of the morrow for comfort.

About ten o'clock at night, however, the municipal surgeon entered with a lantern and announced that he would examine them all in the morning in order to report to the Mayor whether or not they really suffered from deformity of one kind or another; and he went on to say that those who were found to be impostors would be treated by the Mayor with severity so extreme that, moved to pity, he would allow any such misguided wretch to escape there and then from the lock-up on condition that he immediately left the town. At this intelligence a great commotion arose, and in less time than it takes to write it the whole crowd surged out of the lock-up, flinging away their crutches and wooden legs, patches and bandages, and made off down the town at topmost speed—the blind leading the way with unerring steps,

the dumb crying aloud their fears, the deaf replying to them, and the lame sprinting along at a rattling pace. Now, just opposite the lock-up, on the further side of the street, stood the witty Mayor and his friends, convulsed with laughter at the success of his scheme; and, to make the fun the greater, they chased the unfortunate beggars along the street, threatening loudly the awful fate which would befall anyone who might be caught. So the flight became also a race; and not until the last of the cripples had crossed over the bridge—one of them actually throwing himself into the river and swimming across—did the pursuit cease and the Mayor begin to collect his bets.

Of Carew's other adventures I cannot now speak—not even of his curious experiences with Prince Charlie's army as it marched to Derby in 1745. But it may please some to know that very shortly after this Carew finally returned to his old home and settled down to the life of a country gentleman. Whether he had been induced to do this by huge winnings in a lottery, as some say, or by a fortune left him by a relative who had again and again offered him an independence during his career, or from a wish to give his daughter her proper station in life, the simple fact remains that he became regenerate after nearly forty years of vagabondage, and lived in prosperity and public esteem for a number of years. Moreover, his daughter married well, and her descendants apparently suffered nothing for the vagaries of that amazing scamp their forerunner. So I am bound to acknowledge that there does not seem to be any sort of moral to the story of Bampfylde Moore Carew.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE BRICE.

THE GLADE IN THE FOREST.¹

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a masked ball at the Casino that August night; and among the miscellaneous crowd trooping through the gates and across the square—among the Frenchmen in neat black coats and baggy neckties, and English tourists trampling foreign opinion under foot in checks and knickerbockers—were a number of men in evening dress, some wearing their dominos, some carrying them, and of ladies, all closely masked.

Among the men were the duellists of that afternoon.

‘We’d better put these things on,’ said Laurence, slipping on his cowl. ‘I’ve been at a good many carnivals, and it’s always more amusing to know than to be known.’

‘I hate all this tomfoolery,’ answered Maurice.

‘I was brought up to it, you see. There seem to be a lot of people. It’s odds if we shall recognise her.’

‘Your waiter chap at the hotel was quite clear about her coming?’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Laurence. ‘He said she had inquired about the trains after *déjeuner* at the Maison Ardente. She was to bicycle to Tôtes and get here by rail in time for dinner.’

‘Hallo, Frank!’ said a man passing, ‘who’d have thought of seeing you? Are you going to caper, or are you coming to break the bank with a two-louis maximum?’

It was Sir Gilbert Baynes. Maurice shook hands with the newcomer.

‘I’m a looker-on,’ he said. ‘How did you get here, Gilbert? You know Laurence, don’t you?’

Laurence bowed.

‘I’m going on,’ he said; ‘that’s rather a nice waltz they’re playing. It’s agreed, then,’ he said to Maurice, ‘if either of us makes the discovery he presents the other?’

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‘That’s it,’ said Maurice.

‘What’s the meaning of this?’ said Baynes. ‘Are you and Laurence hunting in couples now?’

‘It’s not my choice,’ said Maurice. ‘But come in. I’ll tell you about it.’

They walked straight into the entrance hall, where the tables are. In the middle the little horses were racing round, and the croupiers impassive at their work; but the tables were oddly changed in aspect, for at least half the players and the group behind them were masked. Maurice put on his black domino, Sir Gilbert his scarlet one.

‘Miss Yelverton is to be here to-night,’ said Maurice. ‘Now, would you say the tables or the ballroom was the place to find her?’

‘Stay and have a look here first,’ said his friend. ‘We can go up into the gallery by-and-by, though how you are to spot her in this crowd passes me to say. But a good lot of them will be taking off their masks before the evening’s over.’

Meanwhile Laurence was entering the ballroom. His spirits rose with the music, and his Italian training made the masquerade native to his disposition.

‘The thing is,’ he said to himself, ‘to let her know that she is being looked for.’ And in a moment he had his plan. Height and shape were all he had to go by; the dominos allowed not even a glimpse of the colour of hair. But height and shape instantly ruled out a good many exuberant French figures or squat Germans. Still, there were a deplorable number of women in the room any one of whom might possibly be the object of his search. He began, however, lightheartedly, turning to a tall slender person in a pink domino.

‘Are the blackberries ripe yet?’ he whispered into her ear with an air of mystery.

‘*Parle français, beau masque,*’ was the answer, in a high soprano. He was looking for a contralto. With a bow that expressed the deepest contrition he withdrew, turned sharp on his heel, and to a scarlet frock standing by him he murmured:

‘Are the blackberries ripe?’

‘I do not understand,’ was the answer in a strong German accent. Again the same impressive bow, and he glided through the crowd, putting his question right and left, till people began to comment and laughing glances followed him, as he got answers,

some mystified, some snappish, some shy, and some not shy. But at last the most frequent answer, '*Parle français, beau masque,*' came in a voice over which he hesitated.

'*Un tour de valse?*' he said, and the lady came not unwilling.

Once round the room and five sentences exchanged convinced him that he was wrong.

'My pilgrimage is only beginning, mademoiselle,' he said, leaving her where he first found her; 'my heart bleeds for it, but we part.'

And with his deepest reverence he slipped away from her and made for a pillar under the gallery on the right-hand side of the room.

'I must stop this for a little,' he reflected, 'my ear is getting confused.' And, leaning against the pillar, he fell to scrutinising the whirl of dancers for any suggestion of her movement. He was in a kind of eddy or backwater between the stream of the dance and the slower current of couples who circulated under the gallery. As he watched someone touched him on the shoulder.

'Are the blackberries ripe?' asked a contralto voice, thrilling with laughter.

He turned instantly.

'You have the answer yourself, since you ask the question.'

She laughed a ringing laugh, throwing herself a little back as she stood.

'No,' she said, 'how should I? I only want to know why you are mystifying all the world.'

'Is it a riddle?'

Two men in the gallery opposite were watching the dance, one in a red mask, one in a black. The black domino had been following Laurence with his eyes, and when the lady laughed his gaze became riveted on the pair.

'Look!' he said. 'Do you see Laurence?'

Laurence, meanwhile, was unconscious of observation.

'Everything is a riddle,' he was saying, 'till you find the answer. I have found mine.'

'Have you been looking for it long?'

'Since I came here,' he answered.

'I don't call that long.'

'You are right,' he answered. 'It seemed long because I had found the answer and then lost it for a minute. All the world's a puzzle. There is something missing and you can't fit it

together, until one day a face comes, and everything gets its real meaning.'

'A face?' she said. 'How sad!'

'Why?'

'I thought you were going to say nice things about me. I have no face. I am only a mask.'

'You were not always a mask,' he replied.

'Were not? Why were not?' she said. 'Where have we met, then?'

'Why do you pretend not to be what you are?' he said. 'You will never be anything better.'

'I hope not,' she said, with her laugh again. 'Wouldn't it be awful to be getting better? But why do you pretend to be what you are not? You speak English; but you don't walk like an Englishman, or talk like an Englishman, or think like an Englishman. I don't believe you would——' she stopped.

'Would what?' he urged.

'Never mind,' she said.

'How am I to know, then?' he said. 'But I want badly to find out. Why should we not wander out into the promenade and look at the sea under the moonlight?'

'No,' she said, 'there's a seat. Let us sit down here and talk—of blackberries.'

They took a sofa near the pillar which just held two people.

'Why blackberries?' he questioned.

'As if you did not know,' she said.

'Certainly I know that blackberries are ripe, I went picking them to-day.'

As they sat down, the masks in the gallery moved.

Maurice turned round to his friend. He was growing uneasy. Decidedly, he thought, Laurence and the lady in the pink domino were getting on too well. That was not what he had come from London for.

'Gilbert, change masks, will you?' he said.

'Why?' said Baynes.

'A fad of mine, it can't do you any harm.'

And Major Maurice, wearing the red domino, made his way into the ballroom.

'I know you went to pick blackberries,' Laurence was saying.

'Do you?' she said. 'What a wise person you are! But you don't know the queer adventure I had. Oh, the very queerest

kind of adventure. I was bicycling down a track through some pine woods, and I came in sight of a green place among the trees. Then I saw two people—two men—who seemed to be fighting a duel with swords. What should I have done? What was the proper thing? Should I have shrieked? Of course I ought to have called the police, but you see there were no police to call.'

'Why will you keep up this pretence?' he said. 'What you did was beautiful and brave. It was not prudish nor proper.'

'You are trying to mystify me still,' she said. 'How should you know what I did?'

'How?' he said impetuously, 'how? why? Why should I be looking for you here to-night? Why was I wretched till I found the answer to my riddle? Let us have an end of this.'

And he threw back his cowl for a moment.

Instantly she started away from him, shrinking to her end of the sofa.

'You—you? Is it you? Oh,' she said, with a tragic inflection, 'I thought it was you who would be killed. What happened after I went away?'

'Answer me first,' he said. 'Would you have cared? It didn't seem to matter to you when you went away.'

'Why, what could I do? You wouldn't have wished me to beg him to spare you. I saw it had to go on. After you had come from London and made all those plans, and written papers about the way the duel was fought, you couldn't stop. You would have been afraid of the ridicule.'

Laurence moved a little uneasily. But she went on quickly:

'Yes, I was sure it would be you. He looked so big, so formidable, so strong.'

'A duel isn't a prize-fight,' said Laurence, touchily.

'Ah!' she said, with a sudden movement turning to face him. 'And is it really true? Do you know—I am a little—afraid. I thought you were just a nice boy, and now—you've killed a man.'

'Why,' said Laurence, tempted to play with the idea, 'would that make a difference?'

'Of course,' she said, 'you were only a boy, and I could laugh at you. But now—I'm afraid.'

'You needn't be,' said Laurence a little awkwardly, 'there's

no one killed.' He hesitated a little. 'The fact is——' he began. But she cut him short.

'Then he's not killed? Oh, I'm so glad—because now, you see'—and there was a little drop in her voice—'now I can be quite glad.'

'And you would have been sorry if I had been killed?' he asked.

'Sorry,' she said, with meaning. Then quick as a flash she changed her tone: 'Yes, I'm very glad you're here.'

'Then why don't you come and walk about in the moonlight?'

'Because,' she said, 'you're such a dangerous person—I'm a little afraid still.'

'But I haven't told you what happened.'

'Oh yes, you have. Don't let us talk about such dreadful things.'

'But I must tell you,' he persisted.

'No, no, no, no,' she retorted, 'don't. I forbid you to talk of it. Listen to the music. Why aren't we dancing?'

'Very well,' he said, and they glided off together.

'Don't talk,' she said, 'I hate to talk when I am really happy dancing.'

She was as light as a feather in his arms, and they danced both of them, undoubtedly, as if they were happy dancing. The red domino watched them from under the gallery with very set eyes. Then the music stopped. 'I must go now,' she said.

'But,' he pleaded, 'you won't go away like this. You will let me see you again. Let me come and see you. I don't even know your name. Where are you staying?'

'No,' she said, 'I am not going to have a name. I am going to be just the lady who came out of the forest.'

'Ah!' he said, 'but the Dryads are friends of the mermaids, you know. Out along under the cliffs there, towards Neuville, they come and walk together.'

He could only see the laughing eyes that looked out through her domino.

'About ten o'clock to-morrow,' he said, 'it will be low tide. Nobody comes then there except the forest ladies. Do you think if I went there I might meet a Dryad?'

'H'm!' she said—a little doubtful mocking sound; and she put her head a little on one side like a parrot.

‘How can I tell?’ she went on; ‘but you can always go and see.’

The red domino had drawn close to them now, close up behind where they stood. He seemed to waver in inclination; and twice approached almost within earshot, but drew back again.

‘I must go now. I leave you to your Dryads,’ she said.

The red domino walked up close in front of the pair.

‘At ten o’clock,’ said Laurence.

‘*Qui vivra verra*,’ she laughed. At the same moment the red domino touched Laurence on the shoulder.

‘Introduce me,’ he said, taking off his mask.

The lady gave a start, genuine enough this time.

‘Why,’ she gasped, ‘you’ve changed your domino.’

Laurence felt as if he had been struck by a bullet. It is extraordinary how quick the mind is in summing up the total of its own humiliations.

‘I presume,’ he said bitterly, ‘that this comedy was arranged between you.’

‘What comedy?’ said Maurice. ‘I don’t understand a word of this.’

Laurence was by far too angry to see what pitfalls he was running into.

‘This trick that has been played on me—her pretending that she did not know what had happened this afternoon.’

‘Oh, come,’ she said, ‘this is too much. Who tried to play upon my tenderest feelings? Tell me that.’

‘I wish,’ said Maurice, ‘that you would take off those foolish masks and let me know what you are talking about. What is this about a trick? I haven’t spoken a word to this lady except in your hearing. How should I have arranged any trick?’

‘What!’ said Laurence. ‘How did she know that you had changed your domino?’

‘Ah,’ she said. ‘I know everything, of course.’

‘I dare say,’ said Laurence, ‘and your start. It was admirable. I congratulate you.’

‘Well,’ she said, ‘it was natural to be startled, wasn’t it?’

‘Why?’ said Maurice.

‘Why, if you supposed that a person was dead, and suddenly the ghost of that person looked out at you from under a red mask, you’d be surprised—wouldn’t you?’

‘You supposed nothing of the sort,’ said Laurence angrily,

and the angry words were oddly incongruous with the blank face of his cowl. Maurice's uncovered face had scarcely any more expression than Laurence's mask, but an ugly light came into his eyes.

'I don't quite understand,' he said, turning to Laurence. 'You say I played a trick on you. Will you explain?'

She saw at once that she had been playing with edged tools.

'No,' she said, 'I'll explain. It's really a lovely story. And it is really I that am the injured person. Go away,' she said to Laurence, 'and I'll tell the story.'

'I've no doubt you will,' he said, 'and a very amusing story it will be. But I'm going to explain. You see,' he said, turning to Maurice, 'I was talking to this lady; we recognised each other. She pretended to believe that the duel had gone on after she went away this afternoon, and I—well, she made a fool of me, that's all about it.'

'You mean,' said Maurice, 'that you pretended I had been killed, as she says.'

Laurence flushed deep behind his mask. 'No,' he said, 'not exactly, but I didn't explain at once. I was going on to explain when you came up.'

'So I gathered,' said Maurice, sardonically.

She struck in rather nervously with a forced gaiety:

'You have the stupidest way of telling a story that I ever heard. Anyone would think it was the dulllest kind of a muddle, to hear you. And it really was pure comedy.'

'Admirable comedy,' said Laurence, bitterly.

'Yes, admirable comedy. I pretended not to know, he pretended not to know that I was pretending, and so he pretended to pretend that you had been killed, and I pretended to be very deeply grieved.'

'Then you both pretended to dance,' said Maurice, 'and then you were just pretending that you were going away.'

'No,' she said, 'that was real. The people I came with will wonder why I stand here all evening talking to a couple of masks instead of dancing. Do you know,' she said to Maurice, sweetly, 'if you were very good I might give you a dance after supper?'

'You're very kind,' said Maurice. 'I wish I danced, but I don't. We mustn't keep you now.'

'You understand?'

‘Perfectly,’ he said.

‘And if you like to come and call to-morrow—do you know where to find me?’

‘I do,’ he said, ‘I won’t fail.’

She looked again closely at him and at Laurence, who was twisting the ropes of his cowl hard in his hands.

‘*À demain, messieurs,*’ she said, with a little nod, and glided away to the other side of the ballroom. She was lost in the crowd. Maurice bowed. Laurence remained stiff. Maurice turned to him. His tone cut like a knife, but he was perfectly composed.

‘I don’t think I need any more explanation,’ he said.

‘If you did,’ said Laurence, savagely, ‘I should refuse it to a person who descends to change his costume in order to spy upon me.’

‘As a matter of fact,’ said Maurice, in the same icy voice, ‘I had some thoughts of doing so, but I did not. I merely came up in time to hear what anyone else might have heard—the assignation you made with that lady. But on the point of honour, you know, I don’t think you are in a position to throw stones. You had the impertinence,’ he said, his suppressed rage breaking into words, ‘you had the impertinence to pretend that you had killed me.’

‘You know perfectly well,’ said Laurence, ‘that I was tricked; the whole comedy was arranged between you. She cut me short every time I attempted to explain. But if you think that I will submit to be played with like this, you are greatly mistaken.’

‘The mistake was made yesterday afternoon,’ said Maurice abruptly.

‘The sooner we put it right the better,’ retorted Laurence. ‘When or where you choose.’

‘I have a liking for that place of yours,’ said Maurice, resuming his tone of irony. ‘It has a dramatic fitness, as you would probably say. Besides, you see, I was killed there myself and it did me no great harm. You ought to try if you will be as lucky.’

‘This is unmannerly talk,’ said Laurence, with an attempt at dignity to conceal the wincing of his whole nature under the ridicule. ‘If you want to go there, a train leaves at midnight. We can be on the ground at daybreak, and there will be no interruptions then at all events. We shall see then if you are justified in your bragging.’

‘Don’t talk so loud,’ said Maurice, for the boy was raising his voice, and people turned to look in the crowded room. ‘Very well, then. Your local knowledge is useful. I shall miss it. We had better go at once.’

And with an unruffled countenance he led the way out of the ballroom.

CHAPTER IV.

DAWN was cold in the sky when the two men came up the track through the brown pine needles. A red sun was rising, the pine trunks were black on their right and red as blood to their left. Angry men they were and angry they looked—not a word was said between them. They turned from the track into the glade; the grass, heavy with dew, smelt fresh of the morning. The slender over-weighted pine swayed out into the clearing like an anxious spectator straining into the arena; everything else was dead still about them, till a jay, scared by their coming, flew off shrieking elvishly through the forest.

‘The light is not so good,’ said Maurice, breaking the silence; ‘but it will do. We shall face north and south.’

Laurence simply nodded. He was overtired, overstrung, and did not trust himself to speak. He had been foolish openly, and in his heart he knew that there was no chance for him in this fight. All he could do was to put a brave face on it, but it seemed ignominious to be killed because a woman had made a fool of him.

They stripped to their shirts—for there had been time for them to change back into clothes that would excite no notice—and faced each other.

‘One word,’ said Maurice. ‘When we came here before I had no intention of hurting you more than was needful. Now you’re in my way, and if I can I am going to kill you. Have you any commands?’

‘You need not be insolent,’ said Laurence.

‘I will keep your engagement for you on the beach,’ said Maurice, with savage emphasis.

‘You are very welcome,’ said Laurence, with a bitter laugh. ‘On guard,’ and they crossed swords.

‘It was Maurice now who pressed the attack. Laurence, quick

and lithe as an acrobat, feinted and evaded. Once, when the elder man's feet slipped on the wet grass, he touched him on the shoulder; but the stronger and more experienced fencer pressed him steadily and remorselessly, never over-reaching, never seeming to tire. Laurence's breath came quicker and shorter, the strain in his face was more intense as the blades crossed and jarred and flickered; the point of steel was for ever threatening; nearer and nearer thrust upon thrust came, each harder to parry than the last, and the ripostes grew fainter and fainter. It was a matter of minutes—of seconds perhaps.

Suddenly a voice came across the rattle of the blades:

‘Stop!’

The men heard it, and Maurice pressed on more fiercely; his lunges came quicker and closer; but the young man, rallying desperately, answered him with a new energy.

A woman came across the glade, running swiftly—a strange figure; she held up the skirt of a white ball dress that tripped and hampered her as she ran, a red shawl was thrown about her shoulders and over her head, her hair was wild about her forehead, and her face was deadly white. As she came nearer she cried out again: ‘Stop!’ But the men went on. Running faster and faster, she caught her foot in her dress and fell, not twenty yards from them, with a little cry of pain.

Maurice dropped his point and turned to her.

‘Stop,’ she said, struggling to her knees; then, with a sudden assumption of imperiousness, ‘I order you to stop.’

She came towards them, walking with difficulty. The men stood with their points lowered—Laurence visibly collapsed, breathing too hard to speak; Maurice white enough and breathing fast too, but collected and stern as death.

‘You must go away,’ he said, ‘there has been too much interference.’

‘Nonsense,’ she said, still panting with her run. ‘You must stop. I can’t let you go on. You’re fighting about nothing.’

‘We are the judges of that,’ he retorted. ‘You must go away at once.’

‘But I can’t,’ she said, with a plaintive laugh, ‘I have hurt my foot.’

‘Then you must stay here, and one of us will come back to you.’ She winced as if he had struck her. ‘You must see for

yourself,' he went on, 'that the thing must be ended. There's one too many of us.'

'The foot is another piece of comedy,' said Laurence bitterly, between the gasps of his breath.

'It isn't, really,' she said. 'Look here, I can't let you go on. It's all my fault.'

'You should have thought of that before,' retorted Laurence. Then he said to Maurice: 'Let her sit down. It will be as good as a play for her. She has a taste for comedy.'

She looked at him disdainfully from the height of her displeasure. She was not used to be spoken of so cavalierly in the third person.

'You are a foolish boy. This is a serious matter. I must speak to Major Maurice. Go away, and let me talk to him.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind,' said Laurence, obstinately.

'Then,' she said, turning to Major Maurice, 'will you give me your arm as far as to that tree?'

He bowed and offered it. She limped a little, but by this time she had regained her colour, was perhaps a little flushed, but evidently mistress of her own resources.

'I did really hurt myself, you know,' she began.

'Nothing bad, I think,' he answered rather grimly.

'Nothing worse than the scratch on your shoulder,' she said.

'Am I to tie that up, too?'

'If you stay,' he said savagely, 'I can promise you as much of that sort of thing as you will like. Here's your tree. Will you wait here?'

'No, no; don't go,' she said, and there were tears in her voice. 'Look here, Major Maurice——'

'So you know my name?' he interrupted.

'Of course I do. Do you suppose an actress doesn't know people who send her nice bouquets and sit in the front of the stalls every day? But I can't let you kill that boy. He's a poet. His life is too good to be thrown away for my folly.'

'I take no stock in poetry,' he answered. 'Besides, your young poet is very well able to take care of himself.'

'Not against Major Maurice,' she said; 'and if I hadn't come up and interrupted——' She paused.

'It would have been over by this time. Now it's to do over again. And I'll tell you what, Miss Yelverton, it's going to be done.'

'Nonsense,' she said. 'I tell you it is all nonsense from beginning to end. You aren't a boy to quarrel about nothing.'

He looked at her sharply. 'Do you remember what you said yesterday? This isn't a silly duel. There's a woman in it.'

'A silly fool of a woman,' she said. 'But it is Mr. Laurence who has a right to be angry with me. Why should you want to punish me for playing a trick on him? What good can it do you to kill Mr. Laurence?'

'When a man can't get a thing himself,' he retorted, 'he does his best to prevent other people from getting it.'

She stared at him in frank amazement.

'Well!' she said. 'Well! You certainly are the silliest person I ever met. Do you suppose that I am in love with Mr. Laurence?'

'I heard you give him a meeting,' he retorted, 'and how many times did I ask to be allowed to meet you?'

'If you had any sense,' she said, 'you would be greatly flattered.'

'I don't understand,' he said.

'Never mind,' she said with a laugh. 'But tell me candidly. Do you suppose that if I were in love with a man I would play such a trick on him as I played on that boy yesterday?'

'I believe,' he answered, biting the end of his moustache, 'that you would make a fool of the Archangel Gabriel if you got a chance.'

'Well, I'm not in love with the Archangel Gabriel, am I?'

He looked at her closely as she sat there in her draggled ball-dress, with eyes that had begun to dance again. Her hair was laughing at him, too, from about her ears and temples, where it strayed from under the red shawl.

'That's right,' she said, 'you're getting sensible. Are you convinced now that I'm not breaking my heart for Mr. Laurence?'

'You didn't come here for my sake,' he retorted.

'I came here for my own sake, and because I didn't want dreadful things to happen. You won't let them?' she asked pleadingly.

'You want me to stop the duel?' he asked with meaning.

'Of course.'

'Very well,' he said, 'I will, if you convince me that you're not in love with Laurence. You know,' looking at her intently, 'how you can do that.'

Her countenance fell a little. Then she laughed.

'Oh, dear!' she said ruefully; 'I suppose I must explain. Very well, then, I will explain to both of you. Mr. Laurence,' she cried, raising her voice. 'Mr. Laurence, will you come here?'

During this conversation Laurence had been left to his own reflections. He was as brave as need be; but Maurice's sword point had been very near his heart, and his nerves had been strung up to the very highest pitch; the sudden recoil into a momentary safety had affected him strangely with a thrill of intoxication. He had been face to face with death, and now life came knocking at the door; and he was decidedly in love with the face of life more than the face of death. Still, the indignity rankled. But for all his endeavour he could not desire that the duel should go on; all his effort was to repress a hope that it might be stopped. Yet the lady's voice wakened his smarting vanity; he made a shift to stand on his dignity, though the best he attained to was to sulk.

'Will you go and tell him to come here, Major Maurice?' she said; 'tell him I want to apologise.'

Maurice walked over to him.

'Miss Yelverton wants you to come to her,' he said, 'she has something important to say to you. I think you'd better come.'

Laurence didn't trust himself with words, but he came.

'Mr. Laurence,' she began, 'I want to apologise to you. It was an awfully mean trick. You see I hid behind the bushes there,' she pointed to the end of the glade, 'and of course I saw you both go away.'

'Did you, indeed?' said Maurice.

'Yes,' she said. 'I know I've been behaving disgracefully all the time. But wait till you hear. I never expected to see you again. Then at the ball I recognised Major Maurice when he came in before he put on his domino; and then when someone began asking people about blackberries in the ballroom, of course I knew who it was. So I thought I would try and draw you out a little,' she said to Laurence. 'You know,' she went on quickly, 'you were just as bad. You pretended to be in love with me. That was nonsense. Confess, now, it was nonsense.'

'You have a very odd way of apologising,' said Laurence. He felt himself drawn irresistibly to laughter. It is very hard to be inflexible when you are getting what you know is a reprieve;

and the laughter in her eyes came into his veins with the exhilaration of release.

‘Of course,’ she said calmly, ‘I don’t mean to say that you wouldn’t have fallen in love with me. But, you see, you didn’t know anything about me. Major Maurice, now, has some excuse, for he saw me on the stage, and I really was a charming Julia. Was I not, Major Maurice?’

‘Oh!’ said Laurence, ‘you are that Miss Yelverton?’

‘Naturally,’ she said, ‘what an ignorant person you are! If you had not been so ignorant all this would never have happened. Now I knew all about you. I knew your poems. I even had a photograph of you. That was how I recognised you.’

‘Is this what you were going to prove?’ asked Maurice.

‘Oh!’ she said, ‘don’t hurry me. I’m coming to it. Now, although you were not in love with me,’ she said to Laurence, ‘nor you either,’ she turned to Maurice, ‘of course, as I say, you might have been if you had had the chance. I know I’m quite a nice person. And what is more, I wouldn’t have minded. I would have thought myself very fortunate if you,’ she said to Maurice, ‘had been in love with me; or if you’—and she bowed to Laurence—‘had come to write me poems.’ Then she paused. ‘I would have liked it very much—if circumstances had been different. But they weren’t.’

‘What do you mean?’ said Maurice, rather angrily.

‘Don’t be cross,’ she said appealingly, ‘you’ve been so nice to me, and I feel I owe you both a little explanation of my conduct. You see—there was someone else.’

Maurice’s face grew downcast.

‘Indeed,’ he said, ‘and what does that explain?’

‘That’s just the point. He’s coming here.’

Maurice grew a little whiter. Laurence showed no undue depression. But neither of them said anything; and she went on:

‘So, if I have been running wild a little, that was—oh well, I had better tell you the whole story. You wouldn’t know his name and he wouldn’t know yours, but he’s quite a famous person. He’s a kind of professor—a great authority on stars; and he went away to the ends of the earth to see a silly eclipse. Well, before he went, Cornish asked me to act at the Doric. I was wild to. But the other person didn’t want me to. He said I had a natural genius for getting into scrapes.’

‘He has some sense,’ said Maurice, ruefully. ‘Well?’

'Well, I promised and vowed that if I was let act I would live the life of a hermit. So I did, if a hermit has a maiden aunt. Of course I couldn't help people sending me bouquets—they sent me very nice bouquets, Major Maurice—and of course I couldn't answer the letters they wrote me. Only I was a little curious about some of the people, so I went one day to a fencing school where I thought I should see some of them. I *was* so disappointed; and then, you see, that was the beginning of sorrows.'

'Go on,' said Maurice.

'Are you beginning to forgive me, Mr. Laurence?' she said, persuasively.

'It seems to me you will want a good deal of forgiveness before you are done,' he answered, not inexorably.

'It was so dull being a hermit, you know. But the person I told you about was coming back quite soon, and I arranged to meet him at Dieppe. So I came over for a little quiet bicycling. You see, I was in very high spirits, and I had been very bored, and then—well, things always seem to happen.'

'Where you go,' said Laurence, 'I expect they do.'

'It's very lucky for you,' she retorted, 'that they did. I came along through this wood, and suddenly I became a woman with a mission. Why should fate have picked me out for the business of stopping two men from killing each other? I didn't want to be picked out, but I had to do it and I did it. Then, of course, after that,' and she stopped, 'perhaps I mixed things up again a bit. But it was really all a joke, only you kept making it serious. No, I'm really most awfully sorry that I have behaved so badly. But if you go and kill one another that won't do anyone good. The only thing that would be different is that, instead of being very happy to-morrow, I should be very miserable. You were both so nice to me yesterday. I'm sure you don't want me to be miserable when I want to be happy. It really wasn't my fault that you weren't in the fencing school on Sunday afternoon, Major Maurice.'

'Yes, it was. I was looking for your address in Dieppe.'

'And you got it?' she asked quickly.

'I did,' he said.

'It was a great shame,' she retorted, 'I shall have to send away Pauline. But anyhow, it wasn't my fault that I happened to come by here yesterday, that was a sheer fluke.'

'How did you get here to-day, may I ask?' asked Maurice,

with a rueful smile. 'I thought we were quit of you. You weren't in the train.'

'Ah, ha!' she cried, and she beat gleefully on her knees with her hands. 'You thought you would put me off yesterday in the ballroom. Do you think I don't know when a man is angry—about some stupid joke?'

'That doesn't tell me how you knew we were coming here,' he said.

'It was your own idea. Do you think you are the only person who can change dominos?'

Maurice bit his lip.

'You listened,' he said, rather angrily.

'I had no silly scruples about eavesdropping. I came with a white domino, and I listened.'

'Well, but,' said Laurence, 'you weren't in the train.'

'Naturally,' she said. 'I knew you would see me if I was. So I went back to the house where I was staying. They have got an automobile. I hunted out the *mécanicien*; he thought I was mad, but I told him I wasn't, and so we started off. He knew the way to Tôtes and I knew the way from Tôtes, for I rode it yesterday. Heavens, what a drive it was! Away we went about twenty miles an hour, with the *mécanicien* imploring me to put on the brake down hills and I imploring him to put more steam on the old thing. And oh! it was so cold. You see,' she said with a laugh, 'I wasn't dressed for the part.'

'Where's the motor?' said Maurice.

'I brought it along as far as it would come, but coming down this track it charged into a lot of bushes at a corner and I left it stuck there, and I ran—heavens, how I ran! If there was any gratitude in you, you know what you would do?' she said suddenly.

'Gratitude,' said Maurice, indignantly.

'I thought this was an apology,' said Laurence.

'What thankless brutes men are!' she retorted. 'I drive forty miles through the night in a balldress, on a wild motor car, to prevent two people making fools of themselves.'

'Who made fools of them?' said Laurence.

'And they have not the common gratitude to ask me if I am hungry! Oh!' she said, shivering, 'I'm so cold and so hungry and so wet. I hate this damp grass. Take me away.'

The two men looked at her and looked at each other, and burst into laughter.

'*Solvuntur risu tabulæ*,' said Laurence.

'Don't talk strange tongues,' she said. 'What does he mean, Major Maurice?'

'I don't know,' he said, 'but I expect he's saying that you beat the devil.'

'Do I?' she said. 'How odd! But when am I to get any breakfast? I have nothing belonging to me but a balldress and a motor stuck in a bush.'

'Come along,' said Maurice, 'and we'll get the motor out of the bush.'

'Well,' she said, 'but aren't you going to get me some breakfast?'

'What do you think?' said Maurice, turning to Laurence. 'There's the hotel handy.'

'Perhaps we'd better,' said Laurence, with a laugh.

'You must,' she said, stamping her foot. 'Oh, it hurts. I forgot my sprain.'

'Dare say it'll mend when you get breakfast,' said Maurice.

'Maybe,' she said, 'but you must each give me an arm.'

So with great solemnity the three walked, she holding an arm of each, to the entrance of the glade. But before they left it she turned and looked back.

The sun was well up in the sky now, and the dew on the grass shimmered and glittered in the cool radiance of the morning. Over its delicate grey film the footsteps could be traced, and a long trail, like the wake of a boat, showed where her skirt had swept it.

'The dear place,' she said, 'doesn't it look sweet? Gentlemen,' turning to them with an air of benign condescension, 'you have been very nice to me. I won't forget it. Major Maurice, if ever I want a duel fought I will get you to fight it.'

'Dare say you'd keep me busy,' he said.

'Mr. Laurence, if ever you write a play, I will be the heroine.'

'Comedy or tragedy?' he asked.

'Either,' she said. 'Both.'

Suddenly she broke away from them and clapped her hands exultingly.

'Oh! I'm so happy. I've had a duel fought about me after all.'

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1901.

*WITH THE HUNTRESS.*¹

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

THROUGH the water-eye of night,
Midway between eve and dawn,
See the chase, the rout, the flight
In deep forest ; oread, faun,
Goat-foot, antlers laid on neck ;
Ravenous all the line for speed.
See yon wavy sparkle beck
Sign of the Virgin Lady's lead.
Down her course a serpent star
Coils and shatters at her heels ;
Peals the horn exulting, peals
Plaintive, is it near or far.
Huntress, arrowy to pursue,
In and out of woody glen,
Under cliffs that tear the blue,
Over torrent, over fen,
She and forest, where she skims
Feathery, darken and relume :

¹ Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by George Meredith.
VOL. X.—NO. 55, N.S.

Those are her white-lightning limbs
Cleaving loads of leafy gloom.
Mountains hear her and call back,
Shrewd with night: a frosty wail
Distant: her the emerald vale
Folds, and wonders in her track.
Now her retinue is lean,
Many rearward; streams the chase
Eager forth of covert; seen
One hot tide the rapturous race.
Quiver-charged and crescent-crowned,
Up on a flash the lighted mound
Leaps she, bow to shoulder, shaft
Strung to barb with archer's craft,
Legs like plaited lyre-chords, feet
Songs to see, past pitch of sweet.
Fearful swiftmess they outrun;
Shaggy wildness, grey or dun,
Challenge, charge of tusks elude:
Theirs the dance to tame the rude;
Beast, and beast in manhood tame,
Follow we their silver flame.
Pride of flesh from bondage free,
Reaping vigour of its waste,
Marks her servitors, and she
Sanctifies the unembraced.
Nought of perilous she recks;
Valour clothes her open breast;
Sweet beyond the thrill of sex;
Hallowed by the sex confessed.
Huntress arrowy to pursue,
Colder she than sunless dew,

She, that breath of upper air ;
Ay, but never lyrist sang,
Draught of Bacchus never sprang
Blood the bliss of Gods to share,
High o'er sweep of eagle wings,
Like the run with her, when rings
Clear her rally, and her dart,
In the forest's cavern heart,
Tells of her victorious aim.
Then is pause and chatter, cheer,
Laughter at some Satyr lame,
Looks upon the fallen deer,
Measuring his noble crest ;
Here a favourite in her train,
Foremost 'mid her nymphs, caressed ;
All applauded. Shall she reign
Worshipped ? O to be with her there !
She, that breath of nimble air,
Lifts the breast to giant power.
Maid and man, and man and maid,
Who each other would devour
Elsewhere, by the chase betrayed,
There are comrades, led by her,
Maid-preserver, man-maker.

OUR BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.¹

BY GEORGE M. SMITH.

IF periodicals may be said to have birthdays, this is a CORNHILL MAGAZINE birthday. As has been recorded by the graceful pen of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie,² the first number was published in January 1860. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie writes of her impressions of the event from the home of the editor, and gives a charming picture of the domestic excitement caused by her father's new experience in editorship. My recollections are generally of a more matter-of-fact character, and must needs be related in a more commonplace manner.

Early in 1859 I conceived the idea of founding a new magazine. The plan flashed upon me suddenly, as did most of the ideas which have in the course of my life led to successful operations. The existing magazines were few, and when not high-priced were narrow in literary range, and it seemed to me that a shilling magazine which contained, in addition to other first-class literary matter, a serial novel by Thackeray must command a large sale. Thackeray's name was one to conjure with, and according to the plan, as it shaped itself in my mind, the public would have a serial novel by Thackeray, and a good deal else well worth reading, for the price they had been accustomed to pay for the monthly numbers of his novels alone.

I had, at first, no idea of securing Thackeray as editor. In spite of all his literary gifts I did not attribute to him the business qualities which go to make a good editor. But a novel by Thackeray was essential to my scheme. I wrote on a slip of paper the terms I was prepared to offer for his co-operation, and I went to him with it. I had previously published 'Esmond,' 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine,' 'The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century,' 'The Rose and the Ring,' and I had an impression that Thackeray liked my mode of transacting business. I said I wanted him to read a little memorandum, and added, 'I wonder whether you will consider it, or will at once consign it to your wastepaper-basket!'

¹ Copyright, 1900, by George M. Smith, in the United States of America.

² See CORNHILL MAGAZINE, July 1896.

Here are the *ipsissima verba* of my proposal :

‘Smith, Elder, & Co. have it in contemplation to commence the publication of a Monthly Magazine on January 1st, 1860. They are desirous of inducing Mr. Thackeray to contribute to their periodical, and they make the following proposal to Mr. Thackeray :

‘1. That he shall write either one or two novels of the ordinary size for publication in the Magazine—one-twelfth portion of each novel (estimated to be about equal to one number of a serial) to appear in each number of the Magazine.

‘2. That Mr. Thackeray shall assign to Smith, Elder, & Co. the right to publish the novels in their Magazine and in a separate form afterwards, and to all sums to be received for the work from American and Continental Publishers.

‘3. That Smith, Elder, & Co. shall pay Mr. Thackeray 350*l.* each month.

‘4. That the profits of all editions of the novels published at a lower price than the first edition shall be equally divided between Mr. Thackeray and Smith, Elder, & Co.

‘65 CORNHILL : *February 19th, 1859.*’

Thackeray read the slip carefully, and, with characteristic absence of guile, allowed me to see that he regarded the terms as phenomenal. When he had finished reading the paper, he said with a droll smile : ‘I am not going to put such a document as *this* into my wastepaper-basket.’

We had a little talk of an explanatory kind, and he agreed to consider my proposal. He subsequently accepted it, and the success of this part of my plans was assured.

My next step was to secure an editor. I applied in the first instance to Mr. Tom Hughes, who received me with the genial manner for which he was remarkable, but he would not say ‘Yes.’ He had thrown in his lot, he explained, with Macmillan’s, and with characteristic loyalty did not feel free to take other literary work. Several other names came under consideration, but none seemed to be exactly suitable, and I was at my wits’ end. All my plans, indeed, werè ‘hung up,’ pending the engagement of an editor. We were then living at Wimbledon, and I used to ride on the Common before breakfast. One morning, just as I had pulled up my horse after a smart gallop, that good genius which has so often helped me whispered into my ear, ‘Why should not Mr. Thackeray edit the magazine, you yourself doing what is necessary to supplement any want of business qualifications on his part? You know that he has a fine literary judgment, a great reputation with men of letters as well as with the public, and any writer would be proud to contribute to a periodical under his editorship.’

After breakfast I drove straight to Thackeray’s house in

Onslow Square, talked to him of my difficulty, and induced him to accept the editorship, for which he was to receive a salary of 1,000*l.* a year.

Then I set to work with energy to make the undertaking a success. We secured the most brilliant contributors from every quarter. Our terms were lavish almost to the point of recklessness. No pains and no cost were spared to make the new magazine the best periodical yet known to English literature.

The name of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was suggested by Thackeray, and was, at the time, much ridiculed. Sarcastic journalists asked whether it suited the 'dignity' of literature to label a magazine with the name of a street? Should we not next have such periodicals as 'The Smithfield Review,' or 'The Leadenhall Market Magazine'? But the name CORNHILL MAGAZINE really set the example of quite a new class of titles for periodicals—titles that linked the magazines that bore them to historic localities in London, where perhaps they were published. Thus we have since had 'Temple Bar,' 'Belgravia,' 'St. Paul's Magazine,' the 'Strand,' &c., &c.

Thackeray wrote an excellent advertisement of the new magazine, in the form of a letter which is worth reproducing.

'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE,' Smith, Elder, and Co.
65, Cornhill, 1st November, 1859.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO A FRIEND AND CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR —. Our Store-House being in Cornhill, we date and name our Magazine from its place of publication. We might have assumed a title much more startling: for example, 'The Thames on Fire' was a name suggested; and, placarded in red letters about the City, and Country, it would no doubt have excited some curiosity. But, on going to London Bridge, the expectant rustic would have found the stream rolling on its accustomed course, and would have turned away angry at being hoaxed. Sensible people are not to be misled by fine prospectuses and sounding names: the present Writer has been for five-and-twenty years before the world, which has taken his measure pretty accurately. We are too long acquainted to try and deceive one another; and were I to propose any such astounding feat as that above announced, I know quite well how the schemer would be received, and the scheme would end.

You, then, who ask what 'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE' is to be, and what sort of articles you shall supply for it?—if you were told that the Editor, known hitherto only by his published writings, was in reality a great reformer, philosopher, and wiseacre, about to expound prodigious doctrines and truths until now unrevealed, to guide and direct the peoples, to pull down the existing order of things, to edify new social or political structures, and, in a word, to set the Thames on Fire; if you heard such designs ascribed to him—*risum teneatis*? You know I have no such pretensions: but, as an Author who has written long, and had the good fortune to find a very great number of readers, I think I am not mistaken in supposing that they give me credit for experience and observation, for having

lived with educated people in many countries, and seen the world in no small variety; and, having heard me soliloquise, with so much kindness and favour, and say my own say about life, and men and women, they will not be unwilling to try me as Conductor of a Concert, in which I trust many skilful performers will take part.

We hope for a large number of readers, and must seek, in the first place, to amuse and interest them. Fortunately for some folks, novels are as daily bread to others; and fiction of course must form a part, but only a part of our entertainment. We want, on the other hand, as much reality as possible—discussion and narrative of events interesting to the public, personal adventures and observation, familiar reports of scientific discovery, description of Social Institutions—*quicquid agunt homines*—a Great Eastern, a battle in China, a Race-Course, a popular Preacher—there is hardly any subject we *don't* want to hear about, from lettered and instructed men who are competent to speak on it.

I read the other day in 'The Illustrated London News,' (in my own room at home,) that I was at that moment at Bordeaux, purchasing first-class claret for first-class contributors, and second class for those of inferior *cru*. Let me adopt this hospitable simile; and say that at our contributors' table, I do not ask or desire to shine especially myself, but to take my part occasionally, and to invite pleasant and instructed gentlemen and ladies to contribute their share to the conversation. It may be a Foxhunter who has the turn to speak; or a Geologist, Engineer, Manufacturer, Member of the House of Commons, Lawyer, Chemist,—what you please. If we can only get people to tell what they know, pretty briefly and good-humouredly, and not in a manner obtrusively didactic, what a pleasant ordinary we may have, and how gladly folks will come to it! If our friends have good manners, a good education, and write in good English, the company, I am sure, will be all the better pleased; and the guests, whatever their rank, age, sex be, will be glad to be addressed by well-educated gentlemen and women. A professor ever so learned, a curate in his country retirement, an artisan after work-hours, a schoolmaster or mistress when the children are gone home, or the young ones themselves when their lessons are over, may like to hear what the world is talking about, or be brought into friendly communication with persons whom the world knows. There are points on which agreement is impossible, and on these we need not touch. At our social table, we shall suppose the ladies and children always present; we shall not set rival politicians by the ears; we shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say; and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn. The kindly fruits of the earth, which grow for all—may we not enjoy them with friendly hearts? The field is immensely wide; the harvest perennial, and rising everywhere; we can promise competent fellow-labourers a welcome and a good wage; and hope a fair custom from the public for our stores at 'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.'

W. M. THACKERAY.

The cover of the magazine, designed by Mr. Godfrey Sykes, a young student at the South Kensington Schools of Art, had the good fortune to strike the popular taste, and I still think it most effective. When I showed the sketch of the cover to Thackeray, he said: 'What a lovely design! I hope you have given the man a good cheque!' The only complaint that has ever been made against the design is that the sower shown in it is sowing with his left hand. But a sower uses his hands alternately. He goes down the row scattering with his right

hand, and as he comes back he scatters with his left. I was in the country just after this criticism on the design appeared in the papers, and actually saw a man sowing with his left hand; and, of course, I made the most of the circumstance.

It was arranged that Thackeray was to write 'Lovel the Widower' for the magazine; but we thought it well to secure a second novel, and decided on asking Anthony Trollope to write a serial.

In his 'Autobiography' Trollope describes his astonishment at finding the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, after its advent had been announced so long, still unsupplied with a serial, and he quotes this as a proof of Thackeray's incorrigible habit of loitering. 'Framley Parsonage,' he says, had to take the foremost place in the new magazine in default of a novel which Thackeray *ought* to have written but did not. But there was no default on Thackeray's part. His 'Lovel the Widower,' as had been arranged, made its appearance in the first number of the CORNHILL. 'Framley Parsonage' was given the place of honour in the new magazine by Thackeray's own arrangement and on grounds of pure courtesy; it was exactly as a host would invite a guest to walk into a room before himself. This is an example of Thackeray's quaint and chivalrous courtesy in literary matters. He would not claim the first place in his own magazine. He looked upon himself as the host, and upon Trollope as his guest.

It occurred to me that if I could secure Tennyson as a regular contributor to the new magazine he would prove a great attraction. His 'Idylls of the King' had not long appeared, and I thought I would ask him to write for us another set of 'Idylls.' Tennyson was then on a visit to Mrs. Cameron on Putney Heath, and I wrote to ask if I might call upon him on a matter of business. He made an appointment, and during our interview I offered to pay him five thousand guineas for as many lines as were contained in the 'Idylls of the King' (in fact for 4,750 lines), on condition that the poems should be printed in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE and that I should publish them for three years afterwards. That offer was really a 'record' as far as the market rates of poetry up to that time were concerned. When compared with anything Tennyson had yet received for his poems it might fairly be described as extravagant.

Tennyson listened to my proposal with entire calmness. He asked me to smoke with him and chatted pleasantly; but gave me no idea as to whether my offer was acceptable. Mrs. Tennyson presently came into the room, and Tennyson, addressing

her, said: 'My dear, we are much richer than we thought we were. Mr. Smith has just offered me five thousand guineas for a book the size of the "Idylls." And,' he continued, 'if Mr. Smith offers five thousand, of course the book is worth ten!' A remark at which we all laughed. Nothing came of this proposal, which I had no temptation to renew after the rapid success achieved by the magazine. But Thackeray obtained from Tennyson his fine poem 'Tithonus' for the second number.

We had secured a quite remarkable body of contributors; public attention was keenly fixed on the new venture, and when the first number appeared in January 1860 the sale was astonishing. It was the literary event of the year. Along Cornhill nothing was to be seen but people carrying bundles of the orange-coloured magazine. Of the first number some 120,000 copies were sold, a number then without precedent in English serial literature.

The exhilarating effect of this success on its editor is amusingly described by Mr. James T. Fields in his 'Yesterdays with Authors.' Mr. Fields says:—

'The enormous circulation achieved by the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, when it was first started with Thackeray for its editor-in-chief, is a matter of literary history. The announcement by his publishers that a sale of a hundred and ten thousand of the first number had been reached made the editor half delirious with joy, and he ran away to Paris to be rid of the excitement for a few days. I met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and found him wild with exultation and full of enthusiasm for excellent George Smith, his publisher. "London," he exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence! Great heavens," said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop! Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst comes to the worst, New York, also, may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress!" Those days in Paris with him were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering court of the Palais Royal, gazing in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them; "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the CORNHILL, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then *riant* Parisian people, he would whisper to me with immense gesticulation: "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London." His spirits during those few days were colossal, and he told me that he found it impossible to sleep, "for counting up his subscribers."

The success of the CORNHILL was so far beyond my expectation that I thought that its editor ought to share in the fruits of

that success; I told Mr. Thackeray he must allow me to double his editorial payment. He seemed much touched by my communication. I have said that our payments to contributors were lavish. As figures are generally interesting, I may mention that the largest amount expended on the literature of a single number was 1,183*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* (August 1862), and the total expenditure under that head for the first four years was 32,280*l.* 11*s.*, the illustrations costing in addition 4,376*l.* 11*s.*

The largest payment made for a novel was 7,000*l.*, to Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) for 'Romola.' The largest payment made for short articles was 12*l.* 12*s.* a page, to Mr. Thackeray, for his 'Roundabout Papers.' In regard to the payment to Mrs. Lewes, an incident seems to deserve honourable record as a signal proof of the author's artistic sensibility. Mrs. Lewes read part of 'Romola' to me, and anyone who has heard that lady read and remembers her musical and sympathetic voice will understand that the MS. lost nothing in effect by her reading. On the following day I offered her 10,000*l.* for the book for the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, and for a limited right to subsequent publication. It was stipulated that the book should form sixteen numbers of twenty-four pages each. Before the appearance of the first part Mrs. Lewes said that she found that she could not properly divide the book into as many as sixteen parts. I took exception to this alteration of our arrangement, and pointed out that my offer was based on the book being in sixteen parts, and that my calculations were made with regard to the MAGAZINE being able to afford a payment of so much a number. She said that she quite understood that the alteration would make a difference to me, but that she supposed the amount of the difference could easily be calculated. George Lewes and I did all we possibly could to persuade her to reconsider her decision, but in vain. We pointed out to her that the publication in the MAGAZINE was ephemeral, and that the work would be published in a separate form afterwards and be judged as a whole. However, nothing could move her, and she preferred receiving 7,000*l.* in place of 10,000*l.* for the book. 'Romola' did not increase the sale of the MAGAZINE; it is difficult to say what, if any, effect it had in sustaining the sale. As a separate publication it had not, I think, the success it deserved.

The first novel written by Miss Thackeray, the charming 'Story of Elizabeth,' appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE towards the end of 1862. As I was coming away from her father one morning early in that year, she slipped out of the dining-room, put

a packet into my hand, said in a pretty, shy manner, 'Will you, please, read this, Mr. Smith?' and disappeared. The packet contained the 'Story of Elizabeth'; after reading it I had it put into type for the CORNHILL, and sent a proof to her father. When I next saw him I asked if he had read it. 'No,' he said; 'I tried to, but I broke down.' This was only one of a thousand indications of Thackeray's sensibility and of the great love between the father and daughter.

The first article Miss Thackeray wrote for the MAGAZINE was called 'Little Scholars,' and was printed in the fifth number. Thackeray sent it to me with a letter containing the following passage:

'And in the meantime comes a little contribution called "Little Scholars," which I send you and which moistened my paternal spectacles. It is the article I talked of sending to "Blackwood;" but why should CORNHILL lose such a sweet paper, because it was my dear girl who wrote it? Papas, however, are bad judges—you decide whether we shall have it or not!'

I find a characteristic postscript to this letter.

'Mrs. C—— growls—is satisfied—says she shan't write any more—and invites me to dinner.'

I must say that I think our success was well deserved. Our contributors gave the new magazine of their very best. No other group equally brilliant had ever been brought together before within the covers of one magazine. During the first year there were articles from the following writers:

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
SIR JOHN BOWRING
G. H. LEWES
REV. F. MAHONY (FATHER
PROUT)
SIR JOHN BURGEOYNE
THORNTON HUNT
ALLEN YOUNG
MRS. ARCHER CLIVE
M. J. HIGGINS (JACOB OMNIUM)
THOMAS HOOD
ALFRED TENNYSON
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA
R. MONCKTON MILNES
MRS. GASKELL
FREDERICK GREENWOOD
HERMAN MERIVALE
REV. S. R. HOLE
JOHN RUSKIN

ADELAIDE PROCTER
HENRY COLE
E. S. DALLAS
ALBERT SMITH
JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD
SIR HENRY THOMPSON
LAURENCE OLIPHANT
MISS THACKERAY
GEORGE MACDONALD
JAMES HINTON
MATTHEW ARNOLD
MRS. BROWNING
SIR JOHN W. KAYE
FITZJAMES STEPHEN
EDWARD TOWNSEND
T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE
LORD LYTTON
CHARLES LEVER
FREDERICK LOCKER

The CORNHILL MAGAZINE during many years contained illustrations, and it was no less distinguished for its artistic merit than

for its literature. Among the artists whose drawings appeared in the magazine were the following:

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS
F. SANDYS
F. LEIGHTON
RICHARD DOYLE
FREDERICK WALKER
GEORGE DU MAURIER
SIR NOEL PATON
CHARLES KEENE

F. W. BURTON
S. L. FILDES
HUBERT HERKOMER
G. D. LESLIE
MARCUS STONE
MRS. ALLINGHAM
F. DICKSEE
E. J. PINWELL,

I may possibly at a future time ask the Editor of 'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE' to allow me to submit to him a few jottings from my memory of some of these writers and artists.

Although we did our best to make the new venture a success, yet accidents will happen, and the launch of the CORNHILL was attended with one somewhat exasperating business blunder. When I had got the first number ready for press I was rather knocked up, and went with my wife for a three weeks' holiday to the Lakes. Those three weeks indirectly cost us a considerable loss in the advertising pages of the CORNHILL. I left instructions with my staff not to make any advertising contracts without reference to me. They received offers extending over twelve months at 6*l.* 6*s.* or 7*l.* 7*s.* a page—sufficiently good rates for magazines with the ordinary circulation. They forwarded these proposals to me, intimating that, unless they heard from me to the contrary by a given date, they would close with them. There was delay in the letter reaching me, and the contracts were made at those rates. But with the circulation reached by the CORNHILL the mere printing and paper cost us much more than the amounts we were to receive under the contracts. When I returned to London I made the rate twenty guineas per page.

In this connection I had a rather curious exposition of the science of advertising. The rate we charged was high; but measured against our circulation it was really much lower than that of any other magazine; and I was a little surprised that, considering the enormous publicity our pages offered to advertisers, they were not better filled. I found myself at a dinner-party sitting next to a well-known advertiser, and I thought I would try to get a solution of the puzzle. I began by saying I was not a canvasser for advertisements, but I wanted information. 'You advertise largely,' I said, 'in a certain magazine. You pay five guineas a page, and you know that the circulation of that magazine is not 10,000 copies. The CORNHILL has a circulation of more than

100,000 copies ; we charge twenty guineas a page for advertisements ; yet I don't find that advertisements come in to the extent I expected. If a circulation of 10,000 copies is worth five guineas a page, a circulation of 100,000 copies ought to be worth fifty guineas a page. And as we only charge twenty guineas, our rates are, proportionately, lower by more than fifty per cent. than those of other magazines. Why don't advertisers take advantage of what we offer ? ' Ah ! ' said the great advertiser, ' you evidently know nothing about it ; ' and he proceeded to expound to me, on the authority of his large experience, the true secret of advertising.

' We don't consider,' he said, ' that an advertisement seen for the first time by a reader is worth anything. The second time it is seen counts for a little—not much. The third time the reader's attention is arrested ; the fourth time he reads the advertisement through ; the fifth time he is probably a purchaser. It takes time to soak in. It is the number of the impressions that tells. Now you see,' he said, ' I can advertise five times in most magazines for twenty-five guineas ; but five times in the CORNHILL would cost me 100 guineas.'

This theory that it takes a *number* of impressions to make an advertisement effective is, perhaps, correct. I certainly had had an example of what my interlocutor meant many years previously, during my drives twice a week to Box Hill, to see my father during his last illness. On a tree by the roadside was a flaming placard, announcing some trumpery penny publication. The placard depicted a young woman, with long black hair, thrusting a dagger into the heart of a ruffianly looking man, with the blood spurting all over the neighbourhood. When I first saw the placard my eyes scarcely dwelt for a moment on it. It awakened no curiosity. But after seeing it twice a week for six weeks, that girl's figure had so 'soaked in' that I felt impelled to go and buy the publication.

We lightened our labours in the service of the CORNHILL by monthly dinners. The principal contributors used to assemble at my table in Gloucester Square every month while we were in London ; and these CORNHILL dinners were very delightful and interesting. Thackeray always attended, though he was often in an indifferent state of health. At one of these dinners Trollope was to meet Thackeray for the first time and was eagerly looking forward to an introduction to him. Just before dinner I took him up to Thackeray and introduced him with suitable

empressement. Thackeray curtly said, 'How do?' and, to my wonder and Trollope's anger, turned on his heel! He was suffering at the time from an ailment which, at that particular moment, caused him a sudden spasm of pain; though we, of course, could not know this. I well remember the expression on Trollope's face at that moment, and no one who knew Trollope will doubt that he *could* look furious on an adequate—and sometimes on an inadequate—occasion! He came to me the next morning in a very wrathful mood, and said that, had it not been that he was in my house for the first time, he would have walked out of it. He vowed he would never speak to Thackeray again, and so forth. I did my best to soothe him; though rather violent and irritable, he had a fine nature with a substratum of great kindliness, and I believe he left my room in a happier frame of mind than when he entered it. He and Thackeray afterwards became close friends.

These CORNHILL dinners gave rise to another incident which at this distance of time seems trivial enough, but which, at the moment, caused some indignation in my own immediate circle.

Mr. Edmund Yates, who had had a dispute with Thackeray which ended in Mr. Yates's compulsory withdrawal from the Garrick Club, did me the honour of writing an article for a New York paper disparaging the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, making a false statement as to its falling circulation, and describing one of these dinners, at none of which he was present. Yates represented me as a good man of business, but an entirely unread person; and, by way of throwing ridicule on the CORNHILL functions, told—or rather mistold—a story of what had been said at one of the dinners.

The story in the New York paper was made the subject of an article, of the sneering type, in the 'Saturday Review.' The 'Saturday Review's' article left me quite undisturbed, but my wife, who was ill at the time, was much annoyed, and Thackeray, with generous sympathy, rebuked the 'Saturday' in a brilliant 'Roundabout Paper,' entitled 'On Screens in Dining-Rooms.' 'That a publisher should be criticised for his dinners, and for the conversations that did *not* take place there, is this,' asked Thackeray, 'tolerable press practice, legitimate joking, or honourable warfare?' Shortly after the 'Saturday Review' article appeared, Trollope walked into my room and said he had come to confess that *he* had given Yates the information on which his article was founded. He expressed the deepest regret, and said:

‘I told the story not against you, but against Thackeray.’ I am afraid I answered him rather angrily. Trollope, however, took it very meekly, and said: ‘I know I have done wrong, and you may say anything you like to me.’

The house at which these CORNHILL dinners took place had been previously occupied by Mr. Sadleir, notorious for his frauds, who was found dead on Hampstead Heath with a silver cream-jug by his side which had contained prussic acid. By some defect in the construction of the house, when the front door was opened the drawing-room door also slowly opened, and the wind lifted the carpet in slight waves. Thackeray, whose humour was sometimes of a grim sort, was never tired of suggesting that it was Sadleir’s ghost come in search of some deeds which had been hidden under the floor. Why, he would demand in anxious tones, did I not have the carpet taken up and the deeds discovered? He pretended to account for my indifference on the subject to his own satisfaction by saying: ‘I suppose you think any deeds you find will be forged?’¹

The monthly dinners were not our only alleviations of the regular routine of business. Whenever any new literary arrangement with Mr. Thackeray was pending, he would playfully suggest that he always found his mind clearer for business at Greenwich than elsewhere, especially if his digestion were assisted by a certain brown hock, at 15s. a bottle, which Mr. Hart, the landlord, used to produce. On these occasions Sir Charles Taylor, a very agreeable and prominent member of the Garrick Club, a friend of Thackeray, and an acquaintance of mine, was always present. Beyond an occasional witticism, Sir

¹ ‘Two years since I had the good fortune to partake of some admirable dinners in Tyburnia—magnificent dinners indeed, but rendered doubly interesting from the fact that the house was that occupied by the late Mr. Sadleir. One night the late Mr. Sadleir took tea in that dining-room, and, to the surprise of his butler, went out, having put into his pocket his own cream-jug. The next morning, you know, he was found dead on Hampstead Heath, with the cream-jug lying by him, into which he had poured the poison by which he died. The idea of the ghost of the late gentleman flitting about the room gave a strange interest to the banquet. Can you fancy him taking his tea alone in the dining-room? He empties that cream-jug and puts it in his pocket; and then he opens yonder door, through which he is never to pass again. Now he crosses the hall: and hark! the hall door shuts upon him, and his steps die away. They are gone into the night. They traverse the sleeping city. They lead him into the fields, where the grey morning is beginning to glimmer. He pours something from a bottle into a little silver jug. It touches his lips, the lying lips. Do they quiver a prayer ere that awful draught is swallowed? When the sun rises they are dumb.’—*Roundabout Papers*.

Charles Taylor did not take part in our negotiation (and, indeed, there was no negotiation, for I cannot remember a single instance in which Mr. Thackeray demurred to any proposal that I made to him), but his social gifts made our little dinners very pleasant. One little anecdote may indicate the somewhat unconventional manner in which the business of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was occasionally treated. Trollope came to me in Pall Mall, where we now had a branch office, to arrange for a new serial. I told him my terms, but he demurred to my offer of 2,000*l.*, and said that he had hoped for 3,000*l.* I shook my head. 'Well,' he replied, 'let us toss for that other 1,000*l.*' I asked him if he wished to ruin me, and said that if my banker heard of my tossing authors for their copyrights he would certainly close my account; and what about my clerks? How I should demoralise them if they suspected me of tossing with an author for his manuscript! We ultimately came to an agreement on my terms, which were sufficiently liberal. But I felt uncomfortable—I felt mean—I had refused a challenge. To relieve my mind I said, 'Now that is settled, if you will come over the way to my club, where we can have a little room to ourselves for five minutes, I will toss you for 1,000*l.* with pleasure.' Mr. Trollope did not accept the offer.

The large number of copies printed obliged us to go to press earlier in the month than most of the magazines, and we found some difficulty in getting articles up to time. There was an article by Mr. George Augustus Sala which was very much behind time, and the printer came to me with a long face. I said that I would call on Mr. Sala on my way to the City and try to get the article. I did call, and I knocked at the door of his chambers first with my knuckles and then with the knob of my stick, but without effect. There was no response. As I was going downstairs I met a friend of Sala whom I knew. 'If you are going to see Sala,' I said, 'you need not go upstairs, he's not there.' 'Do you want to see him?' he asked. 'Indeed I do,' said I. 'Then come up with me.' There was no knocking at the door this time; my friend produced a penny and put it into the slot which had been made for a letter-box. It had hardly ceased rolling on the floor before Sala appeared. He had only a page or two of his article to write, and I waited for it and carried it off. I had no idea of Mr. Sala's reason for 'sporting his oak' in this peculiar manner, and he did not vouchsafe any explanation.

The CORNHILL was edited by Thackeray from January 1860 to May 1862. I cannot truly say that he was, in a business sense,

a good editor, and I had to do some of that part of the work myself. This was a pleasure to me, for I had the greatest possible admiration and affection for him. Such a relation between editor and publisher would have worked ill in the case of some men; but Thackeray's nature was so generous, and my regard for him was so sincere, that no misunderstanding between us ever arose.

I used to drive round to his house in Onslow Square nearly every morning, and we discussed manuscripts and subjects together. Later in the day frequently came little notes, of which I have a large number, and of which the following is a characteristic specimen :

'36 O. S., S.W. : Jan. 1, 1861.

'MY DEAR S.,—

'H. N. Y. to all Smiths.

'I am afraid we can't get Loch. He has been advised not to write except his own book, whatever that may be.

'Stephen can't do anything for Feb.

'Wynter says he will do Bread.

'This is all the present news from

'Yours ever,

'W. M. T.'

Thackeray was far too tender-hearted to be happy as an editor. He could not say 'No' without himself suffering a pang as keen as that inflicted by his 'No' on the rejected contributor. He would take pains—such as, I believe, few editors have ever taken—to soften his refusal. The beautiful letter to Mrs. Brown-ing, printed in Mrs. Ritchie's article before mentioned, is an example of the pains that he took in writing to the contributors of rejected articles.

Thackeray poured out his sorrows as an editor in one of his 'Roundabout Papers.' It is entitled 'Thorns in the Cushion,' and is a good example of Thackeray's humour and an illustration of the effect upon him of editorial duties. No one can read the article without realising as I did that Mr. Thackeray came to a wise decision when he resigned the editorship of the *MAGAZINE*, and thus consulted his own comfort and peace of mind.

I like to think that the tender heart of this noble man of genius was not troubled by editorial thorns during the remainder of his life. But in looking back it sometimes comes to me with a feeling akin to remorse that I was the instrument of imposing on him an uncongenial task, and that I might have done more than I did to relieve him of its burden,

MORE LIGHT ON ST. HELENA.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF SIR GEORGE BINGHAM, K.C.B., LADY BINGHAM, COLONEL MANSEL, MAJOR HARRISON, AND COLONEL GORREQUER, DISCOVERED AND TRANSCRIBED BY MISS DOROTHY MANSEL PLEYDELL, EDITED BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

* * LORD ROSEBERY has brought so much sympathetic insight, such industry of collation, and such a nice literary judgment to the study of Napoleon's last mournful years that his narrative of the course of events on St. Helena must remain without a rival. One may fail—many students of the great Corsican's career must fail—to agree with him in tracing Napoleon's errors and misfortunes to physical decline from the date of Austerlitz. One may regret that intense commiseration for the caged tiger should so distort Lord Rosebery's sense of historic proportion that he should speak slightly, contemptuously of the Tory Cabinet who undertook the custody of one whom the Powers of Europe had condemned as a criminal; that he should hold them up to ridicule because the measures they took and the details they prescribed seem, at this distance of time, to have inflicted unwarrantable indignity and tedium upon their captive. And, in a less degree, some may consider that he is unnecessarily vehement in belabouring the hapless Sir Hudson Lowe, who, tactless and maladroit as he is shown to have been, at all events performed his duty according to his lights and succeeded in carrying out the purpose he was there to effect—namely, to prevent the escape, for the second time, of his formidable charge. Certainly his lordship comes short in these respects, if not of magnanimity, at all events of that enviable intellectual detachment which served him so well in his monograph of Pitt. All this and perhaps more may be said in criticism, without detracting from Lord Rosebery's latest volume as a consummate piece of work, a masterly study of the unique situation which is the subject thereof. He has covered the ground so thoroughly, disentangled so adroitly the contradictory records of the period, and so mercilessly stripped from the island group the mists of prejudice and falsehood which have so long hung round them, that anything further on the subject might be deemed superfluous. But he points to one

corner of the field upon which full light has not yet been shed. 'One circumstance,' says he, 'remains to be noticed. Of the last three years of Napoleon's life we know scarcely anything. From the departure of Gourgaud in March 1818 to the end of May 1821 we know practically nothing. We know what the English outside reported. We have an authorised, but not very trustworthy, record from within. But, in reality, we know nothing.'

Now it is no ignoble curiosity that makes one wish to draw the veil further aside. There is nothing tempting in the tittle-tattle which circles so busily about the privacy of the great. But, knowing how Napoleon bore himself in his power, one longs to follow him reverently among the shadows. 'Come and see how a Marshal of France dies!' cried Ney in the supreme agony of Waterloo; yet death came not then, nor, when it came a little later, was it one befitting a Marshal of France; but we are privileged to see how an Emperor of the French draws near to death.

The following extracts are from unpublished letters and journals of English ladies and gentlemen. The originals were collected after Napoleon's death and copied into three books by Miss Margaretta Pleydell, whose great-grand-niece, Miss Dorothy Mansel-Pleydell, has been at the pains of making a fresh copy with a view to publication. As they cover the period indicated by Lord Rosebery as wanting in record, it is thought that the present is a fitting opportunity to lay the most interesting passages before the public.

I.

[Sir George Bingham, K.C.B., commanded the 53rd Regiment, which remained in garrison at St. Helena during the first three years of Napoleon's captivity. He sailed with Napoleon in the *Northumberland* and kept a diary during the voyage, from which the following extracts have been made.]

Monday, August 7th, 1815.—Early in the morning the luggage of Napoleon came on board, and several servants and persons of his suite to prepare the cabin that was to receive him. About 2 o'clock he left the *Bellerophon* and came alongside the *Northumberland*, accompanied by Lord Keith. The guard turned out and presented arms, and all the officers stood on the quarter-deck to receive Lord Keith. Napoleon chose to take the

compliment to himself. He was dressed in a plain green uniform, with plain epaulets, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, silk stockings, and small gold shoebuckles; his hair out of powder and rather greasy; his person corpulent; his neck short, and his *tout ensemble* not at all giving an idea that he had been so great, or in fact was such an extraordinary man.

He bowed at first coming on deck, and having spoken to the Admiral,¹ asked for the Captain of the ship. In passing towards the cabin he inquired who I was. The Captain introduced me; he then inquired the number of the regiment where I had served, and if the 53rd was to go to St. Helena with him. He then repeated to an officer of artillery the same questions. From him he passed to Lord Lowther, to whom he addressed several questions, after which he retired to the cabin. The Admiral, who was anxious that he should as early as possible be brought to understand that the cabin was not allotted to him solely, but was a sort of public apartment, asked Lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttleton, and myself to walk in. Napoleon received us standing. The Lieutenants of the ships were brought in and introduced, but not one of them spoke French; so they bowed and retired, and we remained. Mr. Lyttleton, who spoke French fluently, answered his questions; after we were tired of standing we retired. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck and entered into conversation with Mr. Lyttleton; he spoke with apparent freedom and great vivacity, but without passion. He rather complained of his destination, saying it had been his *intention* to have lived in a retired manner in England, had he been permitted to have done so. He replied freely to several questions put to him by Mr. Lyttleton relative to what had happened in Spain and other parts. This interesting conversation lasted at least an hour, at the end of which we retired.

At six o'clock dinner was announced; he ate heartily, taking up both fish and meat frequently with his fingers; he drank claret out of a tumbler mixed with a very little water. Those of his attendants who were received at the Admiral's table were Bertrand (Grand Marshal), the Countess his wife, Montholon (General of Brigade and A.D.C.), and Las Cases, wearing the uniform of a Captain in the Navy, but called a Councillor of State.

The discourse was on general and trifling subjects, after which he talked to the Admiral about Russia and its climate, and of

¹ Sir George Cockburn,

Moscow without seeming to feel the subject; he spoke as if he had been an actor only, instead of the author of all those scenes which cost so much bloodshed.

We rose immediately after dinner, and the Admiral begged me to attend Napoleon. He walked forward to the forecastle, where the men of the 53rd Regiment and the Artillery were on the booms. They rose and took off their caps as he passed; he appeared to like the compliment, and said he was formerly in the Artillery. I answered, 'Yes, you belonged to the Regiment De La Fère,' on which he pinched my ear with a smile, as if pleased to find I knew so much of his history. He walked for some time, and then asked us in to play cards; we sat down to *vingt-un*.

He showed me his snuffbox, on which were inlaid four silver antique coins, with a gold one on the side. Madame Bertrand told me he had found these himself at Rome. He did not play high at cards, and left about fifty francs to be distributed amongst the servants. The latter part of the evening he appeared thoughtful, and at a little past ten he retired for the night.

Tuesday 8th.—The weather was squally, and there was a heavy sea; most of the party were affected by the motion of the vessel. Napoleon did not make his appearance.

Wednesday 9th.—Napoleon at dinner asked many questions, but appeared in low spirits. He brightened up afterwards, and came on deck, and asked if among the midshipmen there were any who could speak French; one of them had been at Verdun, and understood it a little. The Captain of Marines appeared on deck; he inquired who he was, and where he had served; when he told him he had been at Acre, he appeared particularly pleased. He talked a good deal with this officer, walking the deck with his hands behind him. At eight o'clock he retired to the cabin and played cards, at which he lost, and observed that good fortune had of late forsaken him. About ten o'clock he retired for the night.

Thursday 10th.—Napoleon did not appear till dinner-time; he was affected by the motion of the vessel, and said very little. He made an attempt to play at cards, but was obliged to give it up and retire early.

Friday 11th.—Blowing weather, and Bonaparte invisible the whole day.

Saturday 12th.—Napoleon made his appearance early, and looked better than usual; he walked the deck, supporting himself

on my arm. How little did I ever think, when I used to consider him one of the first generals in the world, that he would ever have taken my arm as a support ! He spoke but little at dinner, but conversed half an hour afterwards with the Admiral. At cards this evening he was evidently affected with the motion of the ship, and retired early.

Sunday 13th.—The Chaplain dined with the Admiral. Napoleon asked a number of questions relative to the reformed religion. He did not display much knowledge of the tenets of our Church, or of the English history at the period of the Reformation.

He played with his attendants at cards as usual ; the English did not join.

Monday 14th.—Napoleon asked at dinner a number of questions relative to the Cape, and whether any communication was carried on by land with any other part of Africa by means of caravans. His information on these, as well as on other topics connected with geography, appeared very limited ; and he asked questions that any well-educated Englishman would have been ashamed to have done. The evening passed off with cards as usual.

Tuesday 15th.—Napoleon's birthday. The Admiral complimented him on the occasion, and his attendants appeared in dress uniforms.

After dinner a long conversation took place, which turned on the intended invasion of England. He asserted that it was always his intention to have attempted it. For this purpose he sent Villeneuve with his fleet to the West Indies, with orders to refresh at one of the French isles, to return without loss of time, and immediately to push up the Channel, taking with him the Brest fleet as he passed. It was supposed that this trip would have withdrawn the attention of our fleets.¹ Twenty thousand men were ready at Boulogne to embark at a moment's notice. Under cover of this fleet he calculated he could have debarked this army in twenty-four hours.

The landing was to have taken place as near London as possible ; he was to have put himself at the head of it, and have

¹ In 1805, Villeneuve was ordered to take the Toulon fleet to the West Indies, in order to lure Nelson, who had been watching him for eighteen months, across the Atlantic. Villeneuve, giving Nelson the slip in March, obtained a start of six weeks with eighteen sail of the line. Nelson followed with ten sail of the line, and upon his approach to Martinique Villeneuve declined battle and returned to Europe.

made a push for the capital. He added : ' I put all to the hazard ; I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return ; I trusted all to the impression the occupation of the capital would have occasioned. Conceive then my disappointment when I found that Villeneuve, after a drawn battle with Calder, had stood for Cadiz—he might as well have gone back to the West Indies. I made one further attempt to get my fleet into the Channel ; but Nelson destroyed it at the battle of Trafalgar, and I then, as you know, fell with my whole force on Austria, who was unprepared for this sudden attack, and you remember how well I succeeded.'

At cards this evening he was successful, winning nearly eighty napoleons ; he evidently tried to lose it again. He was in good spirits at the idea of success on his birthday, having been always of an opinion that some days are more fortunate than others. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he left the card-table.

Wednesday 16th.—Bonaparte did not appear till dinner-time ; he was in good spirits, and asked as usual a variety of questions. After dinner, in his walk with the Admiral, he was quite loquacious, having, besides his usual allowance of wine (two tumblers of claret), drunk one of champagne, and some bottled beer. He said he apprehended that the means of sending him to St. Helena might have fatal consequences ; he hinted that the people of France and Italy were so much attached to him that they might revenge it by the massacre of the English ; he acknowledged, however, that he thought his life safe with the English, which it might not have been had it been entrusted to the Austrians or Prussians.

Of this life he appears tenacious ; one of his *valets de chambre* sleeps constantly in his apartment ; nor does it appear, either from his own accounts or those of his attendants, that he was very prodigal of it at the battle of Waterloo, certainly the most interesting one of his life, and on which his future destiny turned. Not one of his personal staff was wounded, and had he been in the thickest of the fight, as Wellington was, they could not have escaped. But to return to the conversation. He said that after the Austrian war Beauharnais¹ and the people about him told him it was

¹ Eugène de Beauharnais, step-son of Napoleon, Viceroy of Italy and Prince of Venice ; strange advice to come from the son of Josephine !

absolutely necessary for him to marry again, to have heirs for the sake and succession of France. The Emperor of Russia offered him the Archduchess Ann. A council was held on the subject, and, in taking into consideration this marriage, a clause providing for the free exercise of the Greek religion, and also that a chapel should be allowed in the Tuileries for the worship of that faith, was strongly objected to by some of the members, as likely to render the marriage unpopular in France. At this moment Schwarzenberg offered a Princess of the House of Austria. Napoleon replied it was quite indifferent to him; so, as they gave him no trouble on the subject, this business was speedily settled. This was at ten o'clock at night; before midnight the copy of a treaty was drawn out (copied nearly word for word from the marriage contract between Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette), signed by him, transmitted to Vienna; and Maria Louisa became the new Empress.¹

Thursday 17th.—Napoleon did not make his appearance till dinner. He conversed a little, and retired early to the after cabin; he remained but a short time at the card-table.

In conversation with Sir George Cockburn last night it turned on Waterloo. He said that he would not have attacked Wellington on the 18th had he supposed he would have fought him. He acknowledged that he had not exactly reconnoitred the position. He praised the British troops, and gave the same account of the final result as in the official despatch. He denied that the movement of the Prussians on his flank had any effect; the malevolent, he said, raised a cry of *Sauve qui peut!* and as it was already dark he could not remedy it. 'Had there been daylight,' he added, 'I should have thrown aside my cloak and every Frenchman would have rallied round me; but darkness and treachery were too much for me.'²

Saturday 19th.—At dinner, Napoleon talked of Toulon with animation. He said the only wound he had ever received was from an English sailor (by a pike) in the hand, at the storm of Fort Mülgrave, the possession of which led to the evacuation of that town. This led to talking of the Navy; he said the only good naval officer he had had was one whose name he pronounced Cas-mo, who, when Admiral Dumanoir was acquitted by a court-martial (having been tried for leaving the battle of

In 1810.

Compare Las Cases (English edition, 1824, vol. iii., pp. 286-310).

Trafalgar, and for having afterwards surrendered to Sir Richard Strachan), took the sword that was delivered to him by the President and broke it. The Admiral asked him for some other naval character, whose name I have forgotten; he answered, 'He behaved well in one action, I made him Admiral on the spot, and the consequence was the very next year he lost me two ships in the Bay of Rosas.'

In conversation with the Admiral before dinner he made the following remarkable observation, 'I was at the head of an army at twenty-four; at thirty, from nothing I had risen to be the head of my country, for as First Consul I had as much power as I afterwards had as Emperor. I should have died,' he added, 'the day after I entered Moscow; my glory then would have been established for ever.' The Admiral replied that to be a truly great character it was necessary to suffer adversity as well as prosperity; he assented, but said, 'My lot has been a little too severe.'

Sunday, August 20th.—Napoleon at dinner again began to question the chaplain respecting the reformed religion; whether we used the crucifix; how many sacraments we had? Grace was said, and he asked whether it was a *benedicite*.

He walked for a considerable time by moonlight; and seeing the Admiral did not play at cards, refrained himself.

Thursday 24th.—We were standing on and off in Funchal roads. The British Consul dined on board the *Northumberland*; he was asked a number of questions about the island by Napoleon; the heights, the number of inhabitants, &c. The flippant, pert manner of this gentleman greatly annoyed Bonaparte, and he remained silent for the rest of dinner; after which he walked, leaning on the Admiral's arm; but on the Consul joining them, he immediately retired to his own cabin, which he did not leave for the night.

Friday 25th.—We left Madeira, and on the 27th passed through the Canary Islands.

In one of his conversations, Napoleon talked of the new Prussian Constitution, and complained of the admission of the people into the States; freedom, he said, would answer in England, but nowhere else. The Admiral reminded him of what he had himself done in France, which he said he was obliged to do, to secure a momentary popularity. He seemed to think that no one could manage the French but himself, but by no means hinted

that he had ever intended they should have more than the semblance of a free constitution.

Sunday 27th.—At dinner an argument arose on the subject of religion; the ladies were the principal speakers, but it was one with which they were evidently not acquainted. At length high words took place between Montholon and Gourgaud, the latter accusing Montholon of wanting respect for his wife. The Admiral put a stop to the argument by rising from the table; but it is not difficult to perceive that envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness are firmly rooted in Bonaparte's family; and that their residence at St. Helena will be rendered very uncomfortable by it. The subject of religion was started by the Admiral telling Napoleon that a Portuguese priest had offered to attend him to St. Helena. Napoleon returned an answer that proved his perfect indifference to the thing; but the ladies requested to know whether there *was* anything of the kind in the island, which occasioned the argument above mentioned.

September 5th.—There has been of late but little conversation with Bonaparte, and nothing worthy of observation till yesterday, when, in the afternoon walk, Egypt was mentioned. The Admiral asked him if there was any truth in the report of the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa. He frankly confessed there was; he said these people had been made prisoners before, and had promised not to serve again, instead of which they threw themselves into the town. They were summoned, and threatened with no quarter if they resisted; they did resist, and consequently were put to death. He then talked of poisoning his own people, and said: 'That is a story Wilson got hold of; the idea, though agitated, was never carried into execution; and the circumstance that did take place is as follows: When retreating from before Acre, there remained some men in the hospital at Jaffa, whose death was certain, and whom it was impossible to remove. I knew that if the men were left to Dyazza Pascha he would have impaled them or made them suffer great tortures; to avoid which, as their recovery was quite out of the question, I proposed that a certain quantity of laudanum should be given to each. The chief surgeon of my army refused; he said his business was to cure, not to destroy. The affair was then debated in council, when some were in favour of the measure, and others against it. At last the surgeon declared that if a force was left for forty-eight hours the men in question would all be dead. I remained twenty-four

hours myself, and left a rearguard twenty-four hours more, when, the men being all dead, the force was withdrawn.'

He said that he had had the plague himself, and that he constantly visited the plague hospitals while in the command of the army on that station.

He talked of the Queen of Prussia, and said she was a very fine woman, and that she had been brought into his company to get what she could. After he had paid her many compliments and presented her with a rose, she asked for Magdeburg; he added, 'Had she made the application sooner, I might have presented it to her, but affairs were gone so far, and were so settled, that I could not have complied without having altered the whole of the treaty. When she found she could not gain from me what she wanted, she altered her behaviour to me.'

Monday 11th.—To-day Napoleon observed to the Admiral that on his return from Elba he received, shortly after his arrival at Paris, a private communication from Ferdinand VII., stating that whatever demonstration he might make in concert with the Allies, it should be confined to that and that his troops should not enter France; adding to this, many upstart expressions of esteem. He also said that a similar communication had been made from the Portuguese Regency, which accounts for their refusal of troops and their conduct towards Beresford, &c.

Yesterday at table he spoke of the Turks and their manner of eating, taking up their rice, fowls, or other meat with their fingers. This brought on a story, after he had left the table, from Madame Bertrand, that when Bonaparte was first Consul the Turkish Ambassador was at table, when green peas made their first appearance at the commencement of the season, into which he darted his fingers; and that Josephine, seeing what he had done, ordered the dish to be instantly removed. General Gourgaud said it was impossible that a person of such manners as she possessed would be guilty of so much rudeness. Having brought General Gourgaud forward, I must say that he seems the only man of ability among them, and I make no doubt that he is a good officer and a true Frenchman.

Tuesday 12th.—Yesterday the captain of marines (Beattie) dined at the Admiral's table; he had been in Egypt, and the conversation turned on this, Bonaparte's favourite subject.

He asked a variety of questions; whether Captain B. had observed his (Bonaparte's) tent on Mount Carmel. He said that

a shell fell very near him one day at the siege of Acre, and that two men clasped him in their arms, choosing rather to destroy themselves than that any injury should happen to their chief. One of these men was a private in the Chasseurs, and is now a general. He lost his arm at the battle of Borodino, and was made Governor of the Castle of Vincennes. When the Allies penetrated into France in 1814 this officer was summoned to surrender. He answered that when they restored him the arm he had lost in Russia he would comply with their request.

After dinner Napoleon was again questioned on the subject of his projected invasion of England. Sir George Cockburn said that many people in the country were persuaded it was never intended otherwise than merely as a feint, and to put us to expenses ; his answer was :—

‘Mr. Pitt never thought so ; I had well weighed the consequences, and I calculated that if I did not succeed the demonstrations would do me great disservice, as it would make the English a military nation, and at the same time would give the ministers a command of money, since no other measure could authorise them to call for so large a sum as in this case was requisite. I was very well pleased to see the preparations the English made on the coast opposite Boulogne, at which place it was never my intention to have attempted a landing. I kept up this farce by frequent embarkations and by the exercise of my flotilla. My real point of attack would have been somewhere between Margate and Deal. I calculated that I could have possessed myself of the lines of Chatham as a point of retreat. I should then have pushed for London, and, had I arrived there, I should have offered very moderate terms of peace, taking care, however, so far to cripple you that you could have done no further mischief, nor have disturbed my future plans. Whether I should have succeeded or not I can’t say, but such were my projects.’

He then talked of Ireland, where he said he had as many friends amongst the Protestants as amongst the Catholics.

‘An expedition for the country was at one time nearly ready to sail. It was to have left Antwerp, and have gone north, and was to have landed thirty thousand men in the North of Ireland. Roger O’Connor was to have accompanied them ; but I knew better than to trust him with the command. I granted them everything they asked, relative to the settlement of the government of the country, if it should have been conquered. It

mattered little to me whether they adopted a republican or any other form of government; my sole object was to divide it from England, and to have occupied the attention of the English in reconquering or tranquillising it. Could the division once be effected, peace, and the ultimate ruin and subjugation of both countries, would have been the consequence. I carried on my communications with Ireland by means of the smugglers; they were the most staunch friends I had. At one time they offered to carry off Louis XVIII. from Hartwell, and to deliver him to me. I declined this, as I should not have known what to have done with him; but I found the smugglers exceedingly useful and intelligent.'

I forgot to mention that, when Bonaparte was talking of having London in his possession, the Admiral asked him if he did not think it a politic measure to fortify all capitals, and why he had never fortified Paris. His answer was, that every capital ought to be put out of the power of any enemy to insult; many instances had occurred where the occupation of a capital had occasioned the conclusion of a war. 'For myself,' he added, 'I never was so firmly established as to be able to attempt it at Paris; I owed my empire to the popular prejudice, and I dare not so far insult it as to attempt fortification, which could not have united the people of that city.'

Saturday 16th.—Napoleon talked yesterday of his Russian campaign. He said that he ought to have halted at Smolensko; that had he done so, he should have entered on the next campaign with such reserves as would have insured him success. He had a twofold object in this campaign: one was to erect, in the establishment of the kingdom of Poland, a barrier against Russia; the other was to compel that power to embrace the continental system. He said he had encouragement given him before he entered Russia to advance and free the peasantry; he added he entered Moscow almost without opposition, and that he remained there for two days with the most flattering prospects. On a sudden the town was observed to be on fire in several places; he thought it had been done by his own people, and in riding towards it in order to stop it, soon discovered it to have been set on fire by the orders of Rostopchin. Three hundred Russians were shot by his orders, having been found with matches in their hands. He himself remained in the Kremlin as long as he was able, and had at last great difficulty in getting his horses through the burning town.

The country-house to which he went was three miles from the city, but the atmosphere was so heated that they were obliged, even at that distance from the conflagration, to close the windows and exclude the air entirely.

Thursday 21st.—We have seen but little of Bonaparte lately ; he now seldom or never plays at cards, never appears till dinner-time, and stays but a short time on deck. He writes a good deal, or rather dictates, for he writes so illegibly himself that he generally employs Las Cases as an amanuensis.

The Admiral asked him yesterday if, when he meditated his invasion of England, he had any idea of the strength of the lines of Chatham. He said he had no exact plan of them, but that he had understood there *were* lines there. He said he had at that time his information from Goldsmith, who transmitted every intelligence to him by the smugglers ; he was aware, he said, that the same men furnished our Government with information in return, but he had no other means of obtaining it himself. The English Government endeavoured as much as possible to prevent a correspondence with France, and he (Bonaparte) appointed Gravelines as the only place where he allowed any communication to take place ; at the same time he watched them very narrowly.

Yesterday Gourgaud showed me a map on a very large scale of the environs of Brussels, which the Emperor used the day of the battle of Waterloo. The English position was marked in pencil, and a scale added near in red lead to show the neighbouring distances.

Napoleon has a Mameluke sabre with this inscription on it : '*This is the sabre the Emperor carried at the battle of Aboukir.*' It is very handsomely mounted in gold. . . . Gourgaud talked to me of the number of people he had killed in the course of his services with his own hands, and he showed me *his* sword, on which he had displayed in the waterwork a Cossack attacking and just on the point of killing the Emperor, with the following explanation : 'Gourgaud, first orderly to the Emperor, shooting with a pistol the Cossack who attacked him near Brienne.'

[Sir George cannot be suspected of having invented this incident, yet it throws a striking light on the untrustworthiness of Gourgaud's own narrative, which, Lord Rosebery believes, suffered less than the rest from the air of unveracity pervading St. Helena. 'Gourgaud,' writes Lord Rosebery, 'was supposed, by Warden at any rate, to have had his sword engraved with an account of this

exploit. This was all very well ; but Napoleon heard too much of it, and so the following scene occurred [at St. Helena] :—*Gourgaud* : ‘I never had engraved on my sword that I had saved your life, and yet I killed a hussar that was attacking your Majesty.’ *Napoleon* : ‘I do not recollect it.’ *Gourgaud* : ‘This is too much !’ And so poor *Gourgaud* storms. At last, the Emperor puts a stop to this outburst of spleen by saying that *Gourgaud* is a brave young man, but that it is astonishing that with such good sense he should be such a baby.’¹]

Monday, October 2nd.—As the voyage lengthens, Napoleon grows more tired of his confinement, and has less and less intercourse with any of us. His attendants are divided into parties, and do nothing but abuse each other behind their backs.

In a conversation between Bonaparte and the Admiral, the former confessed that he could have raised more than 800,000,000 of livres a year in France, even when he had extorted to the utmost, in the last year of his reign. In answer to a question put to him relative to the greatest number of men he ever had in action under his command, he said he had 180,000 at the battle of Eylau, and 1,000 pieces of cannon ; the allies had nearly the same number.

Thursday 5th.—The day before yesterday Napoleon got hold of the *Life of Nelson*, which was read to him by Bertrand, and in which he appeared to be particularly interested.

At dinner he talked a good deal about Corsica, and said we had committed one great fault when in possession of that island.

‘Paoli,’ he said, ‘expected to have been made Viceroy when he introduced you into the island, and had you done so and given him 20,000*l.* per annum, you might have defied the whole force of France, and the island would have been yours now. He knew how to treat the Corsicans, who cannot be governed in the same manner as you would treat other nations.’

Bonaparte said he had obtained great supplies of wood from Corsica, although there existed a great prejudice against it in the navy ; but he could furnish at the dockyard at Toulon ten masts from that island at the same price as one from Riga. . . . He frequently says with a sigh. ‘The French nation have not a turn for the sea ; I never could have got a French ship into the order that this is.’

Tuesday 10th.—Saturday evening we were surprised, on going

¹ Lord Rosebery’s *Napoleon*, p. 42.

into the cabin, to find the ex-Emperor reading a fairy tale, of course to a very attentive audience. . . . Bonaparte appeared to read well, but very fast, and several times laughed heartily.

Yesterday he produced a snuffbox which had on it a beautiful portrait of young Napoleon. He was represented in the uniform of the Lancers of the Guard; his hands clasped towards heaven, imploring its blessings for his father and his country. It was painted when he was about four years old, and during his father's misfortunes.

[The Dutch Baron de Dedem, who commanded a brigade in Davoust's advanced guard in the invasion of Russia, has left record of an instance of Napoleon's absorbing devotion to this boy.

Napoleon seated himself at the beginning of the battle¹ upon the ruins of a great redoubt, and then moved three hundred paces forward on the edge of a ravine. They brought him word from time to time of the result of movements which he had ordered; he seemed to receive all reports with equal indifference, as much that of the enemy having retaken the central redoubt as of the splendid devotion of our troops and of the fine cavalry charge which rendered us masters of the position. He held in his hands a portrait of the King of Rome which the Empress had sent him by M. de Bausset; he played with it and kept saying, 'Let us see what he will be at five-and-twenty.' The Imperial Guard was massed as a reserve behind him, 36,000 strong. Their trumpets flourished, while the rest of the army strove for victory. In vain, when the Russians began to fall back, did Marshal Ney implore the Emperor to move up only the Young Guard, which probably would have delivered into our hands 15,000 or 20,000 of the enemy who took the direction of Kalouga. These owed their safety to the inaction of the Guards, and especially to Napoleon's indecision.]

After dinner he walked four hours with the Admiral, and conversed with great freedom; he gave him a sketch of his life, and said that until after the battle of Lodi, he entertained no idea beyond his profession. . . . It was at this time Sir Sidney Smith applied to him to assist him in his exchange, which he declined, saying he had entirely withdrawn himself from public business. The Government then wished to employ him as a diplomatist, which he refused, as he also did the command of an army destined to invade England. They then prepared an expedition to Egypt, which he immediately caught at as a means of withdrawing himself from France until his schemes were more matured. He foresaw that if he could escape the English fleet his career would be a brilliant one.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien he avowed; he said the conspiracies formed against him by the Royalists were numerous, and it was a measure of necessity to secure his throne.

¹ Of Borodino.

II.

[Napoleon landed at St. Helena on October 15, 1815, just three months after his surrender to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*. Mr. Wilkes, Governor of the island, was a servant of the East India Company; therefore Napoleon remained under custody of Admiral Sir George Cockburn until the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe in the following April. Sir George Bingham continued in command of the 53rd Regiment for a year, when he was appointed Brigadier-General on the Staff of the island, his brother-in-law, Lieut.-Col. Mansel, taking command of the regiment. From their letters some interesting details may be gleaned of life on the island in general, and of the captivity in particular.]

From Sir George Bingham to Lady Bingham.

St. Helena, Nov. 13, 1815.—My last letter was from Plantation House, where I spent a very pleasant week with Governor Wilkes and his family. I left it on Monday 20th to go to James Town¹ to the Admiral's ball, which was very well attended; dancing began about nine, and was kept up till seven the next morning with great spirit. As I had been staying with the Wilkes, I danced with the ladies of that family and, at the Admiral's request, with Madame Bertrand, who was there in great splendour, with a dress valued at 500*l*. Madame de Montholon was also there with a necklace said to be worth twice that sum. Two hundred persons sat down to supper.

December 6.—Longwood is now ready for the reception of Bonaparte, and I called at the Briars to-day to accompany him thither. He received me, with some apologies, in his *robe de chambre*, and excused himself from going that day on account of the smell of the paint.

He appeared to be in unusually good spirits, having on the table English papers to September 15. The greater confusion there is in France, the greater chance he thinks there is of his being allowed to return, as he thinks the English Government will be obliged to recall him to compose the confusion that exists in that unhappy country.

21st.—Since I last wrote, Napoleon has been removed to

¹ The capital and only town in St. Helena.

Longwood. He appears in better health, and has been in good spirits. I called on him on Monday and had a long audience, in which he was very particular in his questions relating to our mess, entering into the most minute particulars, even so far as to ask who cooked for us, male or female, white or black ?

On Friday I met him as I was marching with my regiment. He rides with a British officer every day within his bounds, but never exceeds them ; this he cannot reconcile himself to.¹

His attendants, as usual, are split into parties and have procured the removal of Bertrand from the superintendence of the household, though he has at least the merit of being Napoleon's oldest and most faithful servant.

January 1, 1816.—Last Tuesday I introduced all the officers of the 53rd to Bonaparte. It was evidently an effort on his part, although the proposal in the first instance came from himself. He asked a number of questions which were exceedingly absurd. He has been in great spirits lately ; he has heard that ‘ All the Virtues,’² with Sir Francis Burdett at their head, were to advocate his cause and recall, and he sanguinely looks forward to the result.

8th.—Since I last wrote, I have dined with Napoleon. It was a most superb dinner which lasted only forty minutes, at the end of which we retired into the drawing-room to play cards. The dessert service was Sèvres china, with gold knives, forks, and spoons. The coffee-cups were the most beautiful I ever saw ; on each cup was an Egyptian view, and on the saucer a portrait of some Bey or other distinguished character ; they cost twenty-five guineas the cup and saucer in France. The dinner was stupid enough ; the people who live with him scarcely spoke out of a whisper ; and he was so much engaged in eating, that he hardly said a word to anyone. He had so filled the room with wax candles that it was as hot as an oven. He said to me after I had entered the drawing-room, ‘ You are not accustomed to such short dinners.’

He has generally one or two officers of the 53rd to dinner, or rather supper, for it is half-past eight before he sits down.³

¹ It became so intolerable to him that for years he never got upon a horse.

² The Opposition in Parliament, so named after the precedent of Pitt's last Administration, which was known as ‘ All the Talents.’

³ He dined at first at seven, though he afterwards changed the hour to four. Just before Gourgaud left (March 1818) there was a new arrangement. The midday breakfast was abolished, there was dinner at three, and supper at ten,

February 14th.—Yesterday I went to call on Bonaparte ; he was going out in his carriage, and insisted on my going with him, and we had a drive together of three miles. He always asks after you,¹ and to-day, when he heard a packet was arrived from England, he said, ‘Now the Colonel will hear from Lady Bingham.’

April 19th.—I called on Bonaparte last Sunday, before the *Phaeton* had anchored, to announce to him the arrival of the new Governor. He received me in his bedroom *en robe de chambre*, and a dirtier figure I never beheld ! He was pleased with the compliment.

He received Sir Hudson Lowe last Wednesday with marked attention, behaving at the same time in a manner pointedly rude to Sir George Cockburn.

You have no idea of the dirty little intrigues of himself and his set ; if Sir H. Lowe has firmness enough not to give way to them, he will in a short time treat him in the same manner. For myself, it is said I am a favourite, though I do not understand the claim I have to such. Cockburn has certainly used great exertions to make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and for this and for the care he took of him on board the *Northumberland* he did not deserve to be treated as he was on that day. . . . There have been the usual fracas continued in the family. About a week since it was intimated to Madame Bertrand that, as she was so fond of the English and partial to their society, she might save herself the trouble of attending at dinner. The Emperor had dined in his own room the day before, fearing he could not have kept his temper and have displayed a scene before the servants. Madame then made known that Napoleon was frequently in the habit of using language neither kingly nor even gentlemanly towards his attendants, and that the ladies even were not respected in these fits of rage. The interdiction lasted a week, at the end of which time it was signified that ‘the Emperor *permitted* her to come to dinner.’

then a few days afterwards dinner is to be at two—changes suspected by Gourgaud as intended to suit the health and convenience of Madame de Montholon, but which were probably devised to beguile the long weariness of the day or to cheat the long wakefulness of the night. For he practically passed all his days in his hut, reading, writing, talking, but withal bored to death.’ (Lord Rosebery’s *Napoleon*, p. 151.)

¹ Lady Bingham,

Napoleon received the intelligence of the deaths of Murat and Ney with the greatest indifference. Of the former he observed that he was a fool and deserved his fate; he said he had behaved very ill to him, and had refused to lend him money when at Elba. Of the latter he said he had done him more harm than good, and did not appear to care the least about either.

[Sir George probably received this information from O'Meara, who, like Montholon and Gourgaud, claimed to be the first to bring him the news of Murat's execution. To O'Meara it is natural that Napoleon should not betray any emotion. With the others he was less reserved. He expressed to Las Cases, among others, his true appreciation of Murat as a cavalry commander. 'At Waterloo Murat had perhaps been worth a victory to us. What was wanted? To break three or four English squares? Murat was precisely the man for the job (*l'homme de la chose*).'] Nevertheless he knew Murat's untrustworthiness also. In after-days he observed to Gourgaud:—'Murat only got what he deserved. But it is all my fault, for I should have left him a marshal, and never have made him King of Naples, or even Grand Duke of Berg.'

As to Ney and his fate, Gourgaud reports the Emperor as being alternately indignant and indifferent. Lord Rosebery concludes that Napoleon never forgot or really forgave his interview with Ney at Fontainebleau in April, 1814.]

(To be concluded.)

BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. 2.¹

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

FELICIA FELIX.

Introduction.

It chanced that the proof of this little paper reached the writer as she passed in a yacht along the coast where for so many years Felicia Felix dwelt and sang her song. Some conditions should make poets of us all. From the lady who owns the s.s. Palatine and the captain on the upper deck, to the least experienced guest on board, all the fresh beauty appealed with an irresistible charm. The weather was very fair after storms; young sea-gulls and guillemots were disporting themselves upon the crystal of the waters; a porpoise's back flashed in the sunlight; a far-away ship was sailing towards Cherbourg beyond the horizon. Near at hand rose the delicate intricate cliffs of Wales. Rocks, bearing their crown of summer green, and their peaceful flocks and garlands, but at the same time rooted bare and stern in their fastnesses below, and set at intervals with white fortresses.

From Southampton to Milford Bay the forts and lighthouses stand vigilant, while all the way the transparent waves dash along the shores, and the gulls' wings beat time to this beautiful natural concerto of strength and sweetness, to the 'measured chime, the thundering burst,' of which Mrs. Hemans herself has written, and written so well that, though her poems were not to be found on the amply stocked bookshelf in the saloon, of the five guests on board the hospitable Palatine, four quoted with pleasure and from memory from her writings as we sat round the table in the cabin, and above, the winds dance lightly over the waters. Fate at the wheel stands passionless while the yacht speeds on its way.

It seems a long journey from Haydn's silent old age, in the grass-grown street, by the Schönbrunn Park in Vienna, to the western coast of England and the sentimental, emotional days of L. E. L. and of Keepsakes and Mrs. Hemans, when poetry was

¹ Copyright, 1900, by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in the United States of America.

paramount and poetesses in demand ; but these are the Blackstick Papers, and we travel about as the Fairy directs us, and so from the ancient suburb where the honoured master sat waiting the end among his ever-enduring scores, we come off to the rock-bound western shores and the coasts of Wales, where the poetess, whom we have called Felicia Felix, once sat writing, and weaving her own charming spells. They are in one respect like Vivien's spells—if we are to believe Mrs. Hemans' admirers—and made up of 'woven paces' and of poetry too. 'Thine agile step, the lightest foot e'er seen on earth,' wrote an old friend in his last days describing Felicia Hemans on her native cliffs.

Many years ago some one gave the writer a little miniature of Mrs. Hemans, by the help of which it is still quite possible to conjure up an outward semblance, and to put a shape to one's impression of the impulsive being who paid so dearly for her happiness, her sensibility, her undoubted powers and beauty, and her charming poetical gifts. Mrs. Hemans' touching lines 'To my own Portrait' may have applied to this very miniature :

Yet look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be
That when my song and soul are gone
Shall seek my form in thee,
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest.

The picture represents a woman of about twenty-eight ; she has dark glossy curls, delicately marked features, a high colour ; her bright full sad eyes, her laughing lips, give one an impression of womanly predominance and melancholy and gaiety all at once. She wears a black dress with gigot sleeves and the jewellery of her time—the buckle, the hair chain and locket, and also a golden ornament in her dark hair. There is perhaps (but this is merest guess-work) a certain sense of limitation—shall I call it persistency?—in the general expression of the countenance. It is hard to generalise from so slight a sketch, but perhaps something of this impulsiveness and inadaptability may have been the secret of much of the trouble of her life.

Felicia Hemans, who had been married at twenty, and who at sixteen had first known and fallen in love with Captain Hemans, at twenty-five was already parted from her husband for ever ; one of her children had died, the other four boys were left to her care, and she along with them had returned to her mother's home.

There are absolutely no other facts given of her domestic circumstances in the various memoirs of her by her own sister, by Mr. Henry Chorley and Mrs. Lawrence, published soon after her death, except the remarkable statement that Captain Hemans went away for change to Italy, and there remained for seventeen years, which certainly seems a very long time. We are, however, told that he occasionally wrote when necessity arose. After her mother's death Felicia Hemans offered to go out to join her husband, but to this he would not consent, and she then set to work to make a life for herself at home, to educate her children, and to go on writing poetry, to add the useful prose of pounds and shillings to her limited means. She wrote for her children's sake; she wrote for her own art's sake too. Some of her poems have become passwords in the land. Who does not still know 'Casabianca' and 'The Better Land'?

Among Mrs. Hemans's friends were Wordsworth and Walter Scott, who were fond of her. Her women friends were numerous and very enthusiastic. One of them, a well-known authoress, Miss Jewsbury, writes of her: 'I might describe her for ever, and never should I succeed in portraying Egeria! She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings.'

I have advisedly called my little Paper 'Felicia Felix,' for, though her music was sad, the musician was sweet and full of charming harmonies; it was something no doubt of her own lament that she poured out in profuse strains of most natural and unpremeditated art. In *Annals* and *Forget-me-nots*, in *Poets' Corners*, she uttered her song and relieved her heart. She was not old even when she died; and she must have enjoyed singing and pouring forth to the last. Her pretty name, her charming countenance, her luxuriant curls and old-patterned graces, perhaps still add to the interest which belongs to her personality. The men and women of England and America were delighted with her, everyone—but one person. Indeed, I have read an article in a magazine of that day in which she is compared to Desdemona, though Desdemona, as we know, only *sang* her songs, and they were not published till after her death.

To return to Mrs. Hemans, we learn that editors wrote by every post for contributions from her pen, and admirers trod on each other's heels, and packets of poetry arrived by every mail; also there came messages and compliments from America, where,

if she would have consented to settle down, Felicia was offered a definite competence by a publishing firm. There is a story of a chair in which she once sat kept sacred and apart in a gentleman's library and shown to admiring visitors.

The poetess has herself described some of her own following of 'plaguing admirers,' 'teasing adorers,' &c. &c. Her spirits would rise on occasion, and she enjoyed the moment to the full; but all the same it is very plain that the poor soul was often sad at heart, and that a bright hearthstone would have been much more to her taste than the pedestal which she had to put up with.

All this was happening in the glorious days of innocent enthusiasm, in the days of Miss Mitford and Mme. de Staël, following upon the mysterious triumphs of Hannah More. Ladies held their own then, not by main force, but by divinest right. Corinnes were plentiful, and Edgermonds still more plentiful. 'Myself,' Felicia Felix once wrote on the margin of the book in which she had been reading one of Corinne's passionate outbursts. And so, though she wept, she must have also wiped away her tears, which brought her interest and friends and occupation, and which helped to educate her boys, whose loyal affection and admiration is pretty to read of still.

'Mrs. Hemans is somewhat too poetical for my taste,' said Sir Walter in 1823—'too many flowers and too little fruit; but that may be the cynical criticism of an elderly gentleman, for it is certain that when I was young I read verses with infinitely more indulgence, because with more pleasure than I can now.' Sir Walter Scott's criticisms were addressed to another friendly poetess, Joanna Baillie.

Mrs. Hemans once wrote a play about the Sicilian Vespers which fell very flat in London, to the bitter disappointment of her school boys. It was subsequently brought out by the Siddonses in Edinburgh, and with success, greatly owing to Sir Walter's kind auspices. 'I trust the piece will succeed,' he wrote to Miss Baillie again in 1824, 'but there is no promising, for Saunders is meanly jealous of being thought less critical than John Bull, and may perhaps despise to be pleased with what was less fortunate in London. I wish Mrs. Hemans had been on the spot to make any alterations, which the players are always demanding. I will read the drama over more carefully than I have yet done, and tell you if anything occurs. The enclosed line will show that the Siddonses are agreeable to act Mrs. Hemans's drama. When you tell the

tale say nothing about me, for on no earthly consideration would I like it to be known that I interfered in theatrical matters; it brings such a torrent of applications which it is impossible to grant and often very painful to refuse. Everybody thinks they can write blank verse, and "*a word of yours to Mrs. Siddons,*" &c. &c. I have great pleasure, however, in serving Mrs. Hemans, both on account of her own merit and your patronage.'

Most old letters that are worth keeping at all speak for themselves, and it is not only by what is in them but by what is left out of them that they speak, and tell us something of the people who wrote and of the spirit in which they wrote. The writer has been set thinking of Mrs. Hemans by a correspondence which came into her hands the other day through the kindness of Mr. Alfred Graves, who, at his uncle's death, found some letters which had passed between Mrs. Hemans and Dr. Robert Graves, her faithful friend and admirer. In this correspondence one meets with two interesting personalities—and yet it all reads more like the *echo* of a story rather than the story itself; though the manuscript lies there in the delicate even handwriting in which Dr. Graves has copied out the extracts. Most of them were afterwards published in Mr. Chorley's *Life of Mrs. Hemans*. The letters were edited by Dr. Graves, perhaps almost too scrupulously for our modern taste, which is interested in definite impressions and vivid details rather than in topographical generalities.

Felicia was a saddened woman, wistful, expecting more from life than life itself had to give, and looking to Nature for sympathy in her troubles. Dr. Graves was a very young man; for him too Nature was beautiful, only life was happy—the waters laughed, the skies were blue and laughed. He had just completed his college career, he was entering Holy Orders. Mrs. Hemans must have been about seven-and-thirty at this time, when he became tutor to her youngest son.

In all the correspondence between our poetess and her kind unchanging friend, the descriptions of scenery, the remarks upon life and literature, form the chief staple; there is little that is personal, and yet the trust and response between them will be felt and realised and reach us still. 'I was happy among you all,' she writes, or words to that effect; 'I found response for my heart and food for my mind as well.'

People certainly look upon poetry from very different points of view; one reads in this very correspondence of a religious-

minded Irish mother standing by her daughter's deathbed and exclaiming passionately, 'Oh! my child, my child, the pride of literature has destroyed you! . . .' The poor dying daughter had published some successful verses!

The latter five or six years of her life were spent by Mrs. Hemans in Ireland, where one of her brothers was then living, and where the Graves family, all kind good friends, were ready to welcome her, this one member being specially devoted to her.

There was certainly a great deal of friendship going in those days; people led more monotonous lives than they do now. Sentiment was more continuous, and much more a recognised condition of things than at present, when passions and money are our somewhat stagey ideals, and feeling itself has become a sort of Dumb Crambo.

When Dr. Robert Graves was eighty-five years old the centenary of Felicia Hemans' birth came round in the natural course of time, and his nephew has told me how the old friend, lying on his sick bed, rallied to dictate one last poem, one last greeting to the memory of the beautiful woman who had been his Egeria, and whom all his life long he had admired and loved.

Tresses of sunny auburn fell in ringlets
And harmonized with thy soft hazel eyes.
Thy height perfection, and thy springing motion
Was as an Oread nymph's.

Everything was coming to an end, but the past was untouched, and its romantic friendship. It is like gazing at a beautiful prospect in Nature, to hear of a charming and faithful sentiment which time has not destroyed in its remorseless course.

One contemporary of Felicia's was L. E. L., who must have also loved her, for when Mrs. Hemans died L. E. L. wrote a farewell poem which speaks true feeling:

O weary one! since thou art laid
Within thy mother's breast,
The green, the quiet mother Earth,
Thrice blessèd be thy rest.
Thy heart is left within our hearts,
Altho' life's pang is o'er,
But the quick tears are in my eyes,
And I can write no more.

THE MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR.

A REJOINDER.

SOME months ago the Editor of *CORNHILL* was good enough to insert as a separate article the concluding chapter of my 'Great Boer War' which dealt with the lessons which might be learned from that great experience and sketched out a method by which, it seemed to me, the military forces of this country might be made more formidable without an increase of expense. Since then my remarks have been subjected to a good deal of criticism, notably by Colonel Maude in the *CORNHILL* for December, by Mr. J. W. Fortescue in '*Macmillan*' for November, and by Colonel Lonsdale Hale in the '*Times*.' I should be glad to have the opportunity of dealing with one or two of the more important points which have been raised in this discussion.

And first of all allow me to say that I do not wish to approach this all-important subject in the petty spirit of a debating society. I have formed certain views upon certain facts, but I am prepared in an instant to modify them or to reverse them if I can persuade myself that I am mistaken. I do not wish to uphold a thesis for the pleasure of argument, nor do I desire to score points off any opponent. The matter is too grave for that. Discussion is always good, and if my views are unsound then even their refutation may help to clear up the question. In this spirit I have read carefully all that my critics have said, and now I find that, though I would soften down certain crudities in expression, and possibly modify some figures in my original article, there is not one of the propositions there which has been seriously shaken.

Both Colonel Maude and Mr. Fortescue come back with persistence to the theory that military affairs should be left to military men and that civilian comments are of the nature of impertinence. 'What would Dr. Conan Doyle say if officers lectured him upon medicine?' asks Colonel Maude, and the question at first seems a just one. 'These things should be left to the professional soldiers,' says Mr. Fortescue, and the comment might appear reasonable. Let us, however, examine the matter a little more closely.

Is the science of war really an abstruse and highly specialised branch of learning like the science of medicine, or is it a matter

upon which an amateur might, upon the strength of some thought and some reading, form and offer an opinion? I have shown what the opinions of Colonel Maude and Mr. Fortescue are. But the British Constitution which places a civilian as the administrative chief does not take this exclusive view. Nor does history bear it out. The greatest reforms in the military service of many countries have been carried out by civilians. The elder Carnot organised the armies of Republican France. What were his military qualifications? Von Stein built up the Prussian army after Jena. He was a civilian statesman. Lord Cardwell has left his mark deep upon the British army. He was not a soldier. Only the other day one Bloch wrote a book on the warfare of the future which foreshadowed with great accuracy the experiences of our recent campaign. His book was read with profit and admiration by soldiers, but he himself was a civilian. The very men, De Wet, Olivier, and Botha, who have held their own so well against our generals, have had no military training. It is then surely absurd to put forward as an argument that it is an intrusion for a civilian to place his opinion upon record, so long as he gives his reasons for the faith which is in him.

Having, then, as I hope, established the right to speak at all, I would next turn to an argument which crops up again and again in Mr. Fortescue's article, but which seems to me to be always beside the point. That is that a thing has been tried before, at some remote period of our history. Because the elder Pitt in 1757 could not make a thing work is no reason why it should not work now, and because dragoons became cavalry is no conclusive proof that mounted infantry have not a definite function in modern warfare. Not only has the change in weapons altered all conditions, but the national spirit has itself changed. For this reason all questions may be approached *de novo* and not referred back to a century-old precedent.

The chain of reasoning upon which I founded my argument is briefly as follows:—

1. Modern warfare demands greater intelligence and individual initiative in the private soldier than was needed in the past. Therefore we must endeavour to recruit from a higher class.

2. In order to get recruits from a higher class we must either have compulsory service, or we must make the pay and treatment of the soldier such as will attract the better class man.

3. The country is not yet ripe for compulsory service, though

opinion seems to be moving in that direction. Therefore it is only by competing with the labour market that we can hope to get the best men.

4. Since we have continually to send men to the other ends of the earth, and as their transport and maintenance cost large sums of money, it is false economy to send any but a highly trained and first-class man, even if you have to pay him more.

5. Therefore it is necessary, and also expedient, that we pay him more.

6. If we are to make a noticeable increase in the men's pay—two shillings a day clear would seem to me to be the minimum—then we must do with fewer men, unless our army estimates are to absorb an undue proportion of the revenue.

So far, I think, we are dealing with matters of fact, and not of opinion. But now we come upon the very controversial question as to how far quality can make up for quantity. By making the army a profession for life, not merely by better pay, but by more comfort and privacy in barracks, more intelligent drill, less polish and less pipeclay, you would cause a keen competition for entrance, and you would keep your man when you had him. The recruit would hunt for the sergeant, instead of the sergeant hunting for the recruit, and the dismissal of a worthless man would be a very real punishment. Every name on the roll would be a fighting man, ready for anything, and we should not be compelled when we went to war to leave a hundred thousand men behind because they were not fit to send out. Is it better policy or sounder business to keep up a smaller force, every man of whom is highly effective, or a larger one, nearly half of whom are useless in the hour of need? It is surely wiser and more honest to strike this bad debt off the ledger, instead of retaining figures which look imposing, but which we have tested and know to be worthless. By spending the money which is now wasted upon the inefficient in increasing the pay of the others, we could have an army which would be smaller upon paper, but larger and more formidable in the field.

Supposing that I have established my position so far, and that the reader is convinced that it would be better to have a smaller but better paid and more efficient army, there are certain consequences which we shall have to face. In my first discussion of this subject I named a hundred thousand as the figure, but I am inclined now to think that my critics are right, and that this

is too few. Let us suppose that there are a hundred and thirty thousand, including a powerful artillery, and at least thirty thousand mounted infantry or light cavalry armed with rifles, and trained to fight on foot. Surely such a force is ample for the ordinary needs of the Empire, and capable, without reinforcement, of bringing any ordinary war to a successful issue. By abolishing all second battalions, and having mere recruiting depôts for the territorial regiments, a large part of the reduction could be effected without entirely changing the present system.

But if the army proper consisted of only 130,000 men, it is obvious that the needs of India and of South Africa must absorb the great majority of these, and that Great Britain will be left denuded. Therefore any such change must be supplemented by some system of home defence which will make the heart of the Empire secure. Mr. Fortescue and others accuse me of having made no proper allowance for the garrisoning of the Empire. I had the problem always before my mind, but it is possible that I underrated the numbers required. With a marked improvement of quality, and an increase of mounted infantry, fewer men should suffice. But now with this enlarged estimate of 130,000 men, we could spare nearly as many as are on foreign service at present, so that objection is finally met. But how about the defence of the island?

There is no doubt that the actual landing of an invading force becomes year by year more possible. Steam has been all in favour of the attack and against the defence. No longer will the west wind, England's old ally, tie hostile squadrons to their moorings when her coast lies open. The element of uncertainty has disappeared, and the enemy only needs a clear waterway to come across. Both the French and the German merchant fleets have increased to an extent which would enable them to find transport at very short notice for a large army. The three chief continental powers have all voted large sums for their navies, and a coalition between the three—which is by no means outside the range of practical politics—might enable them to gain the command of the North Sea and of the Channel.

Again, any single power might catch us napping with some invention which might overwhelm our navy. The French have certainly been encouraged by their experiments with submarine vessels, since they have increased the number of them in their service. Air ships are also developing, against which a man-of-

war might prove to be powerless. In marine matters we have seldom been inventors, but have usually waited and adopted the inventions of others. Steamers, ironclads, propellers, torpedoes—all are of foreign origin. Some day we may be caught as the blockading squadron of wooden ships at Hampton Roads was caught when the home-made ironclad steamed out at them. It is not probable, but it is very possible. And therefore invasion is also very possible, and we should be prepared for it.

But while the chances of invasion seem to me to have increased with time, the possibility of successful invasion if we take reasonable precautions appears to have diminished to an extent which should make it a very desperate enterprise. The Boer War has shown how great are the advantages of the defence, and it is no answer to point out, as some of my opponents have done, that we beat the Boers in spite of them. We beat the Boers because we had a great preponderance of numbers, which enabled us to outflank them, and a much better artillery. If we had been inferior in numbers to them we could never have conquered their country. We must therefore have such a number of armed and trained men in Britain that we shall be numerically far superior to any force which could be landed. Then, acting on the defensive, we could make it absolutely impossible for them to penetrate into the country. Had we a million men in arms, backed by good artillery, it is inconceivable that we should be in any danger. With such a force available, and a nucleus of Regulars with the Guards at home, we could devote our small army to the service of the Empire.

How are we then to get a million men at home? The militia, volunteers, and yeomanry can furnish four hundred thousand. The militia has had much hard work but little chance of distinction in South Africa, but the numerous volunteer companies and the large force of Yeomanry have shown that they can shake down rapidly into excellent soldiers. The general effect of the War has been to greatly increase our respect for and our confidence in the reserve forces. But it may be admitted that the men who went out were picked men and not fair samples of the force. Were all of the same value, then four hundred thousand should be an ample estimate for the protection of the island. But we cannot afford to run chances in such a matter, and therefore it would be wise to increase the total armed force at home to a round million, some proportion of which could go to swell the

ranks of the regular army when necessary. How then are we to get the extra six hundred thousand men?

Captain S. L. Murray has discussed the problem in an admirable pamphlet, 'The Electors of Great Britain, and the Defence of the Country.' Captain Murray's work only fell into my hands after I had written the final chapter in 'The Great Boer War,' which is the basis of this controversy, but I was much encouraged to find that in many essential points his conclusions were similar to mine. His proposal for home defence is to apply the militia ballot universally, and so pass the whole manhood of the country through the ranks for one year. Personally I think that the proposal is an admirable one, and that both the men and the country would be the better for it. But a government cannot act in advance of public opinion, and it would require strong pressure from without to induce any government to introduce so sweeping a measure as this. The present Government is strong enough, perhaps, if it had the courage, but, on the whole, I fear that it is not within the range of practical politics.

The alternative is to get the men voluntarily. I have no doubt that both the militia and the volunteers could, with a little care and expense, be further developed. A volunteer reserve, by which the trained man can be registered, and so made available in time of need, is a very necessary improvement. But there is one source of military strength in this country which has never been tapped at all, but which is quite capable, with a minimum of expense, of furnishing the men who will make up our million of defence. This lies in the very large class who are as patriotic as their neighbours, but who cannot, or will not, join a volunteer corps. They are the main body of the men of the country. Some live at a distance from any volunteer company. Some cannot fit in the hours of drill. Some have never had their attention called to the matter. These are the men who would willingly learn the use of the rifle, and who would be the reserves to the volunteers and the militia.

Few men find pleasure in drill. Most men find pleasure in rifle practice. Therefore it is far easier to find men for the latter than for the former, and I repeat that the lesson of this war has been that a brave man with a rifle which he can use is a soldier. On the one hand we have the State, which would be the stronger if it had these riflemen. On the other hand we have the men perfectly willing to serve if it be made possible for them.

All that is wanted now is a little organisation and encouragement, and the thing will be done. Military critics may sneer at 'hedge-row defence,' as once they sneered at volunteers, but is there any reasonable man who will not agree that Great Britain would be stronger if she had six hundred thousand more riflemen within her borders; and is there any who will doubt that the people would acquire more dignity and self-respect when they felt that they also were sharing in the duty of the defence of the country?

It has been urged that such a movement would hurt the volunteers. That I cannot believe. It would act the other way, for when a rifleman had acquired some taste for military things, his instinct would be to join the volunteers or militia, or even, when his standard was very high, the army.

The first thing for raising such a force is to have targets in every parish, and to provide the men with two or three rifles with which they can take turns to practise. The funds could be met by local subscription.¹ If the men give their time the rich should give their money, since it is for the common good. Where proper targets cannot be obtained a Morris-tube range can always be fitted up. When the men are proficient at targets let them be practised at dummy heads out of trenches at unknown ranges. Finally, let them pass a Government standard, and be presented with a rifle and a bandolier in reward for their patriotic exertions. In this way you will rapidly form large numbers of local commandoes who will know little of drill and have no uniform save a soft-brimmed hat, but who will be good shots and formidable from their spirit and their numbers. In that direction Britain has a huge reservoir of military strength.

It is said sometimes that we distract attention from the fleet by developing the land forces, but surely the argument is exactly the opposite. If the land can take care of itself then the fleet is free to act, but it will always be at a disadvantage so long as it is bound to protect our own shores. It is also urged that if the enemy had command of the sea they could starve us out, and no system of land defence would be of any avail. I do not think that this argument is sound. To blockade the ports of Great Britain many hundreds of ships would be necessary, and the operation would be a gigantic one. Prices would rise very much,

¹ Where the land is given the thing can be done for thirty pounds—*crede experto*.

of course, and great hardship would result, but these high prices would attract food from all over the world, and no blockade could keep it out. I am told that the actual food in the island itself at any one time is sufficient to keep the population for six months.

To sum up, then, I hold that we can get the greatest value from our military forces by paying more for a higher article. The old system, it must be confessed, supplied at times the very highest. No payment could attract better troops than some of those in South Africa. But these were the fine flower, and the large residue were left at home. If we pay more we must have fewer, but we can make up for that by extending the voluntary system at home. That is the general thesis which I have endeavoured to defend.

With Mr. Fortescue's chief objection I have already dealt. It is that I have not made sufficient provision for foreign garrisons. The hundred thousand, which I chose as a symmetrical number for the purpose of argument, need not be closely adhered to. If thirty thousand more are needed for the garrisons it does not seriously affect the principle for which I am contending. Of course when he takes for granted that because the present garrison of India is 70,000 it must still be 70,000 however much the quality or mobility of the soldier be improved, he is disregarding my whole argument. I do not, as he says, practically presuppose the existence of another 100,000 men. These difficulties are all of his imagination. For garrison duty and for small wars the regular army, as I have sketched it out, would, I believe, be ample. When serious trouble came they would be strongly reinforced from the militia and volunteers, just as the regular American army, which is a small body, could be raised to millions. It is a waste of money to pay for a larger force than you need, if you can devise a means of increasing it on the few occasions when it needs increase.

Turning from this general scheme Mr. Fortescue then criticises my view that the cavalry of the future will be what we now call mounted infantry—my reason being that I look upon the magazine rifle as the master weapon. It is said frequently that the lesson of this campaign will not apply to other campaigns. But when the fighting was among the hills of Natal we said that cavalry would have a better chance on the plains of the Orange Free State. And yet on those plains it was found that the rule still held good, and that the irregular burghers—the men of all

others who should theoretically have been the victims of the cavalry—were able with their rifles to hold their own. It was not the fault of our horsemen, who were very keen and gallant, but it lay deep in the altered conditions of war. I by no means agree with Mr. Fortescue when he says that a mounted infantry man upon his horse is practically an unarmed man. A body of them riding among a crowd of fugitives and firing right and left could do as much execution as any lancers—and, personally, since Mr. Fortescue presents the unpleasant alternative, I had rather be pursued by the lancer than by the rifleman. The one I might possibly knock off his horse, but I should be powerless against the other unless I had myself a rifle.

Mr. Fortescue has several other criticisms to make upon points of detail. I agree with him that the pay of officers would be raised, but on the other hand there would be fewer of them with a smaller regular army. He ends by his old text that ‘these things are much better left to the professionals.’ The whole lesson of the war is that we cannot have too open a discussion of them, and that there is no reason at all why they should be left to the professionals. We left the infantry shooting to professionals, and they served out two hundred cartridges a year. We left the choice of guns to professionals. They rejected the ‘pom-pom’ and they gave us field pieces with half the range of those of our opponents. A civilian should certainly express his opinion temperately, and be prepared to give his reasons, and to listen with respect to all objections, but surely the time for this argument of ‘leave it to the professionals’ is over.

Colonel Maude’s paper consists largely of the same plea. His chief attack upon me is based upon the idea that my proposals are subversive of discipline. Far from this being the case I should hope to find in the highly paid professional the most perfect discipline and *esprit-de-corps* that the world has ever seen. In the days when soldiers were largely drawn from the uneducated classes, discipline and cohesion depended largely upon drill. It became, in fact, mechanical. The higher discipline, however, may prove to proceed from the reason and from the self-respect of the individual men, rather than from the exercises of the parade ground. Those very American soldiers, whose deeds Colonel Maude quotes with approval, would appear undisciplined and almost mutinous if judged by our standards. The saluting of officers, the simultaneous wheeling of a line of men, or the firing

of a volley which sounds like a single shot are not the essentials of soldiering. The essentials are the spirit of the men, the pride they take in their regiment, their devotion to their country, and the self-respect which forbids them to yield. These things make for cohesion and discipline, and they are in accordance with the spirit of our race. The Canadian regiment of infantry, for example, was formed from militiamen drawn from many parts of Canada, and could hardly be expected to excel in drill. Yet their discipline (founded upon self-respect) was so high that the whole regiment was deeply disturbed by the fact that one of their number had been accused of looting a fowl. I heard them speak of the trifle with more distress than they showed when discussing their losses at Paardeburg. Colonel Maude is mistaken if he thinks that I underrate the power of discipline, but I believe that it is not necessarily so closely connected with drill as he imagines.

Colonel Maude states incidentally what he himself considers to have been the lessons of the war, and I confess that my heart sank as I read them. The first is that good shooting is not a matter of much importance. 'I should have thought,' he writes, 'that nothing could more effectively have demolished the theory of the crack-shot school than our recent experience.' The second is that troops should not be encouraged to seek cover. 'I hold that we have devoted too much attention to individual cover for many years past.' The third is that after a sufficient artillery preparation the enemy's fire becomes unaimed, and your attack may then be made as safely in column as any other way. Under those circumstances he says that 'no arrangement of men in lines, groups, or columns can have any effect on the individual's chances of being hit.' Are these then the three lessons which we have gained from a year of warfare! I wonder how many South African officers would endorse them.

Colonel Maude regards Paardeburg as the blot upon the campaign, not because the attack was made, but because it was not pushed home, even if it cost us five hundred killed. Five hundred killed would with rifle fire mean over three thousand casualties, and what should we have gained which we did not get by a little patience? Colonel Maude says that it would have saved five thousand men who died of enteric. But this is a very wild statement. The Paardeburg cases came to Bloemfontein, and the total number of deaths altogether in that town was well under two thousand. Of these the greater number were in May, and

could have had no connection with Paardeburg. The wells in Bloemfontein have always been polluted, and the cutting off of the water supply had probably far more to do with the epidemic than the delay at Paardeburg.

Colonel Maude complains that the British attack was checked by a loss of 3 per cent. in their numbers. Here also his figures will not bear examination. There were, so far as I know, only four brigades under fire in the attack on Paardeburg. They were Macdonald's, Knox's, Stephenson's and Smith-Dorrien's. Twelve thousand men would be a fair estimate of their numbers. More than 1,200 were hit, so that the proportion works out at not less than 10 per cent.—which is very different from Colonel Maude's statement. That 'no power on earth could induce the men to move forward' from behind the ant-hills is, I believe, equally erroneous. The casualty list is in itself sufficient to disprove it. Men who lie tight behind ant-hills do not lose 10 per cent. of their number.

All this has little to do with my original thesis, but I am following Colonel Maude in his attempt to illustrate the three lessons which he has drawn from the war. He then discourages the suggestion that a *corps d'élite* of mounted infantry could be formed. 'You cannot select men in peace for employment in war.' I should have thought that the formation of Guard regiments and other special corps in every army would tend to show that it is not so difficult. A better class of man with better pay will on the average give a better soldier. In Colonel Maude's desire that the general conditions of life of the working classes should be improved, we are of course all of one mind. These things depend, however, upon deep-lying economic causes which are not readily altered.

There is only one sentence of Colonel Maude's article to which I take serious exception. He says, 'I protest against the tone which Dr. Conan Doyle and most other correspondents adopt when speaking of our officers.' The 'other' is superfluous, as I was not a correspondent, but I should like to know which passage of my book it is to which Colonel Maude refers. Is it this: 'The slogging valour of the private, the careless dash of the regimental officer—these were our military assets'? Or is it 'The British colonels have led their men up to and through the gates of death'? Perhaps it is 'a braver man than the British officer, or one with a more indomitable and sporting spirit, is not to be found.' This is

my tone about the British officer against which Colonel Maude protests, and he quaintly enough ends his protest by the assertion, which I believe to be a great exaggeration, that one-third of them are not what they should be. I can assure Colonel Maude that the honour of the British officer is as dear to me as it can be to him. Many of my ancestors have lived and died in the service. My only brother belongs to it. Affection and esteem for a body of men does not necessarily exclude all criticism, but it at least forbids the adoption of a tone to which any reasonable man could take exception.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

HOW I ACTED THE MISSIONARY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.¹

ONE beautiful summer night in the fifties I was one of a group of boys huddled close together on a bed looking out through a window upon a divine scene, and engaged in debating upon the professions we should adopt when we should be grown up. It was the time of the Crimean war, and this influenced old and young. One boy said he was sure to be a soldier, as he wanted to fight the Russians; another thought he would prefer to be an admiral; while a third, fascinated doubtless by lawn sleeves, proclaimed his intention to be a bishop.

When it came to my turn I declared I would rather be a missionary—after the example of some fine brave fellow of whom I had read and whose name I have forgotten. I dare say that, as boys generally do, I may have had as many intentions as I had moods; but the memory of that summer's night has ever clung to my mind, though I must say that I am not conscious that it has exercised any influence on me.

In casting a glance at the four decades of years and more that have rolled by me since, I see that, without being specially appointed to make proselytes, I acted the missionary some twenty-four years ago, not realising at the time that I was fulfilling the resolve of my boyish days.

While circumnavigating the Victoria Nyanza in 1875, I came to a country called Uganda. Its nearest border to the Indian Ocean is about one thousand miles, and its western frontier is close upon eighteen hundred miles from the Atlantic. To reach Uganda by the route I took, one has to pass through twenty different tribes, all of whom resemble one another in their unalloyed barbarism, though dissimilar in other respects. Therefore, when approaching the country, we expected to see only a negro people as semi-nude and savage as those we had already passed.

But when we were yet many miles from Uganda our little boat was met by a flotilla of war canoes of somewhat classic

¹ Copyright in the United States and Canada by Perry, Mason and Co., 1900.

design, exceedingly well built, and manned by crews who in demeanour and dress showed that they were very superior to any people we had seen since leaving the sea. When we were near enough to talk, I learned that they had come in search of me because the king's mother had dreamed two nights before that she had seen on the lake a strange vessel which had white wings like a bird, and that there was a white man on board remarkable for his large eyes and long black hair. The king, on hearing of the vision, had despatched the commander in search of the strange white man, and to invite him to his court.

After some excusable hesitation we consented to accompany the commander, and to go and see this king. We had been surprised not only at the message, the vision of the king's mother, and the faith which the king had given to the dream, but at Magassa's mastery of the Zanzibar language, his rich clothes, and the snowy whiteness of his under-garments, and the good breeding and discipline which distinguished both commander and crews. Within a few hours our eyes were opened still further, especially at the large hospitality we received—for the very best in the land was spread before us in bountiful profusion, gratuitously and without asking.

On the second morning after meeting the commander, Magassa, our flotilla entered a deep bay, and by the way order was preserved we knew we must be approaching the king's camp. Our vessels moved in strict line, and the strokes of the paddles kept time regularly to the beat of the big drum situated 'midship in Magassa's canoe.

When near enough to the land to distinguish a man from a bush, the musketeers stood up and blazed away by volleys to signal the success of the king's messenger. Through a glass I observed on the shore a large multitude of people awaiting us, and by the movements made I surmised that our arrival was regarded as of some importance.

When I landed, my surprise at what I saw of Uganda and its people was complete, and greater perhaps than at any later period. The multitude had been ranged in two long lines, and as the scarlet-cloaked chief advanced towards me escorted by his standard-bearers and guards, some hundreds of muskets fired repeated volleys and the scores of flags and gaudy bannerets were rapidly waved aloft. I was also impressed by the amount of scarlet, gold and white that was visible in the quick glance I cast

over officers and people, for such things had never before been seen by me in my African travels, and therefore were entirely unexpected, nor had my only predecessor in this part of the continent described any scene similar to this.

Having gone through the ceremony of welcome in an ever wondering state of mind at the friendliness of the people and the unusual display of colour, feeling, and etiquette, we formed ourselves into a long procession, while the sound of many drums, the firing of musketry, and the braying of trumpets gave *éclat* to the scene. We halted after a while before a newly made hut with a spacious court attached to it, which was to be my residence, I was told. Not many minutes afterwards a herd of bullocks was driven into the court, and a veritable mound of bananas, besides native wine, fowls, eggs, &c., were piled up near my doorway as our provisions.

According to African etiquette some little time is allowed the stranger to refresh and rest himself before being summoned to the presence of the king. Until a little after noon we were therefore left with only a few visitors, who were fortunately very communicative. From them I learned that this town of nice huts was not the capital, but a mere hunting camp; yet such was the neatness of the houses, the regularity of the streets and lanes, and the admirable discipline everywhere, that it was infinitely superior to any Central African town within my knowledge.

When a page finally came to say the king was waiting for me, I set out, escorted by as large an assemblage of all ranks as that which had received me at the landing place. We marched up one of the broadest streets and presently came in front of a lofty dome-shaped hut which had only been built a few days before in the wilderness, and in its wide doorway stood the tall, slim figure of Mtesa, the king and despot of Uganda.

My first impressions of Mtesa were of course modified after a longer acquaintance, but I was always favourably inclined towards him, despite all his faults. For, after all, there was no one in all Pagan Africa like him; and when I remembered that all around him, a thousand miles on one side, and about two thousand miles on the other, was the blackest savagery, and that he was isolated from all civilising influences, I speedily forgot anything that made him appear less in my eyes than I at first supposed. During my first acquaintance with him, however, the inclination of my open mind was to absorb impressions without cavil or criticism.

HOW I ACTED THE MISSIONARY

The royal reception was purely ceremonious. The time spent in it was, though brief, quite sufficient for us to take each other's measure. The king's prominent eyes searched me over while he cordially addressed me, and the courtiers frankly scrutinised and freely made their whispered comments on me one to the other. Then we adjourned.

The second reception was held some hours later, in the open air near the lake, and was of a much more sociable character. The king's wives and female household were present, and the smiles of the dusky beauties no doubt contributed to lighten the atmosphere. They affected to be disappointed that there was no white woman in my company, but their disappointment did not last long. They appeared to find in me endless matter of pleasant talk, and, if my instincts may be trusted, to fancy themselves of as much interest to me as I seemed to be to them.

Meantime the king had prepared an entertainment for me. An obsequious page advanced and received the order, and in obedience to it there darted forth into view a most imposing fleet of war canoes, whose beautiful lines, new brown colouring, and orderly manœuvres of naval war as conducted in Africa strongly confirmed me in the belief that these Waganda were a most extraordinary people, and worthy of European sympathy.

After the manœuvres the admiral of the fleet was ordered to search for a hippopotamus or crocodile in the neighbourhood. Before very long a baby crocodile was found asleep on a flat-faced rock not far from the shore. Then Mtesa announced to me that his women were curious to see my excellence in marksmanship, and urged me to show it to them.

Despite my many demurs and the fact that I had only a heavy elephant rifle by me, I was induced to try, and to my astonishment it was a centre shot. It would be difficult to overrate its effect on all the spectators. Mtesa was boisterously happy, because it justified his assurance that the white men never failed. The women shrieked with delight at the roar of the gun and the instant destruction of the dangerous saurian, while the officers vastly admired the accuracy of aim. Whether or no this accidental success contributed to it I know not, but I enjoyed increased favour from that time, and every morning and evening I was engaged with Mtesa in most intimate and friendly talk.

I suppose that my first idea of utilising the favour with which I was regarded, for Mtesa's mental and spiritual improvement,

sprang from my warm friendship for him and a feeling of pity that no chance was afforded to him of developing himself. At the outset I was sensible only of regret that Livingstone was no longer alive to take advantage of the magnificent field that was now open to one of his peculiar abilities and personal charm, and, pursuing the train of thought, I felt at a loss to know to whom else I could apply to fill his place.

At that time there was no traveller in Africa, from the Nile to the Zambezi, on whose sympathy one could rely in a case like this. Gordon had a big and special task of his own, and it never struck me that any of his staff, who were either military or political officers, would give Mtesa any sympathetic attention.

So day after day passed with Mtesa and myself in chat upon trivial and secular topics, until one day in full court the subject of the white man's faith was broached. As I expounded I observed such fixed attention on the part of the king and courtiers that I had not noticed before. The rule had been understood by all, that talk should be brief and various, but now it became animated and continuous. Gestures, exclamations, and answers followed one another rapidly, while every face was lit up by intense interest. When we finally adjourned the subject was not exhausted, greater cordiality was in the hand-shakes at parting, and it was urged that we should continue the discussion on the next day.

And so we did for several days. It seemed the comparisons of Mohammed with Jesus Christ were infinitely more fascinating than the most lively descriptions of Europe, with its wonders and customs, that I had been able to give, and truly the accusation of Christ, His judgment by Pilate, and the last scene on Calvary, were the means of rousing such emotions that I saw my powers of discerning character had been extremely immature and defective.

This revelation of feeling which had lain so long untouched under etiquette, tradition, custom, pagan ignorance and apathy, stimulated me to persevere in my efforts in the hope of some unknown but cheering outcome. Some one on behalf of the king made the happy suggestion that, as I proposed to return to the south end of the Nyanza to bring my people up, it would be well if I left behind me some souvenir of my visit that would keep alive their attachment to my words in my absence.

The idea was good, and in searching for means to this end we

discovered that in Idi, the king's chief drummer, who was an educated Malagasy native and an expert in Arabic calligraphy, we had the man who could write out the law of Moses and the Lord's Prayer. We also found that Robert, one of my boat boys, could translate my English description of the last scene at Calvary into grammatical Swahili. The 'books' on which my sayings were written were thin and polished boards of white wood, about sixteen by twelve inches.

We were deep in the Decalogue when an unexpected white visitor made his appearance in Uganda, as suddenly almost as I had made mine. This was no other than Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, one of Gordon's staff, who had come on a political mission.

Soon after the novelty of his arrival had somewhat worn away, and the resumption of the Decalogue was mooted, it struck Mtesa that it would be a prudent thing to question this other white man from the north regarding the things I had said about Jesus and Mohammed and the respective faiths, for there were some amongst his chiefs who had gone among the Arab traders, and been made uneasy in their minds by their arguments in behalf of Mohammedanism. It was proposed in open court, and the chiefs assented.

Fortunately for the confirmation of my statements, the Colonel, though a Frenchman, happened to be a staunch Calvinist, and, to the surprise of all present, the Colonel gave answers which established my words beyond a doubt. We then resumed the writing of the Decalogue, and in a short time it was finished.

Mtesa was now told to his dismay that the period of my departure had arrived. I had already passed a longer time in his company than was prudent, seeing that I had such a large number of men depending upon me at the other end of the Nyanza. He began to devise various expedients for my delay, and had it not been for the presence of Colonel Linant, it might not have been an easy matter to leave him. He at last, after a firm refusal from me to remain longer, cried out, in a voice that had a tone of despair in it: 'What is the use then of your coming to Uganda to disturb our minds if, as soon as we are convinced that what you have said has right and reason in it, you go away before we are fully instructed?'

'Mtesa is under a misunderstanding,' I answered. 'I am not an instructor in religion. I am simply a Kirangozi (a pioneer) to

civilisation. When Mtesa goes to Usoga or to Ankori to make war, he first sends guides and pioneers to point out and clear the way for his army. That is what I am. When I go back to Europe I must tell the white people the way that they should take to Uganda. Then those who may think they would like to do business with your people, or those who would wish to teach them the Christian faith, will come here by the way I have shown. If Mtesa really wishes that lawful instructors should come to Uganda, he has but to say so and I shall write to the people of England to that effect, and I am sure they will send the proper men for that purpose. As for me—as I have said—I have no authority or right to teach religion any more than Tori, your drummer, has the right to conduct your state business, or Idi, your writer, the right or authority to lead your soldiers to the war. The rule with us is, "Let every man follow his own vocation."

'Then write "Stamlee" (the native pronunciation of my name) and say to the white people that I am like a child sitting in darkness, and cannot see until I am taught the right way.'

I gladly consented, and on April 14, 1875, I made two copies of an appeal for missionaries to be sent to Uganda, one of which I enclosed under cover to General Gordon, and delivered it to Colonel Linant; the other I intended to take myself and send it by my own couriers overland to Zanzibar. Three days later I resumed my voyage.

Four months passed away and I was again in Uganda, to continue, as circumstances permitted, the interesting task I had left unfinished. During the three months I remained with Mtesa, the translations which we made from the Gospels were very copious, and the principal events from the Creation to the Crucifixion were also fairly written out, forming quite a bulky library of boards. When the work was finished it was solemnly announced in full court that for the future Uganda would be Christian and not Mohammedan.

A mission-boy named Dallington left my service to become the king's reader, and a Bible and Prayer Book were given to him for the purpose of keeping Mtesa in the true faith; and having provided according to the best of my ability for the spiritual comfort of my royal convert, I left Uganda for the last time to continue my journey across Africa.

It remains to relate the fate of my appeal for missionaries and its results on reaching England. Colonel Linant de Bellefonds

was murdered by the Baris not far from Gordon Pasha's quarters. The letter, however, safely reached the Governor-General's hands, and he sent it on to Cairo by Government post. On November 5, 1875, it was published simultaneously in the London 'Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald.'

Before the evening of that date 5,000*l.* had been sent by an anonymous contributor to the Church Missionary Society for the Mission to Uganda. Three days later my letter was read to a crowded audience in Exeter Hall, and subscriptions to the amount of 3,000*l.* were announced. Within a few weeks the Uganda fund had increased to 24,000*l.* Just twelve months from the day I had written my letter at the court of Mtesa, a band of five missionaries started from England for Uganda, but twelve months more elapsed before the long-expected clergymen reached their destination.

As those who have thus far followed my narrative may be curious to know the results of the missionary venture, I may state briefly that, according to the latest statistics furnished to the Society, there have been built by Uganda labour, one cathedral and 372 churches, which are attended by 97,575 converts.

Several of the cleverest boys, during the twenty-two years that have passed away since the missionaries began to teach them, have grown up to be men and have been ordained as missionaries. Some of these have penetrated to Toro, the slopes of Rewenzori, and the fringe of the great Aruwimi forest, founding Christian communities as they went, and proving themselves possessed of the most fervid zeal. Two out of the three Regents who represent the new king during his minority were educated by the missionaries. Further, to make this peaceful conquest of Pagan Africa sure, a railway, the head of which is at present over 300 miles from the sea, is being constructed to Uganda at a cost of 3,000,000*l.*

HENRY M. STANLEY. 

A TRAGEDY FROM THE TRIVIAL.¹

THE great double doors of H. F. Crosby's Dry Goods Emporium faced south, and the wind was that way. The ribbon counter, where Charlotte May stood, was directly in front of the door, and all the gay ribbons hanging overhead from a wire and those suspended from their rolls on the edge of the case swung and waved, and wove together in the gusts of the wind. Those overhead were mostly in shades of orange, those on the case in blues. Between those dancing streamers of colour Charlotte's face—triangularly shaped, almost like a cat's, with a mild fulness about the temples and innocently speculative blue eyes—appeared. Her hair was very fair, almost white, and she wore it in a quaint extreme of fashion which often caused people to turn and look after her. Her blue gingham short waist fitted her nicely, and her blue ribbon tie was wound tightly around her throat, and fastened with a cheap brooch with a stone of turquoise blue china. Charlotte's friend, Maud Lockwood, who stood beside her at the ribbon counter, had told her many a time that no one could tell it from the real thing, and Maud Lockwood was regarded as an authority and was much admired.

It is quite true that there are spheres which would make us all stars could we but find them for our revolutions, and Maud Lockwood had found hers. She was a handsome girl, with such a subtle consciousness of her fine trimly girded figure that she seemed to fairly thrust it upon one's attention. It was also well known that she was not obliged to work in a store, being led to such a step only by the desire of certain extras in the way of dress somewhat beyond the reach of her father's purse. It is only choice, not necessity, which dignifies labour in the estimation of many who have always laboured from necessity, and their fathers before them. A girl like Charlotte May, who had to work or starve, looked with envious respect at a girl like Maud Lockwood, who had to work or give up her frills. Maud wore a real turquoise brooch, and the girl beside her often looked at it with a sentiment of complacency and no envy. She could not

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see that it was any prettier than her own, and she was not one to be disturbed by any pretence, if it were clever.

The third girl, or rather woman, at the ribbon counter looked with gravity and ill-concealed contempt upon both of them—the wearer of the real turquoise and the wearer of the sham. She would have worn neither. Neither the real nor the false ornamental superfluities of life had any place in her conception of its structure. She would have dispensed with all perianths and gargoyles in her architecture, and left but the pillars and brackets of support. In her opinion only use redeemed the existence of ornament. If she wore a brooch it was to fasten something, otherwise she left it in its little box in her bureau drawer. She had a plain gold one which had belonged to her mother.

This woman, Eliza Green, had been employed in Crosby's for years, and was trusted. She went now and then to New York to purchase ribbons, and her judgment as to quality and value was good, although her own taste was scarcely showy enough to suit the folk of this cheap, provincial, manufacturing city. She bought ribbons, as she looked upon the jewellery of her mates at the counter, with keen recognition of the taste of others, and contempt for it. She would under no circumstances have worn any of the ribbons which she purchased.

Eliza Green was supposed to be quite well to do, having doubtless saved from her salary, which had been increased from time to time, and having her own house free from encumbrance. Eliza had inherited a comfortable square house, half of which she rented out and lived herself in the other half. The house was some three miles from the city, in a farming district. Next door lived John Woodsum, who presently came into Crosby's, after hitching his horse before the store.

It was hot that afternoon. The concrete sidewalks yielded and sprang underfoot like sponge. The drug-store clerks wore white linen coats, and the waiting lines at the soda fountains were long.

John Woodsum had no work that day. The factory in which he was employed was running low, the midsummer heat seeming to affect the current of trade like that of a brook. He was going to marry Charlotte May, though few knew it. He had himself requested Charlotte not to speak of it.

'Not that I'm doing anything I'm ashamed of, nor you either,' he said, 'but I don't want folks talking about my affairs more

than I can help. There's three times a man has to be talked about, whether or no—when he's born, when he's married, and when he dies. I mean to get rid of all the others that I am able.'

So John Woodsum had taken the girl to drive, and escorted her home from meeting, and, as she had many other admirers, nobody was sure. Indeed, the general opinion was that she would not marry John Woodsum. Eliza Green dismissed the matter with a single reflection when Maud Lockwood told her that John Woodsum had taken Charlotte to drive the Saturday before.

'She has not enough sense,' she thought.

Then she matched some ribbon for a customer, and thought no more about it. But when the young man stood in the store door that afternoon she felt a little surprise. She glanced quickly at Charlotte and saw that her delicate face was a deep pink. John himself advanced upon the counter with no embarrassment or change of colour, presenting that singular anomaly of utter rusticity with neither confusion nor shame-facedness. He wore his best clothes, but rose superior to even their clumsy stiffness. His face, large and somewhat heavy, had a certain dignity of expression which made up for the want of alertness. People were wont to say that John Woodsum wasn't so quick as some, but it would take a mighty smart man to get round him. Even his new hat, much too large for him, which he did not remove when he approached the counter, did not detract from his air of self-establishment.

Eliza Green, who was rolling up some yards of blue ribbon, said, 'How do you do, John?' and went on with her work. Maud Lockwood said, 'Good afternoon, Mr. Woodsum,' in her sweet, artificially modulated voice, with a nod and smile which she saw as plainly as in a looking-glass.

Charlotte said nothing. She turned red, then pale, and half shrank away as John approached.

'Are you ready?' John inquired, in a deep voice, with no hesitation whatever; and Charlotte gazed at him hesitatingly for a second, her lips trembling, and her cheeks quite pale between her loops of flaxen hair.

'Are you ready?' the young man asked again, this time with a note of surprise. Then Charlotte replied, 'Yes,' hurriedly, and took her hat—a white, broad-brimmed one with perky bows of pale blue, turned up at the back with a profusion of cheap pink

flowers—from under the counter, put it on with trembling hands, and slipped past her mates.

‘What’s Mr. Crosby going to say, dear, if you run away half an hour before it’s time to close?’ inquired Maud Lockwood. ‘I saw him just now looking over here; and he didn’t look any too sweet: I can tell you that.’

‘Mr. Crosby knows, and he’ll say nothing,’ John Woodsum returned shortly. Then he and Charlotte went out, she walking rather weakly and carrying her head bent, with never a backward glance, and he assisted her into his open buggy before the store.

Maud Lockwood turned to Eliza Green, with a brilliant flash of eyes and teeth.

‘Know what that means?’ said she.

Eliza Green shook her head.

‘They’re going to be married.’

Eliza Green did not change colour, but there was a swift contraction of the muscles around her mouth, and her eyes narrowed as before too much light.

‘What makes you think so?’ she asked, in her quiet, sustained voice. She rolled up some orange ribbon as she spoke, and not getting it quite straight unwound it, and re-rolled it carefully.

‘Didn’t you see she had on her new white dress and her best hat?’

Eliza nodded. She had noticed the flying white frills, and the pink flowers, as Charlotte went out of the store.

‘Well, John Woodsum had on his Sunday clothes, and they had arranged it with Crosby, and two and two make four. They’ve gone to get married. It’s just the way a stick like John Woodsum would set about getting married—no wedding and no anything. Charlotte has never had an engagement ring. I shouldn’t wonder if he didn’t give her a wedding one. Settling down with a man like that, to cook and to mend—a pretty girl like her!’

‘Maybe she hasn’t.’

‘Oh, yes, she has. Didn’t you see her face when he came in? A girl don’t look like that unless she’s going to get married, or buried, or do something out of the common. Here’s Crosby. Ask him.’

Mr. H. F. Crosby, who just then came sauntering up, passing some customers with a suave hitch of his shoulders and an impatient wrinkle of his forehead, was unmarried, and people

credited him with an admiration for Maud Lockwood. She put her hand to her hair and pulled her shirt waist straight as he drew near.

'Mr. Crosby,' she called, with confidential softness. Eliza Green went on rolling ribbons.

'Well?' returned Crosby, and the frown deepened. His hair was of a deep shade of red, and his eyes were like blue sparks. He was considered handsome, except for his hair.

'You needn't look so cross,' said Maud Lockwood, with a pout, carefully lowering her voice, that its familiarity should not be noticed. 'What has Charlotte May gone off half an hour before shutting up for? If you are getting partial I want to give notice.'

Maud laughed and her employer seemed to quail before her. There was a steady impetus about this girl which intimidated his nervous, irascible temperament, whose irascibility had no firm roots. Sometimes H. F. Crosby felt that Maud Lockwood could marry him if she chose, and he felt afraid of her. He tried to laugh, but with poor success, and his lips were pale.

'They've gone to call on the minister, I guess,' said he.

Maud laughed triumphantly.

'There, you can't cheat me,' she cried to Eliza, who was interweaving the ribbons hanging from the line overhead as imper turbably as a fate. 'How long have you known it?' she asked Crosby.

'Last night,' he replied shortly, and turned away as some one spoke to him. 'First aisle to the left, madam,' he said to the inquiring woman, and was gone.

Maud laughed again with shrewd malice. 'He's hit. I suspected it,' she said.

Eliza looked at her with the faintest shade of inquiring interest.

'Oh, you never see things. He's hung around this counter to see Charlotte, day in and out. Folks thought it was me, but it wasn't. However, I didn't want it to be me. I wouldn't marry a man like Crosby and put up with his tantrums. He'd have to get over 'em grand lively. But, on the whole, I'd just as soon take somebody that didn't need to be made over. Made-over things never fit so well,' said she, with an approving laugh at her own wit.

Not another customer approached the ribbon counter that afternoon. When it was time to close Eliza Green went home with her little lunch bag. She always carried her lunch, for

motives of economy. She walked, although the electric cars ran near her house, for the same reason.

When she came within sight of John Woodsum's house, which was just before her own, she saw a white flutter at the door, and knew that the bridal couple had got home. Eliza heard Charlotte's little soft giggle, as she turned in at her own gate. She had no sooner entered her own room than the woman who lived in the other side entered hastily, the scent of tea and baking biscuit following her, and a child calling her back shrilly.

'Do you know what has happened?' she whispered, as slyly as if John and his bride were within earshot.

'Yes,' replied Eliza, taking off her hat carefully and folding her veil.

'Got married, without no weddin' nor a word to nobody! Drove over to the minister's in his own team, and brought her trunk under the seat. Land! I never had much to do with, but I got married in better shape than that. Had she said anything about it to you?'

'No, not a word,' replied Eliza.

The woman looked at her sharply.

'I didn't know but she had, as long as she worked at the same counter.'

'She didn't,' Eliza said. 'If you can let me have a little hot water I guess I won't make up a fire to-night, it's so warm.'

'You can have it jest as well as not. I see she's got a handsome white dress on, and a hat with pink flowers. Had she worn 'em before?'

'Yes, I guess she had.'

'I wonder if she's got a new silk dress.'

'I don't know,' replied Eliza, getting a pitcher out of her pantry.

'I don't believe she had,' said the woman. 'It would be just like John Woodsum not to want her to, even if she bought it with her own money. He's awful tight-fisted.'

'She didn't have much to spend on silk dresses,' said Eliza; 'not much beside her board and washing.'

There was a scream from the woman's child on the other side, and she ran, Eliza following with her pitcher.

Every night when Eliza came home from the store the woman gave her a bulletin of the happenings next door. She had seen the bride at work in an old calico which had belonged to John's

mother, much too large for her, folded over, and pinned up. She knew John would not let her wear her store dresses at work. The bride had done the washing, and there were disgusted pointings at the drabbed garments hanging on the line. Eliza thought with incapable reachings of imagination of Charlotte at the wash-tub, rubbing away at her husband's heavy under-garments with those slender little hands of hers. Charlotte's hands were the tiniest things: long-fingered and blue-veined.

'John Woodsum ought to hire a washerwoman,' said the other, and Eliza acquiesced, though calmly. She did not call on the bride, but when she caught a glimpse of her in the yard she saw that she was greatly changed. Once, too, she came into the store to buy some needles and thread and gingham, and Maud Lockwood remarked upon it.

'Such a pretty girl as she was,' she said after she was gone. 'It seems to me sometimes as if matrimony was nothing but a tomb for good looks. Sometimes I think I'll never get married.'

However, Charlotte had not lost her prettiness; it was simply veiled and hidden beneath unwontedness and awkward plainness of attire. Her face was too delicately sharp and her forehead too high for her to wear her hair strained tightly back into a hard knot, yet that was the way she had arranged it since her marriage.

'I don't like your hair falling over your ears in that way,' John had said; 'put it straight back and show your forehead.' And she had obeyed.

Charlotte also, when she was bidden, discarded all her little tricks of style and fashion, which, regarded from her husband's practical point of view, were void of sense. There were no more wide collars of crumpled ribbons; no jaunty puffings of blouses, no garniture of cheap flowers, and, above all, no cheap jewellery—no jewellery of any kind except her wedding ring. John had given her a wedding ring, though it was not the ostentatiously heavy article which her crude fancy had pictured. Charlotte had her girlhood fripperies packed away in her bureau drawers, and sometimes she looked at them, not so much with regret as with anxious bewilderment. She was not unhappy, being as fond of her husband as a spaniel, but was more or less anxious and bewildered, having developed within herself since marriage a painful willingness of obedience without entire capacity. Charlotte, having lost her parents when young, had never been under the active necessity

of obedience to anything, except Providence, and it is very easy to confuse Providence with one's own wishes, especially in trivialities. It was easy enough for her to strain her hair back from her blue-veined temples; she could leave off her ribbons and brooches, but in housewifely matters lack of training made her wilful against her will.

It was a woefully kept house unless John Woodsum rose at dawn, and toiled until midnight after his daily work was done. And the waste, to one of his frugal turn, amounted to actual crime. Charlotte seemed absolutely incapable of learning the lesson of household thrift. She was devoid of domestic instincts. There was no guile in her and a great tenacity of affection; but she was simply organised, and her feet went swiftly only in the ways in which they had been set. Her duties had been, as it were, single-threaded. The measuring and selling of ribbon, and furbishing up of her own pretty person, had no relation to the financial diplomacy required in the simplest housekeeping to advantage. Her pleasures had been firemen's balls, and park entertainments, and electric car excursions, with vacations at a cheap shore resort. All these she had forfeited by her marriage. There were for her no more dances, nor summer vacations, nor, as a rule, electric rides. John regarded those as a waste of money. He still kept the horse which his father had used on the farm. Charlotte was never impatient, but sometimes, jogging to town behind the heavy, slow-plodding animal, meekly sitting at her husband's broad left shoulder, she looked with wistful eyes at the crowds whizzing past on the electrics. Her mind was forced back upon itself, and thought was to her hard exercise, and she liked crowds and rapid motion to take its place. She was like a butterfly deprived of its wings, yet with all its instincts of tremulous motion left, as she sat beside her husband, behind the solemnly advancing horse, but she looked often at him with perfect belief and devotion. By some idiosyncrasy John's old horse now and then shied violently at the electric cars, though at nothing else—even steam rollers had failed to move him. Charlotte's eyes would flash with sudden life when the old horse jumped. She was afraid, but she liked to be afraid, since the fear gave her a sensation of life and individuality. Though Charlotte did not enjoy driving in such wise, it was to her a respite from her household tasks, which daily filled her with more consternation and despair. John never lost his temper, never scolded her, but his

steady disapproval was as the face of a rock before her eyes. He was fond of the toothsome, though perchance unwholesome, village fare which his mother had set before him from boyhood. He wanted light biscuits, and cake, and pie, though all must be concocted with a careful calculation as to the best possible results from the fewest and cheapest ingredients.

When Charlotte made a cake or a pie it was not only poor in quality, but she wasted her husband's substance unmercifully. When he pointed out to her the flour left on the board, the sugar in the bowl, her very soul was bowed in pitiful humiliation, and the depressing certainty that it would be no better next time.

When Charlotte had been married three years she had become that sad anomaly—a creature at cross purposes with itself. She was completely under the sway of her husband's will as regarded her own, yet she was unable to accomplish perfect obedience to its mandate.

Charlotte acquired a piteous little wrinkle between her eyes. She lost all her soft, childlike confidence of manner. She looked at her husband before she spoke, and yet never spoke wholly to please him, as she never did anything wholly to please him. She knew that John was not saving as much as he had expected to. He had wished to purchase a piece of land adjoining his own, but another purchaser had anticipated him while he was hoarding his money. John had a fierce ambition to acquire a competency, and Charlotte knew she was constantly balking it, although he never accused her of it and never reproached her. The waste in the little household was considerable, though they lived poorly, by reason of her bad cookery. Charlotte seldom dared essay a cake or a pie, since her efforts had been so disastrous in that direction that John had prohibited them. He had even placed her upon an allowance of flour, butter, sugar, and such things.

'You must use no more than this for a month,' he told Charlotte with that intense soberness of his which amounted in its effect to sternness. 'If you do we must go without the rest of the time.'

Ever since Charlotte had studied the resources of the supply bags in her pantry as anxiously as a shipwrecked mariner. However when the first of a month came, with its replenishment of supplies, she sometimes felt a little more confidence, and used

them a little more recklessly. She was still so childish that she had visions as of eternity and inexhaustibility at the beginning of things.

When John's birthday fell upon the same day that the flour and sugar bags were renewed a reckless spirit took possession of her. She would make him a birthday cake. She waited until John had gone to the factory for the day, carrying his poor luncheon; then she got out her mixing bowl and set to work. She studied laboriously a recipe in the cook book which John had bought for her, and strove to follow it as if it had been a commandment, but somehow she failed. When she took the cake from the oven it was a soggy, heavy mass.

Charlotte sat down and wept. And then the woman who lived in Eliza Green's house came in, with a child tugging at her skirt.

'Why, what's the matter?' said she sympathetically. She was a curious woman, but not kindly.

'I—I made a cake for John's birthday, and—and it's fell,' sobbed Charlotte.

'Why, make another; what do you sit down and cry for?' said the woman easily. She had a fair, pretty face, and her stout figure was draped in a baggy, pink calico wrapper. 'I've got a rule I never knew to fail,' said she. 'I'll send it over by Stevy.'

'Oh, I can't, I can't!' cried Charlotte in horror. 'I can't do that, and waste all this! I don't know what my husband would say.'

'Well, why don't you make it over, then?'

'Make it over?' repeated Charlotte, vaguely.

'It's as easy as can be. You just put in an egg and a little molasses, and a little milk, and a little baking powder, and a little more flour, and stir it together, and bake it over again. I've done it dozens of times.'

'What's your rule?'

'Oh, I haven't got any rule. Just put in a little more of everything. You can't fail. I never did. Use your judgment. Will you lend me your glass pitcher? My cousin and her husband are coming on the noon train, and mine got broken the other day, and the common one doesn't look hardly fit to set on the table for company. You can't fail on that cake. I wouldn't cry any more. It ain't worth it.'

Then the woman hurried away with the glass pitcher, while the child was tugging backward at her pink skirts, and Charlotte, with hope springing anew in her young heart, set to work to make over the cake.

She added a little of everything, as the woman had directed, but there was a result of which she had not been advised. The mixture filled two cake-tins instead of one, and the two went into the oven, and the two fell lamentably and utterly, as the first had done.

When Charlotte took them out and surveyed them she did not cry any more. A curious change had come over her. All her individuality, which had been overawed, but not obliterated, by those years of wedlock with a stronger nature, erected itself in full vigour, freed from all restraint by the courage of utter despair.

Charlotte's mouth was set hard ; her eyes were like blue stars ; there were red spots on her cheeks. She was utterly desperate and reckless. She made over the two cakes, and they were four, and she put them in the oven and they fell.

Then she went on and on, and always the cakes increased by that terrific rule of progression which has the awe of infinity in it, and the cakes always fell. She used all her baking tins. She put the mixture in china bowls which she feared would crack in the heat, but she was too desperate to heed that. At the last she even used her best china teacups.

The oven would not accommodate them all, and the pans stood about on the table, chairs, and floor, awaiting their turn. She mixed and baked until she had used all her month's supplies, and the cupboard was as bare as Mother Hubbard's. She exhausted the pile of wood which John had split that morning, and split more herself with her weak, girlish arms, and at last, in the middle of the afternoon, the pantry shelves, the kitchen floor, the table, the chairs, were laden with that nightmare of utterly fallen and uneatable cake.

Charlotte took out the last loaves and looked at them. She burned her fingers, but did not seem to feel it. Her eyes were still dry. Then without a moment's hesitation she went into her bedroom, took her muslin dress, in which she had been married, out of her closet, put it on, and her old hat, with the cheap pink flowers. Then she packed a change of linen and some little things in a bag. She took nothing which her husband had

bought for her. Charlotte pinned the neck of her muslin gown with the sham turquoise brooch which she had not worn since her marriage, because John disliked it, and tied on a dotted veil, which he had also prohibited, over her face.

Then she went out of the house, locked the front door, put the key under the blind, and took the next car to town. She had not a cent with her, not enough to pay her fare. She knew the conductor, and asked him, with a revival of her old childishly familiar manner, to trust her till the next time, which he was glad enough to do, paying her fare out of his own pocket.

‘You’re a great stranger,’ he said, with a smile, as he slipped back along the foot rail. He was quite a young man.

‘Yes, I am,’ assented Charlotte; ‘but I guess I sha’n’t be so now.’

The conductor gave her a half admiring, half curious look. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping, but there was an expression of gaiety that was almost abandon on her face. Her cheeks reddened in the fresh wind, her flaxen hair tossed about her temples. People turned to look at her.

Charlotte stopped the car at Crosby’s store.

That night, when John Woodsum came home and found his house redolent with sweets and spices, and the shelves laden with poor Charlotte’s multiplicity of cakes, and she gone, he was overwhelmed by misery, and the more so by the very absurdity and grotesqueness of the guise in which it came. He looked at the cakes, and laughed while he groaned. It was like a strong man being drowned in sugar and water. He had not a doubt of it at all. These miserable, soggy attempts at cake, filling all his dishes, had their unequivocal significance in his eyes. Under a quiet and taciturn exterior he was abnormally sensitive and suspicious. He judged this to be a manifesto of all renunciation of wifely obedience, and a mockery. Still he made up his mind that she would return, and he would be very mild with her.

‘After all she is childish, and I ought to have seen it when I married her,’ he argued, without so much regret at a false step for himself as pity for her. ‘She might have done better with a rich man like Crosby, who could have kept a hired girl,’ he thought.

He did not disturb the cakes, but kindled the kitchen fire anew, and sat down to wait for his wife; but she did not come. The fire went out. At nine o’clock he began to believe that she

had rebelled utterly—made a mock at him and his frugality; and set in open defiance of him this enormous waste upon his very heart.

Then he went out to the barn, put the old horse in the buggy, and drove to town. It was a very hot night. As he passed an ice-cream saloon he looked in the windows, glittering with electricity and astir with electric fans. At a table full in sight sat Crosby, Maud Lockwood, and his wife. Charlotte had both round elbows on the table, and as he passed she looked up with that sweet, soft giggle of hers—more like an ebullition of general enjoyment than actual mirth—and it seemed as if she saw him, but she did not.

John tied his horse and entered. He stood beside the table before they saw him. Then Charlotte looked up, and her jaw dropped and her blue eyes stared. But Maud Lockwood sprang to her feet, glowing with anger.

‘You have come to look for your wife, have you, Mr. Woodsum?’ said she. ‘Well, she is making me a visit, and she is going to stay some time; and I am going to see that she has enough to eat, so she will look a little more as she used to before you married her. She is having some ice-cream now. I doubt if she has had any since she was married. You can go home and let her alone; she is staying with me.’

John gave one glance at Charlotte, and opened his mouth to speak; but she looked at him as a bird might have, with a round-eyed fascination of terror. That stung him into a coldness and stiffness of pride which seemed like death. John went out, saying not a word, turned his old horse about, and went home.

Then he recommenced his solitary life. He packed away all Charlotte’s little foolish flipperies and trinkets which he had held in such contempt, because they did not harmonise with his conception of her. Could he have put his feeling about them into words he would have inquired the need of hanging ribbons and laces upon a flower for its further adornment. But poor Charlotte was no flower—only a girl with many follies of nature upon which the follies of life could catch and cling.

John Woodsum’s nature was so essentially masculine that these little girlish possessions touched him only to that selfsame contempt as he thrust them into the trunk. Yet he loved his wife, and his heart was well-nigh breaking for the loss of her,

though she had, as he believed, deserted him and mocked him with such an extravagance of absurdity that it seemed to fairly rob his grief of its own dignity. John was not jealous; no doubt as to his wife's faithfulness ever dawned upon him. That was no more in his conception of her than her helpless shallowness of nature had been.

John sent the trunk to his wife, who had left Maud Lockwood and was boarding in her old quarters and working at the ribbon counter at Crosby's. He was painfully conscious and angry at himself for it when he gave the address to the express-man who took the trunk away. He knew that he knew—that all the neighbours knew. One morning the woman who lived in Eliza Green's house sent him some muffins for breakfast, and he sent them back.

'Thank your mother, and tell her I've had my breakfast,' he said to the little round-faced boy who bore them aloft in both hands.

That night the woman told Eliza Green; and Eliza for some reason felt indignant almost to repulsion with John's wife when she stood next her at the ribbon counter the following day.

Charlotte was prettier than when she had stood there before, for the little shade of unhappiness and anxiety on her face accentuated it and gave it an interest beyond that of mere sweetness of colour and outline. She had resumed some of her coquettish tricks of dress, and the sham turquoise again gleamed in her neck ribbon; but she still wore her hair as John had directed.

'Why don't you do your hair the old way? You'd look a heap prettier,' asked Maud Lockwood; and Charlotte giggled and said she didn't know; but she never looped her flaxen locks over her ears as she had been used to do.

Charlotte did not talk as much as before her marriage. Her blue eyes had often a retrospective look. For the first time in her life she had a clearly defined object—a definite goal for progress. She was intent upon saving enough money to replace all the ingredients she had wasted in her luckless cake-making. Her weekly stipend was small; she had almost nothing left after her board was paid, but she saved every penny. She even did her washing in her own room, and dried her clothes overnight in her window. She paid not a cent for car fares, always walking unless some one invited her to ride.

She bought no new trinkets; she went without new flannels when winter came, and wore her old thin ones. Still she could save only penny by penny. She reckoned the cost of the supplies which she had wasted as about fifteen dollars. Then she took cold from wearing damp clothing, only partly dried in her room, and thin flannels, and she was out of the store some weeks, with the doctor and medicine to pay for. Mr. Crosby paid her salary while she was out, and sent her fruit and flowers; and she began to realise that she had only to speak for still more.

‘He’s gone mad over you,’ said Maud Lockwood. ‘Why don’t you get divorced and marry him?’

Charlotte coloured all over her thin, sweet face and her neck. She had grown very thin during her illness, and strange fancies were always in her brain. She did not feel like her old self at all. Sometimes she experienced a momentary surprise at seeing her familiar face in the glass. Possibly she was not the same. Nobody can tell what changes the indulgence of a foreign trait may work in a character; and it was with Charlotte as if a butterfly had developed a deadly intensity.

It seemed to her as if she could never scrape together that fifteen dollars; but none the less she persevered. She did not definitely plan what would happen should she succeed—whether she would return to her husband or not—but the fifteen dollars she must have, for some reason. Whether it was love or revenge, or the instinct of blind obedience to a stronger nature, she did not know. She was not equal to self-analysis, but she began to think and grow cunning with that cunning which springs most readily from the greed of acquisition. The next time Mr. Crosby sent her flowers she did what she had never done before—sent him a pretty note of thanks.

Then he wrote to her, sending more flowers and fruit, and begging her not to return to the store until she was entirely restored to health.

Charlotte returned to the store the next week, though she was not able. She was very thin, and she coughed hard. She was indescribably pathetic and pretty, with her hollow blue eyes and her appealing smile, when her employer came to greet her.

She thanked him, and let her hand remain in his. He chided her gently for returning to the store, and invited her to drive with him that afternoon—the air would do her good—and she consented.

Eliza Green had heard the conversation, and when Mr. Crosby had gone she turned severely to the other girl.

‘Do you realise what you are doing?’ she asked, with more excitement than she had ever shown. ‘As long as you bear a man’s name you have no right to lay it in the dust.’

But Charlotte stared at her with utterly childish wonder.

‘What do you mean, Eliza?’ said she. Then she coughed.

‘She means that you mustn’t flirt with one man till you’re quit of another,’ said Maud Lockwood clearly, and laughed.

‘I am not going to,’ Charlotte replied simply between her coughs; but she blushed guiltily, for she had an under-motive which no one suspected.

Charlotte did not get over her cold as she should, perhaps from her continuing to do her washing in her room and wearing poorly aired linen, and perhaps because she did not buy the medicine ordered by her doctor.

After a while she could not be in the store at all. Mr. Crosby used to send delicacies and sometimes call on her. On pleasant days he took her to drive in an easy carriage. People did not know whether to talk pityingly or reproachfully. Maud Lockwood defended her stoutly. But neither she nor any one dreamed for a moment of her real aim and motive, which was ridiculous to grotesqueness—she wanted to get that fifteen dollars. She alone knew by what childish wiles and cunning, planned in her sleepless nights while she lay coughing, drenched with the sweat of exhaustion, she brought it about; but Crosby one day brought her something which he had been made to know would please her—a real turquoise brooch set with pearls. The girl’s eyes flashed when she saw it. She fairly laughed.

‘What a tonic a bit of jewellery is to a woman!’ Crosby said, laughing in return.

‘Thank, oh, thank you!’ cried Charlotte. ‘Is it mine to do just what I want to with? Do you mean that?’

‘Of course I do,’ replied Crosby wonderingly.

That evening after dusk Charlotte stole out of the house, though she had been forbidden the night air. When she returned, stifling her cough on the stairs, lest her landlady should hear her, Crosby’s turquoise brooch had been sold, and the fifteen dollars’ worth of provisions ordered sent to John Woodsum’s.

The next day when John Woodsum returned from work he found the parcels heaped on his porch.

He was looking at them in a bewildered way when he heard a cough, and saw Charlotte shrinking back in the corner. John had heard some of the talk about Crosby, and his heart was bitter. He was about to turn away when he caught sight of her face.

‘Are you sick?’ he asked, almost roughly.

‘I guess so,’ she returned, shrinkingly.

Then she made a weak little run to him, and he put an arm around her.

‘That is every bit as much as I used, every bit as much,’ she said, pointing to the parcels.

‘What do you mean?’

Charlotte told him incoherently, and he listened.

‘Oh, my God!’ cried he. ‘Come into the house, poor child.’

The next day Crosby’s turquoise brooch was returned to him. John carried it to his boarding-place, and the two men had a talk, at first with angry voices. At last they shook hands. The next day Crosby sent some white roses, and John himself put them in a vase beside Charlotte’s bed.

‘He’s been real good,’ said she, ‘and if it hadn’t been for him I don’t know as I ever could have come home.’

Charlotte lived only two months after her return. There was consumption in her mother’s family. Then, too, her willingness to yield to forces was a fatal element in this case.

It was only the day before she died when Eliza Green came in to see her, bringing some jelly. Eliza looked unusually well; her face was clear and good; her voice was calm and pleasant. Charlotte’s nurse was not very tidy.

Eliza moved softly about the room, setting things to rights. She covered up a dish, lest the flies should get into it; she put a cork in a bottle. Charlotte watched her with a wise regard in her hollow blue eyes.

That night she said to John:

‘John, do you like Eliza?’

‘Well enough; why?’

‘Nothing,’ replied Charlotte. ‘Only—she is a good girl, and she is very neat and orderly, and I don’t believe she would ever waste anything. John——’

‘Oh, hush, darling!’ cried John, in an agony.

But Charlotte smiled. At the last she had learned her little lesson of obedience and thrift against all her instincts, and all her waste of life was over.

MARY E. WILKINS.

EXAMINATIONS IN FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

PERHAPS they have a school of fiction in some American universities. A friend of mine, visiting one of these academies, met a lady professor of English literature. She was lecturing on Mr. William Watson, and probably has now advanced as far as Mr. Stephen Phillips. Where did she begin, one asks, if she had already ventured so far down the stream of English poesy? Probably she did not, as the ram in the fairy-tale advises, 'commence at the commencement.' The object clearly was to be up to date. Thus a school of fiction might study nothing earlier than Mr. Thomas Hardy, and pass-men would not be expected to take up authors more archaic than Mr. Kipling.

In 1855 mankind was less advanced. In that year, however, was published 'The Student's Guide to the School of Literæ Fictitiæ,' put forth from the press of Vincent at Oxford. The statute founding the school was in Latin, a language now understood by few. It set forth that the young naturally abhor dry studies, as of mental and moral philosophy, physical science, and history. They prefer works of imagination. These, the statute innocently observes, avoid all danger of scepticism or free-thinking, such as always besets students of history, science, and philosophy. Apparently novels were not easy guides to emancipation in 1855. A school of fiction, the statute adds, will suit ladies who profess *principia quæ vocant Bloomeriana*—the ideas of the late Miss Bloomer, the reformer of feminine costume. For these excellent reasons the school is instituted, and lists of books, with examination papers, are issued. The subjects are partly quite old-fashioned, partly were up to date in 1855.

Everybody is to be *viva-vocè'd* in 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and Adams's 'Allegories,' for which Nonconformists are allowed to substitute tales by Mrs. Hannah More. 'The Fairchild Family' might well have been added. For class-men 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Tales of my Landlord,' four of Dickens's novels, and three of Thackeray's are the minimum. In the classical division are 'Gil Blas,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Tristram Shandy,' 'The Sentimental Journey,' three of Fielding's, two of Smollett's, with

'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Grandison,' and 'Pamela'—a stiff list. In the modern division are Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Fanny Burney (two), Charlotte Brontë, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Lytton, Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Yonge's 'Heir of Redclyffe' and 'Heartsease.'

In composition the pass-men's papers appear difficult, and (what is very unfair) they demand a knowledge of books that are not novels. Thus:

Translate into the style of Dr. Johnson:

'Poetry's unnat'ral. No man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on Boxin' Day, or Warren's Blackin', or Rowland's Oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy.'

Can a pass-man be expected to do this question with any measure of success? I give my own feeble attempt at a reply. It will be seen that Dr. Johnson greatly expands the succinct and simple style of the elder Mr. Weller:

'That poetry is natural and produced by untutored minds, "according to nature," is the contention of the Stagyrite. Men commenced poets, he would have us believe, by way of spontaneous improvisation—an idea which common-sense rejects and all experience repudiates. Despite the boast of Pope, no infant ever "lisp'd in numbers." The report is the figment of the vanity of a mother or the interested invention of a nurse.

'No man ever talked in poetry, unless the alcoholic excitation of the Christmas festival may have prompted a parish officer to declaim in rhyme such matters as, when sober, he would have been ashamed to pronounce in prose. The mercenaries who would extol the merits of such compositions as profess to give to shoes and boots the lustre and hue of ebony may spontaneously celebrate their patrons' wares in doggerel couplets; and the venal applause of the unguents of Macassar may utter itself in the style of the Oriental Eclogues of Collins. Such improvisations, I admit, may exude from the levity of the degraded, and may attract the attention of the frivolous. But, were I to assume the moralist and dictate to the young and the aspiring, I would urge on them the lesson of abstaining, in their conversation, from the insensate attempt to *speak* in a style in which few can attain any degree of merit, even while penning their fancies in the seclusion of the closet or breathing forth their passions in the solitude of inanimate nature.'

This rendering may only be worthy of a minus first, but it is beyond the powers of a pass-man, who, of course, cannot be

expected to have read Dr. Johnson. A class-man's task is to write 'an elegy or epitaph on Little Nell, in the style of Pope.' I doubt if *this* will do!

Wayfarer, pause! beneath yon mossy stone
 Alone she sleeps, who often waked alone!
 Impatient of slow trade and tardy gain,
 Her sire had ventured on a bolder train,
 Impelled his wealth in modish ways to seek,
 At Basset, Ombre, Lanterloo, or Gleek;
 The follies thus and foibles of the great,
 Sink to the poor, and poison half the State!
 Vainly he gamed; for still the slender purse
 More slender grew, and bad was changed for worse!
 'Twas then the maid controlled the eager sire,
 'Twas she that drew him from the city's mire,
 And strove to soothe him in the rural shade,
 Where only rustic needs usurp the *spade*;
 Where *hearts* are pure; and though rude swains may drub,
 No man imputes his *ruin* to a *club*.
 Wandering they went the ways of labouring men,
 By moor and marsh, by village, field, and fen,
 Content, where puppets yield a blameless sport,
 To dwell with Codlin, or to sup with Short,
 Or point, amid the waxwork's mimic ring,
 To staring shapes of lady, fop, or king.
 Wearied, at length, within this peaceful vale,
 She died—to make an ending of a tale!
 And many a gentle bosom long may swell,
 When taught the history of Little Nell.

The class questions in general can only be answered in essays of some length; for, indeed, the very questions are not short. I confess that, not having read expressly for this school, I do not even know who certain persons of importance were. I cannot compare the political careers and characters of Lord Oldborough and Dudley Egerton, and give a succinct (or any other) 'account of the Lansmere election.' Where do we read of Lady Davenant and Rowland Lester? Perhaps these people occur in Miss Edgeworth's novels, or are they in Lytton's? This is dreadful ignorance, but I would wager that few readers know where the following passage occurs: 'Deer Creeter,—As you are the animable hopjack of my contemplayshins, your aydear is infernally skimming before my kymmerical fansee,' with what follows in the love-letter of 'Clayrender.'

Turning back for relaxation to the pass papers, we note that Oxford is ever in advance of 'the Other Shop.' Calverley's Cambridge paper on 'Pickwick' is famous: I believe that Sir

Walter Besant was prizeman. But a similar paper occurs earlier in this Oxford set of questions. Now Calverley was a Balliol man before he migrated to the sister university and introduced Pickwick 'papers' to Cambridge—brought them from Athens to Thebes, as Dryden would have put the matter. Thus we are asked, at Oxford, 'Can you assign any probable grounds for the popular representation of Mr. Pickwick under the figure of an "aged ram"?'

Can the reader?

'What data have we for supposing that the politics of Mr. Alfred Jingle were those of a free trader?'

'Define "alley tor," "alleybi," "commony," "killibeate," "tap," "have his carcace," "mizzle," "twopenny rope," "small firearms," "flummoxed."'

Here 'small firearms' beat me, but I think (though still ignorant of the nature and properties of the 'common profeel machine') that I can settle the others. Can the reader tackle 'killibeate' and 'twopenny rope'? Can he give the context and occasions of these phrases without consulting the book? Who said 'fruits is in, cats is out'?

Do you know who Martin Hanegan's aunt was, and can you 'examine the peculiar method adopted by her as *arbitra bibendi*'? Quote the lyric in which she is commemorated! Do you know in what novel Colonel Howard meets Miss Katherine Plowden? I *know*, but I have not read the novel.

Pass questions in Sir Walter Scott are easy. Explain 'whaap,' 'clecking time's aye canty time,' 'a hantle bogles.' But *do*, of all things, explain 'a pair o' cleeks.' Does the phrase mean a driving cleek and a putting cleek? Probably not; but without the context I am puzzled, unless a couple of policemen are intended.

There is a soul of seriousness in frivolous things, and this appears to have dawned occasionally on the author of the skit. Sometimes he is merely fooling, as when he says 'Draw a map of Europe, showing the exact position of the public in which Dr. Primrose discovered his lost Olivia;' or, 'Discuss the importance of the East Indies (1) to the British empire, (2) to the development of the plot in "Guy Mannering."' Again, our author, running counter to his own advanced and Liberal principles, demands a knowledge of mental and moral philosophy, of history and of science—all very dry subjects, which he professedly means

to supplant by *literæ fictitiæ*. He even takes for granted a knowledge of Greek and Latin. How many of our young and cultured critics of to-day could construe a sentence of Xenophon? Novels (with a little very modern and minor poetry) serve their turn. They could not answer this excellent question: 'How far do (1) Mr. Delvile, senior, (2) Mr. Dombey, embody the *magnanimous* character of Aristotle's *Ethics*? And can we recognise in either the former or the latter more than an ideal and practically unattained standard of the virtue they embody?' 'The magnanimous man is *ὁ μεγάλων αὐτὸν ἀξιῶν, ἄξιός ὤν*: he who justly thinks no small beer of himself.' Both Mr. Delvile and Mr. Dombey thought no small beer of themselves—on different grounds, indeed, but on grounds wholly inadequate. They are about equally incensing. But, clearly, the eager students of *literæ fictitiæ* cannot fairly be asked to know anything about Aristotle. I myself was lately compelled to lecture in a large provincial town, and offered the manager a long string of subjects, from *Psychical Research* to the *Decline of British Bowling*, the town being the centre of a famous cricketing county. However, I was told that they wanted a lecture on Novels. Novels, and nothing else, spell culture for the modern public. I rather baffled them by lecturing on the *Poetics* of Aristotle, and the application of his ideas to recent fiction. Except for a few bold spirits they had to sit it out; but culture was thus merely forced by a kind of violence on readers of the cheap magazines. We cannot force them to come into a school of *literæ fictitiæ* on classical principles.

Again, the founder of the school occasionally asks other serious questions.

'What moral features appear inseparable from the *ideal* hero of Charlotte Brontë, as arrived at by abstraction from the three prominent male characters in "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette"?'

They are all 'harbitrary gents,' and Miss Brontë's ideal hero seems to have been a high-handed personage—one who would let a lady 'know he was there.'

Once more: 'Mark the progress of society towards philanthropy by comparing (1) the tone of Fielding's novels, (2) of the earlier and later works of Dickens.'

In fact the tone is much the same: Fielding always taking up the cause of the poor and oppressed. But Fielding published

a definite system for dealing with pauperism, while Dickens, with Mr. Bumble, was content to cry that whatever is, is wrong. The student might have been asked to compare Smollett's moral objections to the existence of hospitals, probably to be accounted for by some personal feud with some other physician. The medical studies of Roderick Random might also be compared with those of Bob Sawyer.

'What peculiar conditions of English society may be supposed to have produced the "gentleman highwayman"? Trace the history of this institution from the time of Smollett to that of Bulwer,'—we might now add, of Mr. Marriott Watson.

This is an interesting question. The gentleman highwayman was evolved during the Hundred Years' War. Among other gentlemen High Toby men we may name Monstrelet, the Burgundian chronicler; Sir Thomas Gray, the author of 'Scalacronica'; and William Selby, who stopped the Cardinal and was hanged by David II. The 'Verney Papers' give us the gentleman highwayman of the Restoration, and Evelina miraculously converted a Scotch gentleman who had invested his last remaining capital in pistols, and was about commencing footpad. This is a delightful field wherein to expatiate.

As to *pathos*, the following questions are admirable:

'Compare, with a view to ascertain the relative excellence of their authors as *pathetic* writers, the death scenes of Clarissa Harlowe, Ruth, Paul Dombey, Guy Morville, Eva St. Clair, Le Fevre.'

In my poor opinion, Richardson is victorious in this contest, to which the death scene of Colonel Newcome is not admitted, perhaps because it had not yet been published. One might add the question, 'What pathetic death-bed scenes occur in Scott, if any?' The pass-man is asked to 'give instances from "Guy Mannering" of the true *sportsmanlike* spirit which characterises the author.' The reference is to Bertram and the brock. But Scott was too good a sportsman to make use of death-bed pathos. His moribunds, like Marmion and Frank Bothwell, 'die as they had lived, hard,' and sword in hand. This topic might be pursued to great length, and we may partly estimate an author's character by the frequency or absence of his pathetic death scenes. I know not if the death scene of old Dumbiedikes is to be reckoned pathetic: it is, a little, I think: so is that of the elder Croftangry.

‘Enumerate instances from your books where the pathos of a passage either arises from, or is heightened by, the agency of any of the *brute creation*, and analyse the *source* of the emotion in these instances.’

The combined death-beds of Dora and of her dog at once occur to the memory; Dickens was double-barrelling his emotional resources by killing-off hound and mistress simultaneously. Sir Henry Lee, in ‘Woodstock,’ dies with circumstances of good taste, and his dog Bevis does not long survive him; but practically no pathos is extracted. Dickens was wiser in his generation.

When our examiner asks us to ‘point out any general affinities between the *humour* of Madame d’Arblay and Dickens,’ he sets an easy question, for Mr. Briggs’s style is precisely that of Mr. Jingle, and the rowdy Brangtons are not alien to the method of Dickens. Both Dickens and Madame d’Arblay owe a good deal to Smollett; but both were, as a rule, more truly humorous, in proportion as they were much more humane. Not one of the three shrank from caricature. The later writers illustrate a question set, on which a book might be written:

‘Does the history of prose fiction up to the present time afford any grounds for conceiving its course to be subject to a law of recurrence in a cycle?’

Probably it does. We begin with romance and come to realism, and, by a natural reaction, we return to romance. Smollett had scarcely pronounced romance to be dead when he tried a little of it himself, in ‘Ferdinand, Count Fathom,’ and then came Horace Walpole with ‘The Castle of Otranto,’ and Mrs. Radcliffe. American novelists were proclaiming the death of romance just when it was reviving under Mr. Stevenson and many others. This cycle must revolve into itself while novels are read.

Fiction, Mr. Howells and others assure us, has become a much finer art in the course of the present generation. It has usurped the functions of prophecy, science, religion, and government, also of biblical criticism. Consequently papers of much larger scope ought now to be set, and we may offer a few questions more or less on a level with the high tide of progress. Thus:

1. State and discuss Miss Corelli’s theory of a molecule, distinguishing, if possible, a molecule from a microbe.
2. Criticise Mr. Hall Caine’s biblical knowledge with reference

to his theory of the destruction of Sodom. How far is it in accordance (a) with the Hebrew traditions, (b) with the evidence of the monuments, (c) with the higher criticism?

3. Distinguish realism from naturalism: incidentally contrasting the realism of Furetière with that of Mr. W. D. Howells.

4. Discuss the handling of the 'supernatural' by Scott, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Rider Haggard.

5. Criticise the use of hypnotism by modern authors. How far is its treatment by Mr. George Macdonald and Mr. A. E. W. Mason in accordance with the teaching (a) of the Salpêtrière, (b) of the Nancy schools?

6. Give a recipe (a) for an historical, (b) for a prehistoric, (c) for a scientific novel, (d) for a novel of the future.

7. Briefly sketch a romance intended to demonstrate the genuine and archaic character of the Book of Deuteronomy, showing how you would work in 'the love interest.'

8. State the etymology of the word 'boom.' Show how a boom may best be organised. Mention the earliest known date at which the pulpit was used as an engine for booming a novel.

9. Compare the relative value, as boomsters, of the pulpit, the statesman, and the press.

10. Compare the merits, in original historical research, of Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Sir Walter Scott, and Thackeray.

11. 'I never learned grammar.' Illustrate the truth of Scott's remark from his novels, and criticise the grammar of Thackeray, Miss Corelli, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Ouida, with special reference to their quotations from foreign languages.

12. Discuss American historical novels; mentioning, if you can, any examples in which Washington is not introduced.

13. Illustrate the progress of the species by the vast distance which severs the novels of Hawthorne from those of Mr. Winston Churchill (*Americanus*).

14. Discuss the theory that 'Esmond' is a work by many various hands, giving reasons for your opinion, and drawing inferences as to the unity of the Iliad.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

1. Write a poem, of not more than one hundred lines, on Purity, selecting 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' as an ideal example of the virtue.

2. A poem, in Latin hexameters, conveying the probable sentiments of the Pope as regards Miss Marie Corelli.

3. 'Surrender,' a poem in the manner of Mr. Kipling, adding a glossary of technical terms, and a brief etymological analysis of such slang expressions as you may think it reasonable to employ.

4. An essay on the theory and practice of the happy ending, criticising the opinion on this subject of Charles II., and giving examples of tragedies with happy endings, in the drama of the Restoration, and in the novel of 'Pendennis.'

5. An essay on novels in dialect, with special reference to (a) American novels in dialect, (b) the Kailyard school, (c) the novel in Yiddish, (d) the novel in Hindustani. Is it your opinion that the legislature should interfere to abate any or all of these—novels?

6. Essay on the probable effects on English fiction of the institution of an Academy. Illustrate from the example of France, and cite novels of immaculate propriety written by authors (previously improper) under academic influence.

7. Write a letter from Henry Fielding to Mr. George Moore on the principles and practice of the art of fiction, or from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Walter Besant on the topic of publishers.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

1. The probable consequences of a strike of novelists.

2. The advantages and disadvantages, if any, of employing an authors' agent.

3. Apply Ricardo's theory of rent to authors' royalties, showing, if you can, that their ratio depends on the profits of the authors most entirely destitute of culture.

4. Has an author a legitimate claim on his publisher for unexhausted improvements, and how does this bear on press corrections?

5. Apply the theory of unearned increment to sixpenny editions of novels.

6. In cases of collaboration, calculate the ratio of profits which should accrue to the collaborator who writes the book, and give means of discovering which collaborator merely looks on.

7. Discuss the theory of doing without a publisher, and give any reasons that may occur to you for the practical rarity of this method.

8. Discuss the hypothesis that the publisher never, or hardly ever, takes any risks: with reference (1) to novels, (2) to the contemptible remnant of works which are not novels.

9. Discuss the probable effects, good or bad, of a return to the old three-volume system, with special reference to the restriction of output at the pit's mouth.

10. Try to explain why circulating libraries prefer to send out uncalled-for rubbish to their subscribers; and discuss the reasons and results of their conduct in discouraging literature.

11. Comment on the benefits of a compulsory eight hours' law on the novels, morals, health, and incomes of any very prolific novelists who may occur to you.

12. 'High interest means bad security.' Apply this maxim to the choice of a publisher, illustrating from any modern historical examples with which you may be acquainted.

13. How far ought advertisement to be regulated (*a*) by principles of morals, (*b*) by principles of taste?

This paper, it may be observed, has no parallel in the old school of *literæ fictitiæ* of 1855. At that date literature and commerce had not formed the close alliance which now unites them. I *ought* to set a novelist's divinity paper: for reasons of reverence I forbear. The paper on political economy is but another instance of the march of progress. By rapidly eliminating all kinds of literature except novels at six shillings, progress has, in one way, simplified life. We can boldly say, what most of us think, that poetry is 'such *footle*, you know,' and we can take all our opinions, without the labour of study, from our favourite romancers. For these reasons even the conservative universities must presently establish a tripos, or school, of fiction.

Dr. Nicholson may grieve, but all the old MSS. and 'glorified school books' must be turned out of the Bodleian, an admirable home for a circulating library, to be worked by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, who ought also to set about publishing novels.

THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY.¹

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT.

AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

I. MUNGUL PANDY.

THE scene is Barrackpore, the date March 29, 1857. It is Sunday afternoon; but on the dusty floor of the parade-ground a drama is being enacted which is suggestive of anything but Sabbath peace. The quarter-guard of the 34th Native Infantry—tall men, erect and soldierly, and nearly all high-caste Brahmins—is drawn up in regular order. Behind it chatters and sways and eddies a confused mass of Sepoys, in all stages of dress and undress; some armed, some unarmed; but all fermenting with excitement. Some thirty yards in front of the line of the 34th swaggers to and fro a Sepoy named Mungul Pandy. He is half-drunk with bhang, and wholly drunk with religious fanaticism. Chin in air, loaded musket in hand, he struts backwards and forwards, at a sort of half-dance, shouting in shrill and nasal monotone, 'Come out, you blackguards! Turn out, all of you! The English are upon us. Through biting these cartridges we shall all be made infidels!'

The man, in fact, is in that condition of mingled bhang and 'nerves' which makes a Malay run amok; and every shout from his lips runs like a wave of sudden flame through the brains and along the nerves of the listening crowd of fellow-Sepoys. And as the Sepoys off duty come running up from every side, the crowd grows ever bigger, the excitement more intense, the tumult of chattering voices more passionate. A human powder magazine, in a word, is about to explode.

Suddenly there appears upon the scene the English adjutant, Lieutenant Baugh. A runner has brought the news to him as he lies in the sultry quiet of the Sunday afternoon in his quarters. The English officer is a man of decision. A saddled horse stands ready in the stable; he thrusts loaded pistols into the holsters, buckles on his sword, and gallops to the scene of trouble. The

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sound of galloping hoofs turns all Sepoy eyes up the road ; and as that red-coated figure, the symbol of military authority, draws near, excitement through the Sepoy crowd goes up uncounted degrees. They are about to witness a duel between revolt and discipline, between a mutineer and an adjutant !

Mungul Pandy has at least one quality of a good soldier. He can face peril coolly. He steadies himself, and grows suddenly silent. He stands in the track of the galloping horse, musket at shoulder, the man himself moveless as a bronze image. And steadily the Englishman rides down upon him ! The Sepoy's musket suddenly flashes ; the galloping horse swerves and stumbles ; horse and man roll in the white dust of the road. But the horse only has been hit, and the adjutant struggles, dusty and bruised, from under the fallen beast, plucks a loaded pistol from the holster, and runs straight at the mutineer. Within ten paces of him he lifts his pistol and fires. There is a flash of red pistol-flame, a puff of white smoke, a gleam of whirling sword-blade. But a man who has just scrambled up, half-stunned, from a fallen horse, can scarcely be expected to shine as a marksman. Baugh has missed his man, and in another moment is himself cut down by Mungul Pandy's tulwar. At this sight a Mohammedan Sepoy—Mungul Pandy was a Brahmin—runs out and catches the uplifted wrist of the victorious Mungul. Here is one Sepoy, at least, who cannot look on and see his English officer slain—least of all by a cow-worshipping Hindu !

Again the sound of running feet is heard on the road. It is the English sergeant-major, who has followed his officer, and he, too—red of face, scant of breath, but plucky of spirit—charges straight at the mutinous Pandy. But a sergeant-major, stout and middle-aged, who has run in uniform three-quarters of a mile on an Indian road and under an Indian sun, is scarcely in good condition for engaging in a single combat with a bhang-maddened Sepoy, and he, in turn, goes down under the mutineer's tulwar.

How the white teeth gleam, and the black eyes flash, through the crowd of excited Sepoys ! The clamour of voices takes a new shrillness. Two sahibs are down before their eyes, under the victorious arm of one of their comrades ! The men who form the quarter-guard of the 34th, at the orders of their native officer, run forward a few paces at the double, but they do not attempt to seize the mutineer. Their sympathies are with him. They halt ; they

sway to and fro. The nearest smite with the butt-end of their muskets at the two wounded Englishmen.

A cluster of British officers by this time is on the scene; the colonel of the 34th, himself, has come up, and naturally takes command. He orders the men of the quarter-guard to seize the mutineers, and is told by the native officer in charge that the men 'will not go on.' The colonel is, unhappily, not of the stuff of which heroes are made. He looks through his spectacles at Mungul Pandey. A six-foot Sepoy in open revolt, loaded musket in hand—himself loaded more dangerously by fanaticism strongly flavoured with bhang—while a thousand excited Sepoys look on trembling with angry sympathy, does not make a cheerful spectacle. 'I felt it useless,' says the bewildered colonel, in his official report after the incident, 'going on any farther in the matter. . . . It would have been a useless sacrifice of life to order a European officer of the guard to seize him. . . . I left the guard and reported the matter to the brigadier.' Unhappy colonel! He may have had his red-tape virtues, but he was clearly not the man to suppress a mutiny. The mutiny, in a word, suppressed him! And let it be imagined how the spectacle of that hesitating colonel added a new element of wondering delight to the huge crowd of swaying Sepoys.

At this moment General Hearsey, the brigadier in charge, rides on to the parade-ground: a red-faced, wrathful, hard-fighting, iron-nerved veteran, with two sons, of blood as warlike as their father's, riding behind him as aides. Hearsey, with quick military glance, takes in the whole scene—the mob of excited Sepoys, the sullen quarter-guard, the two red-coats lying in the road, and the victorious Mungul Pandey, musket in hand. As he rode up somebody called out, 'Have a care; his musket is loaded.' To which the General replied, with military brevity, 'Damn his musket!' 'An oath,' says Trevelyan, 'concerning which every true Englishman will make the customary invocation to the recording angel.'

Mungul Pandey covered the General with his musket. Hearsey found time to say to his son, 'If I fall, John, rush in and put him to death somehow.' Then, pulling up his horse on the flank of the quarter-guard, he plucked a pistol from his holster, levelled it straight at the head of the native officer, and curtly ordered the men to advance and seize the mutineer. The levelled pistol, no doubt, had its own logic; but more effective than even the steady

and tiny tube was the face that looked from behind it, with command and iron courage in every line. That masterful British will instantly asserted itself. The loose line of the quarter-guard stiffened with instinctive obedience; the men stepped forward; and Mungul Pandey, with one unsteady glance at Hearsey's stern visage, turned with a quick movement the muzzle of his gun to his own breast, thrust his naked toe into the trigger, and fell, self-shot. He survived to be hanged, with due official ceremonies, seven days afterwards.

It was a true instinct which, after this, taught the British soldier to call every mutinous Sepoy a 'Pandey.' That incident at Barrackpore is really the history of the Indian mutiny in little. All its elements are there: the bhang-stimulated fanaticism of the Sepoy, with its quick contagion, running through all Sepoy ranks; the hasty rush of the solitary officer, gallant, but ill-fated, a single man trying to suppress a regiment. Here, too, is the colonel of the 34th, who, with a cluster of regiments on the point of mutiny, decides that it is 'useless' to face a dangerously excited Sepoy armed with a musket, and retires to 'report' the business to his brigadier. He is the type of that failure of official nerve—fortunately very rare—which gave the mutiny its early successes. General Hearsey, again, with his grim 'D—— his musket!' supplies the example of that courage, swift, fierce, and iron-nerved, that in the end crushed the Mutiny and restored the British Empire in India.

The Great Mutiny, as yet, has found neither its final historian nor its sufficient poet. What other nation can show in its record such a cycle of heroism as that which lies in the history of the British in India between May 10, 1857—the date of the Meerut outbreak, and the true beginning of the Mutiny—and November 1, 1858, when the Queen's proclamation officially marked its close? But the heroes in that great episode—the men of Lucknow, and Delhi, and Arrah, the men who marched and fought under Havelock, who held the Ridge at Delhi under Wilson, who stormed the Alumbagh under Clyde—though they could make history, could not write it. There are a hundred 'Memoirs,' and 'Journals,' and 'Histories' of the great revolt, but the Mutiny still waits for its Thucydides and its Napier. Trevelyan's 'Cawnpore,' it is true, will hold its readers breathless with its fire, and movement, and graphic force; but it deals with only one picturesque and dreadful episode of the Great Mutiny. The 'History of the Mutiny,'

by Kaye and Malleeson, is laborious, honest, accurate ; but no one can pretend that it is very readable. It has Kinglake's diffuseness without Kinglake's literary charm. The work, too, is a sort of literary duet of a very controversial sort. Colonel Malleeson, from the notes, continually contradicts Sir John Kaye in the text, and does it with a bluntness and a diligence which have quite a humorous effect.

Not only is the Mutiny without an historian, but it remains without any finally convincing analysis of its causes. Justin McCarthy's summary of the causes of the Mutiny, as given in his 'History of Our Own Times,' is a typical example of wrong-headed judgment. Mr. McCarthy contemplates the Mutiny through the lens of his own politics, and almost regards it with complacency as a mere struggle for Home Rule ! It was not a Mutiny, he says, like that at the Nore ; it was a revolution, like that in France at the end of the eighteenth century. It was 'a national and religious war,' a rising of the many races of India against the too oppressive Saxon. The native princes were in it as well as the native soldiers.

The plain facts of the case are fatal to that theory. The struggle was confined to one Presidency out of three. Only two dynastic princes—Nana Sahib and the Ranee of Jhansi—joined in the outbreak. The people in the country districts were passive ; the British revenue, except over the actual field of strife, was regularly paid. If their own trained native soldiery turned against the British, other natives thronged in thousands to their flag. A hundred examples might be given where native loyalty and valour saved the situation for the English.

There were Sepoys on both sides of the entrenchment at Lucknow. Counting camp followers, native servants, &c., there were two black faces to every white face under the British flag which fluttered so proudly over the historic Ridge at Delhi. The 'protected' Sikh chiefs, by their fidelity, kept British authority from temporary collapse betwixt the Jumna and the Sutlej. They formed what Sir Richard Temple calls 'a political breakwater,' on which the fury of rebellious Hindustan broke in vain. The chief of Pattiala employed 5,000 troops in guarding the trunk road betwixt the Punjaub and Delhi, along which reinforcements and warlike supplies were flowing to the British force on the Ridge. This enabled the whole strength of the British to be concentrated on the siege. The Chief of Jhind was the first native ruler who

appeared in the field with an armed force on the British side, and his troops took part in the final assault on Delhi. Golab Singh sent from his principality, stretching along the foot of the Himalayas, strong reinforcements to the British troops besieging Delhi. 'The sight of these troops moving against the mutineers in the darkest hour of British fortunes produced,' says Sir Richard Temple, 'a profound moral effect on the Punjaub.'

If John Lawrence had to disband or suppress 36,000 mutinous Sepoys in the Punjaub, he was able to enlist from Ghoorkas and Sikhs and the wild tribes on the Afghan borders more than another 36,000 to take their places. He fed the scanty and gallant force which kept the British flag flying before Delhi with an ever-flowing stream of native soldiers of sufficient fidelity. At the time of the Mutiny there were 38,000 British soldiers in a population of 180,000,000. If the Mutiny had been indeed a 'national' uprising, what chances of survival would the handful of British have had?

It is quite true that the Mutiny, in its later stages, drew to itself political forces, and took a political aspect. The Hindu Sepoy, says Herbert Edwardes, 'having mutinied about a cartridge, had nothing to propose for an Empire, and fell in, of necessity, with the only policy which was feasible at the moment, a Mohammedan king of Delhi. And so, with a revived Mogul dynasty at its head, the Mutiny took the form of a struggle between the Moslem and the Christian for empire, and this agitated every village in which there was a mosque or a mollah.' But the emergence of the Mogul dynasty in the struggle was an after-thought, not to say an accident. The old king at Delhi, dis-crowned and almost forgotten, was caught up by the mutineers as a weapon or a flag.

The outbreak was thus, at the beginning, a purely military mutiny; but its complexion and character later on were affected by local circumstances. In Oude, for example, the Mutiny was welcomed, as it seemed to offer those dispossessed by the recent annexation a chance of revenge. At Delhi it found a centre in the old king's palace, an inspiration in Mohammedan fanaticism, and a nominal leader in the representative of the old Mogul dynasty. So the Mutiny grew into a new struggle for empire on the part of some of the Mohammedan princes.

Many of the contributing causes of the Mutiny are clear enough. Discipline had grown perilously lax throughout Bengal;

and the Bengal troops were, of all who marched under the Company's flag, the most dangerous when once they got out of hand. They consisted mainly of high-caste Brahmins and Rajpoots. They burned with caste pride. They were of incredible arrogance. The regiments, too, were made up largely of members of the same clan, and each regiment had its own complete staff of native officers. Conspiracy was easy in such a body. Secrets were safe. Interests and passions were common. When the British officers had all been slaughtered out, the regiment, as a fighting machine, was yet perfect. Each regiment was practically a unit, knit together by ties of common blood, and speech, and faith, ruled by common superstitions, and swayed by common passions.

The men had the petulance and the ignorance of children. They believed that the entire population of England consisted of 100,000 souls. When the first regiment of Highlanders landed, the whisper ran across the whole Presidency that there were no more men in England, and that, in default of men, the women had been sent out! Later on, says Trevelyan, the native mind evolved another theory to explain the Highlanders' kilts. They wore petticoats, it was whispered, as a public and visible symbol that their mission was to take vengeance for the murder of English ladies.

Many causes combined to enervate military discipline. There had been petty mutinies again and again unavenged, or only half avenged. Mutineers had been petted, instead of being shot or hanged. Lord Dalhousie had weakened the despotic authority of the commanding officers, and had taught the Sepoy to appeal to the Government against his officers.

Now the Sepoy has one Celtic quality: his loyalty must have a personal object. He will endure, or even love, a despot, but it must be a despot he can see and hear. He can be ruled; but it must be by a person, not by a 'system.' When the commander of a regiment of Sepoys ceased to be a despot, the symbol and centre of all authority, and became only a knot in a line of official red tape, he lost the respect of his Sepoys, and the power to control them. Said Rajah Maun Singh, in a remarkable letter to the Talookdars of his province: 'There used to be twenty to twenty-five British officers to every 1,000 men, and these officers were subordinate to one single man. But nowadays there are 1,000 officers and 1,000 kings among 1,000 men: the men

are officers and kings themselves, and when such is the case there are no soldiers to fight.'

Upon this mass of armed men, who had lost the first of soldierly habits, obedience, and who were fermenting with pride, fanaticism, and ignorance, there blew what the Hindus themselves called a 'Devil's wind,' charged with a thousand deadly influences. The wildest rumours ran from barracks to barracks. One of those mysterious and authorless predictions which run before, and sometimes cause, great events was current. Plassy was fought in 1757; the English raj, the prediction ran, would last exactly a century; so 1857 must see its fall. Whether the prophecy was Hindu or Mohammedan cannot be decided; but it had been current for a quarter of a century, and both Hindu and Mohammedan quoted it and believed it. As a matter of fact, the great Company did actually expire in 1857!

Good authorities hold that that the greased cartridges were something more than the occasion of the Mutiny; they were its supreme producing cause. The history of the greased cartridges may be told almost in a sentence. 'Brown Bess' had grown obsolete; the new rifle, with its grooved barrel, needed a lubricated cartridge, and it was whispered the cartridge was greased with a compound of cow's fat and swine's fat, charged with villainous theological properties. It would destroy at once the caste of the Hindu and the ceremonial purity of the Mohammedan! Sir John Lawrence declares that 'the proximate cause of the Mutiny was the cartridge affair, and nothing else.' Mr. Lecky says that 'recent researches have fully proved that the real, as well as the ostensible, cause of the Mutiny was the greased cartridges.' He adds this is 'a shameful and terrible fact.' The Sepoys, he apparently holds, were right in their belief that in the grease that smeared the cartridges was hidden a conspiracy against their religion! 'If mutiny,' Mr. Lecky adds, 'was ever justifiable, no stronger justification could be given than that of the Sepoy troops.'

But is this accusation valid? That the military authorities really designed to inflict a religious wrong on the Sepoys in the matter of the cartridges no one, of course, believes. But there was, undoubtedly, much of heavy-handed clumsiness in the official management of the business. As a matter of fact, however, no greased cartridges were actually issued to any Sepoys. Some had been sent out from England, for the purpose of testing

them under the Indian climate ; large numbers had been actually manufactured in India ; but the Sepoys took the alarm early, and none of the guilty cartridges were actually issued to the men. 'From first to last,' says Kaye, 'no such cartridges were ever issued to the Sepoys, save, perhaps, to a Ghoorka regiment at their own request.'

When once, however, the suspicions of the Sepoys were, rightly or wrongly, aroused, it was impossible to soothe them. The men were told that they might grease the cartridges themselves ; but the paper in which the new cartridges were wrapped had now, to alarmed Sepoy eyes, a suspiciously greasy look, and the men refused to handle it.

The Sepoy conscience was, in truth, of very eccentric sensitiveness. Native hands made up the accused cartridges without concern ; the Sepoys themselves used them freely—when they could get them—against the British after the Mutiny broke out. But a fanatical belief on the part of the Sepoys that these particular cartridges concealed in their greasy folds a dark design against their religion was undoubtedly the immediate occasion of the Great Mutiny. Yet it would be absurd to regard this as its single producing cause. In order to assert this, we must forget all the other evil forces at work to produce the cataclysm : the annexation of Oude ; the denial of the sacred right of 'adoption' to the native princes ; the decay of discipline in the Sepoy ranks ; the loss of reverence for their officers by the men, &c.

The Sepoys, it is clear, were, on many grounds, discontented with the conditions of their service. The keen, brooding, and somewhat melancholy genius of Henry Lawrence foresaw the coming trouble, and fastened on this as one of its causes. In an article written in March, 1856, he says that the conditions of the Indian Army denied a career to any native soldier of genius, and this must put the best brains of the Sepoys in quarrel with the British rule. Ninety out of every hundred Sepoys, he said in substance, are satisfied ; but the remaining ten are discontented, some of them to a dangerous degree ; and the discontented ten were the best soldiers of the hundred ! But, as it happened, the Mutiny threw up no native soldier of genius, except, perhaps, Tantia Topee, who was *not* a Sepoy !

'The salt water' was undoubtedly amongst the minor causes which provoked the Mutiny. The Sepoys dreaded the sea ; they believed they could not cross it without a fatal loss of caste, and

the new form of military oath, which made the Sepoy liable for over-sea service, was believed by the veterans to extend to them, even though they had not taken it, and so the Sepoy imagination was disquieted.

Lord Dalhousie's over-Anglicised policy, it may be added, was at once too liberal and too impatient for the Eastern mind, with its obstinacy of habit, its hatred of change, its easily-roused suspiciousness. As Kaye puts it, Lord Dalhousie poured his new wine into old bottles, with too rash a hand. 'The wine was good wine, strong wine, wine to gladden the heart of man'; but, poured into such ancient and shrunken bottles too rashly, it was fatal. It was because we were 'too English' that the great crisis arose, adds Kaye; and 'it was only because we were English that, when it arose, it did not overwhelm us.' We trod, in a word, with heavy-footed British clumsiness on the historic superstitions, the ancient habitudes of the Sepoys, and so provoked them to revolt. But the dour British character, which is at the root of British clumsiness, in the end overbore the revolt.

The very virtues of the British rule thus proved its peril. Its cool justice, its steadfast enforcement of order, its tireless warfare against crime, made it hated of all the lawless and predatory classes. Every native who lived by vice chafed under a justice which might be slow and passionless, but which could not be bribed, and in the long run could not be escaped.

Some, at least, of the dispossessed princes diligently fanned these wild dreams and wilder suspicions which haunted the Sepoy mind till it kindled into a flame. The Sepoys were told they had conquered India for the English; why should they not now conquer it for themselves? The chupatties—mysterious signals, coming whence no man knew, and meaning no man could tell exactly what—passed from village to village. Usually with the chupatti ran a message—'Sub lal hojaega' ('Everything will become red')—a Sibylline announcement, which might be accepted as a warning against the too rapid spread of the English raj, or a grim prediction of universal bloodshed. Whence the chupatties came, or what they exactly meant, is even yet a matter of speculation. The one thing certain is, they were a storm signal, not very intelligible, perhaps, but highly effective.

That there was a conspiracy throughout Bengal for the simultaneous revolt of all Sepoys on May 31 cannot be doubted, and,

on the whole, it was well for the English raj that the impatient troopers broke out at Meerut before the date agreed upon.

Sir Richard Temple, whose task it was to examine the ex-king of Delhi's papers after the capture of the city, found amongst them an immense number of letters and reports from leading Mohammedans—priests and others. These letters glowed with fanatical fire. Temple declared they convinced him that 'Mohammedan fanaticism is a volcanic agency, which will probably burst forth in eruptions from time to time.' But were Christian missions any source of political peril to British rule in India? On this point John Lawrence's opinion ought to be final. He drafted a special despatch on the subject, and Sir Richard Temple, who was then his secretary, declares he 'conned over and over again every paragraph as it was drafted.' It represented his final judgment on the subject. He held that 'Christian things done in a Christian way could never be politically dangerous in India.' While scrupulously abstaining from interference in the religions of the people, the Government, he held, 'should be more explicit than before'—not less explicit—'in avowing its Christian character.'

The explanation offered by the aged king of Delhi is terse, and has probably as much of truth as more lengthy and philosophical theories. Colonel Vibart relates how, after the capture of Delhi, he went to see the king, and found him sitting cross-legged on a native bedstead, rocking himself to and fro. He was 'a small and attenuated old man, apparently between eighty and ninety years of age, with a long white beard, and almost totally blind.' Someone asked the old king what was the real cause of the outbreak at Delhi. 'I don't know,' was the reply; 'I suppose my people gave themselves up to the devil!'

The distribution of the British forces in Bengal in 1857, it may be noted, made mutiny easy and safe. We have learned the lesson of the Mutiny to-day, and there are now 74,000 British troops, with 88 batteries of British artillery in India, while the Sepoy regiments number only 150,000, with 13 batteries of artillery. But in 1857 the British garrison had sunk to 38,000, while the Sepoys numbered 200,000. Most of the artillery was in native hands. In Bengal itself, it might almost be said, there were no British troops, the bulk of them being garrisoned on the Afghan or Pegu frontiers. A map showing the distribution of troops on May 1, 1857—Sepoys in black dots, and British in red—

is a thing to meditate over. Such a map is pustuled with black dots, an inky-way stretching from Cabul to Calcutta; while the red points gleam faintly and at far-stretched intervals.

All the principal cities were without European troops. There were none at Delhi, none at Benares, none at Allahabad. In the whole province of Oude there was only one British battery of artillery. The treasuries, the arsenals, the roads of the North-West Provinces might almost be said to be wholly in the hands of Sepoys. Betwixt Meerut and Dinapore, a stretch of 1,200 miles, there were to be found only two weak British regiments. Never was a prize so rich held with a hand so slack and careless! It was the evil fate of England, too, that when the storm broke some of the most important posts were in the hands of men paralysed by mere routine, or in whom soldierly fire had been quenched by the chills of old age.

Of the deeper sources of the Mutiny John Lawrence held that the great numerical preponderance of the Sepoys in the military forces holding India was the chief. 'Was it to be expected,' he asked, 'that the native soldiery, who had charge of our fortresses, arsenals, magazines, and treasuries, without adequate European control, should fail to gather extravagant ideas of their own importance?' It was the sense of power that induced them to rebel. The balance of numbers, and of visible strength, seemed to be overwhelmingly with them.

Taken geographically, the story of the Mutiny has three centres, and may be covered by the tragedy of Cawnpore, the assault on Delhi, and the heroic defence and relief of Lucknow. Taken in order of time, it has three stages. The first stretches from the outbreak at Meerut in May to the end of September. This is the heroic stage of the Mutiny. No reinforcements had arrived from England during these months. It was the period of the massacres, and of the tragedy of Cawnpore. Yet during those months Delhi was stormed, Cawnpore avenged, and Havelock made his amazing march, punctuated with daily battles, for the relief of Lucknow. The second stage extends from October, 1857, to March, 1858, when British troops were poured upon the scene of action, and Colin Campbell recaptured Lucknow, and broke the strength of the revolt. The third stage extends to the close of 1858, and marks the final suppression of the Mutiny.

The story, with its swift changes, its tragical sufferings, its alternation of disaster and triumph, is a warlike epic, and might

rather be sung in dithyrambic strains than told in cold and halting prose. If some genius could do for the Indian Mutiny what Napier has done for the Peninsular War it would be the most kindling bit of literature in the English language. What a demonstration the whole story is of the Imperial genius of the British race! 'A nation,' to quote Hodson—himself one of the most brilliant actors in the great drama—'which could conquer a country like the Punjaub with a Hindoostanee army, then turn the energies of the conquered Sikhs to subdue the very army by which they were tamed; which could fight out a position like Peshawur for years in the very teeth of the Afghan tribes; and then, when suddenly deprived of the regiments which effected this, could unhesitatingly employ those very tribes to disarm and quell those regiments when in mutiny—a nation which could do this is destined indeed to rule the world!'

These sketches do not pretend to be a reasoned and adequate 'history' of the Mutiny. They are, as their title puts it, the 'Tale' of the Mutiny—a simple chain of picturesque incidents, and, for the sake of dramatic completeness, the sketches are grouped round the three heroic names of the Mutiny—Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi. Only the chief episodes in the great drama can be dealt with in a space so brief, and they will be told in simple fashion as tales which illustrate the soldierly daring of the men, and the heroic fortitude of the women, of our race.

On the evening of May 10, 1857, the church bells were sounding their call to prayer across the parade-ground, and over the roofs of the cantonment at Meerut. It had been a day of fierce heat; the air had scorched like a white flame; all day long fiery winds had blown, hot as from the throat of a seven times heated furnace. The tiny English colony at Meerut—languid women, white-faced children, and officers in loosest undress—panted that long Sunday in their houses, behind the close blinds, and under the lazily swinging punkahs. But the cool night had come, the church bells were ringing, and in the dusk of evening officers and their wives were strolling or driving towards the church. They little dreamed that the call of the church bells, as it rose and sank over the roofs of the native barracks, was for many of them the signal of doom. It summoned the native troops of Meerut to revolt; it marked the beginning of the Great Mutiny.

Yet the very last place at which an explosion might have been

expected was Meerut. It was the one post in the north-west where the British forces were strongest. The Rifles were there, 1,000 strong; the 6th Dragoons (Carabineers), 600 strong; together with a fine troop of horse artillery, and details of various other regiments. Not less, in a word, than 2,200 British troops, in fair, if not in first-class, fighting condition, were at the station, while the native regiments at Meerut, horse and foot, did not reach 3,000. It did not need a Lawrence or a Havelock at Meerut to make revolt impossible, or to stamp it instantly and fiercely out if it were attempted. A stroke of very ordinary soldiership might have accomplished this; and in that event the Great Mutiny itself might have been averted.

The general in command at Meerut, however, had neither energy nor resolution. He had drowsed and nodded through some fifty years of routine service, rising by mere seniority. He was now old, obese, indolent, and notoriously incapable. He had agreeable manners, and a soothing habit of ignoring disagreeable facts. Lord Melbourne's favourite question, 'Why can't you leave it alone?' represented General Hewitt's intellect. These are qualities dear to the official mind, and explain General Hewitt's rise to high rank, but they are not quite the gifts needed to suppress a mutiny. In General Hewitt's case the familiar fable of an army of lions commanded by an ass was translated into history once more.

On the evening of May 5 cartridges were being served out for the next morning's parade, and eighty-five men of the 3rd Native Cavalry refused to receive or handle them, though they were the old familiar greased cartridges, not the new, in whose curve, as we have seen, a conspiracy to rob the Hindoo of his caste, and the Mohammedan of his ceremonial purity, was vehemently suspected to exist. The men were tried by a court-martial of fifteen native officers—six of them being Mohammedans and nine Hindus—and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

At daybreak on the 9th, the whole military force of the station was assembled to witness the military degradation of the men. The British, with muskets and cannon loaded, formed three sides of a hollow square; on the fourth were drawn up the native regiments, sullen, agitated, yet overawed by the sabres of the Dragoons, the grim lines of the steady Rifles, and the threatening muzzles of the loaded cannon. The eighty-five mutineers stood in the centre of the square.

One by one the men were stripped of their uniform—adorned in many instances with badges and medals, the symbols of proved courage and of ancient fidelity. One by one, with steady clang of hammer, the fetters were riveted on the limbs of the mutineers, while white faces and dark faces alike looked on. For a space of time, to be reckoned almost by hours, the monotonous beat of the hammer rang over the lines, steady as though frozen into stone, of the stern British, and over the sea of dark Sepoy faces that formed the fourth side of the square. In the eyes of these men, at least, the eighty-five manacled felons were martyrs.

The parade ended; the dishonoured eighty-five marched off with clank of chained feet to the local gaol. But that night, in the huts and round the camp fires of all the Sepoy regiments, the whispered talk was of mutiny and revenge. The very prostitutes in the native bazaars with angry scorn urged them to revolt. The men took fire. To wait for the 31st, the day fixed for simultaneous mutiny throughout Bengal, was too sore a trial for their patience. The next day was Sunday; the Sahibs would all be present at evening service in the church; they would be unarmed. So the church bells that called the British officers to prayer should call their Sepoys to mutiny.

In the dusk of that historic Sabbath evening, as the church bells awoke, and sent their pulses of clangorous sound over the cantonment, the men of the 3rd Native Cavalry broke from their quarters, and in wild tumult, with brandished sabres and cries of 'Deen! Deen!' galloped to the gaol, burst open the doors, and brought back in triumph the eighty-five 'martyrs.' The Sepoy infantry regiments, the 11th and 20th, ran to their lines, and fell into rank under their native officers. A British sergeant, running with breathless speed, brought the news to Colonel Finnis of the 11th. 'For God's sake, sir,' he said, 'fly! The men have mutinied.'

Finnis, a cool and gallant veteran, was the last of men to 'fly.' He instantly rode down to the lines. The other British officers gathered round him, and for a brief space, with orders, gesticulations, and appeals, they held the swaying regiments steady, hoping every moment to hear the sound of the British Dragoons and artillery sweeping to the scene of action. On the other side of the road stood the 20th Sepoys. The British officers there also, with entreaties and remonstrances and gestures, were trying to keep the men in line. For an hour, while the evening deepened, that

strange scene of twenty or thirty Englishmen keeping 2,000 mutineers steady lasted, and still there was no sound of rumbling guns or beat of trampling hoofs to tell of British artillery and sabres appearing on the scene. The general was asleep, or indifferent, or frightened, or helpless through sheer want of purpose or of brains!

Finnis, who saw that the 20th were on the point of breaking loose, left his own regiment, and rode over to help its officers. The dusk by this time had deepened almost into darkness. A square, soldierly figure, only dimly seen, Finnis drew bridle in front of the sullen line of the 20th, and leaned over his horse's neck to address the men. At that moment a fiercer wave of excitement ran across the regiment. The men began to call out in the rear ranks. Suddenly the muskets of the front line fell to the present, a dancing splutter of flame swept irregularly along the front, and Finnis fell, riddled with bullets. The Great Mutiny had begun!

The 11th took fire at the sound of the crackling muskets of the 20th. They refused, indeed, to shoot their own officers, but hustled them roughly off the ground. The 20th, however, by this time were shooting at every white face in sight. The 3rd Cavalry galloped on errands of arson and murder to the officers' houses. Flames broke out on every side. A score of bungalows were burning. The rabble in the bazaar added themselves to the mutineers, and shouts from the mob, the long-drawn-out splutter of venomous musketry, the shrieks of flying victims, broke the quiet of the Sabbath evening.

Such of the Europeans in Meerut that night as could make their escape to the British lines were safe; but for the rest, every person of European blood who fell into the hands of the mutineers or of the bazaar rabble was slain, irrespective of age or sex. Brave men were hunted like rats through the burning streets, or died fighting for their wives and little ones. English women were outraged and mutilated. Little children were impaled on Sepoy bayonets, or hewn to bits with tulwars. And all this within rifle-shot of lines where might have been gathered, with a single bugle-blast, some 2,200 British troops!

General Hewitt did, indeed, very late in the evening march his troops on to the general parade-ground, and deployed them into line. But the Sepoys had vanished; some on errands of murder and rapine, the great body clattering off in disconnected groups

along the thirty odd miles of dusty road, barred by two rivers, which led to Delhi.

One trivial miscalculation robbed the outbreak of what might well have been its most disastrous feature. The Sepoys calculated on finding the Rifles, armed only with their side-arms, in the church. But on that very evening, by some happy chance, the church parade was fixed for half an hour later than the previous Sunday. So the Native Cavalry galloped down to the lines of the Rifles half an hour too soon, and found their intended victims actually under arms ! They wheeled off promptly towards the gaol ; but the narrow margin of that half-hour saved the Rifles from surprise and slaughter.

Hewitt had, as we have seen, in addition to the Rifles, a strong troop of horse artillery and 600 British sabres in hand. He could have pursued the mutineers and cut them down ruthlessly in detail. The gallant officers of the Carabineers pleaded for an order to pursue, but in vain. Hewitt did not even send news to Delhi of the revolt ! With a regiment of British rifles, 1,000 strong, standing in line, he did not so much as shoot down, with one fierce and wholesome volley, the budmashes, who were busy in murder and outrage among the bungalows. When day broke Meerut showed streets of ruins blackened with fire, and splashed red with the blood of murdered Englishmen and Englishwomen. According to the official report, ' groups of savages were actually seen gloating over the mangled and mutilated remains of their victims.' Yet Hewitt thought he satisfied all the obligations of a British soldier by peacefully and methodically collecting the bodies of slaughtered Englishmen and Englishwomen. He did not shoot or hang a single murderer !

It is idle, indeed, to ask what the English at Meerut did on the night of the 10th ; it is simpler to say what they did not do. Hewitt did nothing that night ; did nothing with equal diligence the next day—while the Sepoys that had fled from Meerut were slaying at will in the streets of Delhi. He allowed his brigade, in a helpless fashion, to bivouac on the parade-ground ; then, in default of any ideas of his own, took somebody else's equally helpless advice, and led his troops back to their cantonments to protect them !

General Hewitt explained afterwards that while he was responsible for the district, his brigadier, Archdale Wilson, was in command of the station. Wilson replied that ' by the regulations,

Section XVII.,' he was under the directions of General Hewitt, and, if he did nothing, it was because that inert warrior ordered nothing to be done. Wilson, it seems, advised Hewitt not to attempt any pursuit, as it was uncertain which way the mutineers had gone. That any attempt might be made to dispel that uncertainty did not occur, apparently, to either of the two surprising officers in command at Meerut! A battery of galloper guns outside the gates of Delhi might have saved that city. It might, indeed, have arrested the Great Mutiny.

But all India waited, listening in vain for the sound of Hewitt's cannon. The divisional commander was reposing in his arm-chair at Meerut; his brigadier was contemplating 'the regulations, Section XVII.,' and finding there reasons for doing nothing, while mutiny went unwhipped at Meerut, and was allowed at Delhi to find a home, a fortress, and a crowned head! It was rumoured, indeed, and believed for a moment, over half India, that the British in Meerut had perished to a man. How else could it be explained that, at a crisis so terrible, they had vanished so completely from human sight and hearing? Not till May 24—a fortnight after the outbreak—did a party of Dragoons move out from Meerut to suppress some local plunderers in the neighbourhood.

One flash of wrathful valour, it is true, lights up the ignominy of this story. A native butcher was boasting in the bazaar at Meerut how he had killed the wife of the adjutant of the 11th. One of the officers of that regiment heard the story. He suddenly made his appearance in the bazaar, seized the murderer, and brought him away a captive, holding a loaded pistol to his head. A drum-head court-martial was improvised, and the murderer was promptly hanged. But this represents well-nigh the only attempt made at Meerut during the first hours after the outbreak to punish the mutiny and vindicate law.

Colonel Mackenzie, indeed, relates one other incident of a kind to supply a grim satisfaction to the humane imagination even at this distance of time. Mackenzie was a subaltern in one of the revolting regiments—the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry. When the mutiny broke out he rode straight to the lines, did his best to hold the men steady, and finally had to ride for his life with two brother officers, Lieutenant Craigie and Lieutenant Clarke. Here is Colonel Mackenzie's story. The group, it must be remembered, were riding at a gallop.

The telegraph lines were cut, and a slack wire, which I did not see, as it swung across the road, caught me full on the chest, and bowled me over into the dust. Over my prostrate body poured the whole column of our followers, and I well remember my feelings as I looked up at the shining hoofs. Fortunately I was not hurt, and regaining my horse, I remounted, and soon nearly overtook Craigie and Clarke, when I was horror-struck to see a palanquin-garry—a sort of box-shaped venetian-sided carriage—being dragged slowly onwards by its driverless horse, while beside it rode a trooper of the 3rd Cavalry, plunging his sword repeatedly through the open window into the body of its already dead occupant—an unfortunate European woman. But Nemesis was upon the murderer. In a moment Craigie had dealt him a swinging cut across the back of the neck, and Clarke had run him through the body. The wretch fell dead, the first Sepoy victim at Meerut to the sword of the avenger of blood.

For the next few weeks Hewitt was probably the best execrated man in all India. We have only to imagine what would have happened if a Lawrence, instead of a Hewitt, had commanded at Meerut that night, to realise for how much one fool counts in human history. That Hewitt did not stamp out mutiny or avenge murder in Meerut was bad; his most fatal blunder was that he neither pursued the mutineers in their flight to Delhi, nor marched hard on their tracks to the help of the little British colony there.

Lord Roberts, indeed, holds that pursuit would have been ‘futile,’ and that no action by the British commanders at Meerut could have saved Delhi; and this is the judgment, recorded in cold blood nearly forty years afterwards, by one of the greatest of British soldiers. Had the Lord Roberts of Candahar, however, been in command himself at Meerut, it may be shrewdly suspected the mutineers would not have gone unpursued, nor Delhi unwarned! Amateur judgments are not, of course, to be trusted in military affairs; but to the impatient civilian judgment it seems as if the massacres in Delhi, the long and bitter siege, the whole tragical tale of the Mutiny, might have been avoided if Hewitt had possessed one thrill of the fierce energy of Nicholson, or one breath of the proud courage of Havelock.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

I. FROM STAMFORD.

It is more by good luck than through any wisdom or virtue of our own that we find ourselves in Stamford. We were mooning, I might almost say honey-mooning, in that pleasant corner of the Midlands where Northamptonshire thrusts itself between Rutland and Huntingdon in order to shake hands with Lincolnshire. We had exhausted the very considerable merits of Oundle spire, and of King's Cliffe sacred to William Law, and were hesitating as to the next remove. Peterborough we knew had no attractions outside its magnificent cathedral; and even that masterpiece has suffered so much from pious people since Cromwell's troopers assembled in its nave, that it brings as much pain as pleasure to visit it. Someone spoke of Stamford, but, beyond suggesting a certain earldom, the name roused no memories. 'Burleigh House by Stamford-town,' murmured my wife. We are both very susceptible to the poetical associations of places, and an apposite quotation has often turned the balance of our constitutional indecision. But this was more than could be borne. 'No,' I said, 'that is too early Victorian altogether; if you think the place will be like that, let it remain unvisited for ever. I would rather wait endlessly for the train at Coventry, and hang with grooms and porters on the bridge to watch the three tall spires. I need not repeat the dialogue that followed. I was reminded that I myself had very recently made an attempt to see Hatfield, which had not succeeded, and that Burleigh belonged to an elder branch of the same great family; that our best cut-glass decanters had come from an old Lord Exeter's sale; and, finally, that if I despised Tennyson I might produce something more poetical from Drayton's 'Polyolbion' or 'Drunken Barnabee's Journey.' I was about to change the subject, when there flashed through my mind Justice Shallow's question to his cousin Silence, 'How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?' *i.e.* how much were they selling for? a question to which, it will be remembered, Silence could give no answer because he had not been there. At the first blush the question seemed trivial enough, with no impulse in it to persuade

or deter. But as the whole context came back into memory, I was not so sure that it might not be a veritable *sors Shakesperiana* charged with import.

Shallow. The mad days that I have spent, and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!

Silence. We shall all follow, cousin!

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Silence. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

The words began to ring their solemn changes in my head; the certainty of death, the sureness of it, the certainty to all, old acquaintances gone, and all to follow; sure and certain, certain and sure; and then against this background of inevitable fate, the acknowledgment, full of shame, that I too had not been to Stamford, and could not answer the simplest question about it, even as to the market price of a yoke of oxen. 'We will go,' I said suddenly, 'and go this very night; for death is certain.' My wife, not having followed my train of thought, looked a little surprised, but made no demur; only remarking that, notwithstanding the certainty I spoke of, she would go and telegraph for dinner to be ready upon our arrival.

That is how we came here; and, having come, we saw and were conquered by the quiet and yet romantic beauty of the place. It lies upon either bank of the river Welland, and so in two counties, rising somewhat steeply on each side, both streets being crowned by a church, the one dedicated to St. Mary, the other to St. Martin. The houses are of grey stone, and the architecture apparently of every century but the present, from Norman to Georgian, but the characteristic features which look out upon one from every corner are thirteenth or fourteenth century. Stamford is, in fact, still what a Dutch friend of mine called a 'middle-aged' town. May it never know senility! As we stood on the bridge (not, alas, the beautiful bridge figured in old prints with the Town Hall at one extremity; but a new structure of stone erected at a cost of 8,500*l.*) and looked at the clustered roofs on one side, and on the other at the long grey walls of an ancient almshouse, we could imagine ourselves back in Chaucer's England.

The stone so lavishly used comes from the neighbouring quarries of Ketton and Barnack, and the very town takes its name, on the most probable etymology, from the fact of the ford across

the Welland, before there was any bridge, having been paved. When we came to turn over the local histories and guide books, we grew not a little ashamed of the extent of our ignorance about a place which in its day had played, according to these authorities, so prominent a part in English history. The learned Dr. Peck, for example, who devoted a great folio to the chronicles of the town up to the reign of King Henry VI., opens his preface with the following comprehensive sentence :

As to the compass of this work in general, it is a brief chronicle of every reign ; in particular, it is the antiquarian annals of the town of Stanford. If we consider it as a brief chronicle of every reign, there were so many important affairs of so many of our kings themselves transacted here, that the reader will be surprised to find this one place should be the scene of so many great and curious adventures.

The town's legend—using that word without prejudice, as it is used of the saints—opens as early as the days of King Bladud of Britain who flourished in the eighth century before our era. He is said to have imported art and letters from Greece, and to have founded a university for the woaded autochthonous inhabitants of the island, a tradition which seems to be confirmed by the popularity of university colleges in Wales at the present day. Hardyng, the poet and forger (if the word be not the same), thus celebrates his foundation :

When at Athens he had studied clere,
He brought with him iiij philosophers wise,
Scholē to hold in Britain and exercise ;
Stanford he made that Stanford hight this day,
In which he made an university.

And the poet Higgins, in the 'Mirroure for Magistrates,' celebrates the salubrity of the site chosen by King Bladud :

An healthful place, not low nor high,
An wholesome soil for their behove
With water streams and springs for wells,
And meadows sweet and valleys green,
And woods, groves, quarries, all things else
For students' weal or pleasure been.

Englishmen, however, never forget that they are a conquering race, and they cannot be brought to regard Celtic antiquities and aspirations with the serious interest they deserve. And so, on this occasion, we skipped several books of Dr. Peck's laborious annals until we came to Vortigern, who had the foresight to invite our own English ancestors into the kingdom, and by our aid

routed the Picts and Scots in the memorable battle fought at Stamford in 449 A.D. Later, during the Danish wars, when our peaceful English colonies were attacked by marauding bands of sea-rovers, under the flag of the Black Raven, Stamford seems to have changed hands more than once. The learned pseudo-Ingulphus, abbat of the neighbouring monastery of Croyland, and secretary to William the Conqueror, has an animated if somewhat confused picture of the great battle fought at Threkingham, so called, according to an early etymology, because the Danes lost three kings there. Kings, however, in those days were plentiful, and, reinforced by a fresh supply, the Danes renewed battle the next morning after their defeat. The English, notwithstanding their success, had, for some reason, lost heart and melted away during the night, all but two hundred men of Stamford, under a valiant knight called Harding (not the poet, who lived under James I.).

Sir Harding formed them into solid phalanx. But whether they had not attended with sufficient care at the lectures of the Regius Professor of War, on King Bladud's foundation, and so, as is sometimes seen in their descendants, zeal was more strongly developed than tactical skill—whatever the reason, the fact is chronicled, that by a pretended flight the Danes broke up their serried ranks and presently annihilated them, making Stamford into one of the five burghs of their new kingdom. In the days of the Plantagenets we read of parliaments and councils, and great tournaments being held at Stamford; and there gleam and flash through the illuminated pages of the old chronicles stirring scenes between King John and his barons, and between Henry III. and his barons, and we see Edward II. sign here the order for the recall of Piers Gaveston; and Richard II., 'that sweet lovely rose' (perhaps not altogether uncankered), resolve upon the abolition of the Mayor of London, because the citizens had refused him 1,000*l*. But in the civil wars between York and Lancaster the town comes again more prominently into history. It had been given by Edward III. to his son Edmund, Duke of York, so that it could not, like some other towns, turn its coat with the varying fortunes of the fight. Accordingly, when in 1461 the Lancastrians triumphed at the battle of Wakefield, Stamford had a bad time of it. 'For Andrew Trollop, grand captaine, & as it were leader of the battel, with a great armie of Scots, Welchmen, & other strangers, beside the northern men, destroyed the townes of Grantham, Stanford, Peterborough, Huntingdon, Roiston, Melle-

borne, & in a manner all the towns by the way unto S. Albans; sparing neither abbeies, priores, or parish churches, but bare away crosses, chalices, bookes, ornaments, and other things, whatsoever was worth the carriage, as tho they had been Saracens & no christians.' Thus the learned Stow. And the learned Leland says compendiously: 'The northern men brent miche of Staunforde tounne. It was not since fully reedified.' The learned Peck enumerates six churches which were destroyed and not rebuilt. As the first thing to strike a stranger to-day in Stamford is the very large number of churches, the determination not to rebuild points to the adoption of a more utilitarian standard and some recognition of the law of supply and demand, rather than to any complete destitution or demoralisation of the inhabitants. For, bad though the times were for Yorkists while the she-wolf Margaret prowled and prowled around, the coming to the throne of Edward IV. brought back something of the golden age; but the walls and towers were never rebuilt, nor could the beautiful Eleanor cross be replaced. Already in 1461 Edward had incorporated the town; and subsequently granted it leave to impale the royal arms along with the coat of the Warrens, its old feudal lords. This distinction the poet connects with the battle of Loose-coat field, so called because the Lancastrians in their flight cast away all *impedimenta*.

No city, borough, town, nor corporation,
Within the circuit of the British nation,
Such noble arms do bear upon their shield
As those which Stamford gained in Loose-coat field.

I find these elegant lines in the bookseller Harrod's abridgment of Peck's folio, and I have little doubt that Mr. Harrod is their author. He was guilty, earlier in life, of a tragedy called 'The Patriot,' which he dedicated most obediently, devotedly, and humbly to that representative patriot, William Beckford, Esq.

It would be tedious to follow these learned antiquaries into all the details of the town's subsequent history, which reduce themselves pretty much to royal visits. Including one by our own gracious Sovereign, these are said to number thirteen. Bluff King Hal passed through on two occasions, on one of them receiving (for some unassigned reason) a present of 20*l.*; Elizabeth and James honoured the town once each; Charles I. was here thrice, the first time in state, preceded by the mayor with the mace, when he was on his way to Scotland to be crowned, the last time in the disguise of a servant after his escape from Oxford. King

William slept in 1696 at the house of one Mrs. Riley, and went twice to look at the paintings in Burghley House; no doubt praising them, and expecting them to be presented. Another potentate, the great Protector, was also here and at Burleigh House, but he was not received with open arms, and had to prevail upon Lord Exeter with gunpowder to admit him. Stamford, as became a city bearing the royal coat, was ever passionately loyal; and this feeling extended from the citizens to the freestone of the buildings. Thus it is reported that when Elizabeth visited the city she dined at the White Friary; which, as soon as she had left the house, fell to the ground. On the other hand, Cromwell's horse fell as he was mounting a step, and in rising struck its master's head against the lintel of a door with such violence that he was carried to his house almost dead. So too on the occasion of Queen Anne's death—a circumstance so momentous that it passed into a proverb—the townspeople burned the Presbyterian meeting-house to relieve their feelings. 'Among the crowd that surrounded this melancholy spectacle,' records the historian, 'was a fiery Jacobite named Roger Dobbies, who, spreading his hands before the flame, said, "Gentlemen, this is a blessed blaze:" then lit his pipe with a splinter of the wreck.'

We were much impressed, when we first took up Dr. Peck's volume, by the title-page, which speaks of Stamford as '*Academia Tertia Anglicana*'; and at first, as we explored our way through his early chapters, we took this to be a delicate compliment to King Bladud, of famous memory. But as we read further we came upon an interesting piece of history, which, as it is not touched upon in the late Mr. Green's picturesque pages, is probably quite unknown to this generation, and I may shortly tell it. Certain Oxford students, according to Selden, migrated in 1260 by royal licence to Northampton; but when six years later they took the part of the barons and helped in the repulse of the King's troops the licence was withdrawn. Some thereupon returned to Oxford, but others, attracted by the fame of the Carmelite schools, went on to Stamford. The one unmistakable relic of their sojourn is the beautiful gate of Brasenose College in St. Paul's Street. Other halls and colleges were gradually built: Sempringham Hall for Gilbertine monks, Black Hall possibly for Dominicans, Vaudey Hall for monks belonging to the Abbey of Vaudey (*de valle Dei*). Presently the number of students was increased by a second secession from Oxford at the end of 1333,

chiefly from Merton, because that college refused to elect Northern men to their fellowships on the same terms as the Southerners. Mr. Nevinson, the learned editor of a modern guide-book to the town, suggests that the great monastery of Durham, which as in duty bound backed the Northern faction, may have offered them the Priory of St. Leonard, which, as to part of the nave, is still standing. In a petition to the King, the seceders say (in Dr. Peck's version of the original Latin) :

To our Lord the K. and to his council, pray the clerck's residing in the town of Staunford, that whereas by reason of many debates, counsels, and differences, which long time have been and still are in the University of Oxenford, whereby great damages, perils, deaths, murders, maims, and robberies, oftentimes have happened, for which, in hopes of the good grace of our Lord the K., they have retreated out of the said town of Oxenford to the town of Staunford, to study and profit more in quiet and in peace than they were wont to do, by permission of the nobleman John E. of Waren; that it would please our lord the K. to suffer the said clerck's for the future (which are his liege people) to continue in the said town of Staunford under the protection, &c.

But vested interests in Oxford proved too strong. The authorities also for their part appealed to the King, who ordered the Sheriff of Lincolnshire to prohibit the lectures and disperse the students, promising redress of grievances. Some retired, others remained. Being again petitioned from Oxford, the King sent the Sheriff once more, this time with orders to bring in the names of the recusants. There proved to be seventeen masters, one bachelor, six parish priests, then as ever devoted to learning, fourteen students, and many scholars and servants, among them 'Philip Obsonator Aeneasensis'—Philip the manciple of B.N.C. These were imprisoned for a time and then packed off back to Oxford; but the ringleader, one 'H. de R.,' had his name, whatever it was, struck off the university roll and his goods confiscated. To prevent any similar secessions in future, both the universities passed statutes imposing an oath on all candidates for degrees not to lecture or attend lectures in other places; Oxford, in the bitterness of her spirit, specifying by name the obnoxious town of Stamford. 'Jurabis quod non leges nec audies *Stanfordiæ*, tanquam in Universitate, studio vel collegio generali.' I have quoted poetry on King Bladud's university I must allow myself a few lines also upon this abortive scheme; not from Higgins, however, but Spenser, who in the 'Faery Queene' (IV. xi. 35) records Merlin's prophecy of a time

Which shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams,

Merlin's verses, which owing to his connection with King Bladud's university are in scholastic Latin, run as follows:

Doctrinæ studium quod nunc viget *ad vada boum*
Ante finem sæculi celebrabitur *ad vada saxi*.

We have been much struck in going about Stamford by the number of pious foundations. One is a particularly interesting building, though it has suffered restoration. Still the comfort of the inmates has been considered in the restoration, so that grumbling is perhaps ungenerous. Under the old arrangement the poor brethren were lodged in pens, on each side of a large hall, which terminated in a chapel: just as they still are in the almshouse at Chichester; under the new conditions they live in more spacious and better ventilated houses round a cloister. We had some talk with one of the dozen poor brothers, who was very proud of his establishment, but asked me to explain, what very much puzzled him, why the brethren should have only six shillings a week apiece, and the chaplain as much as six pounds. I could only suggest that perhaps the brethren had very tough hearts, hard to work. The brother showed me a Latin inscription said to be the composition of Mr. William Browne, the founder of the almshouse, evidently regarding it as his Magna Carta; but I was obliged to explain to him that it could not be by Mr. Browne as it recorded his death, and that no particulars were given of the ratio in which the funds were to be distributed.

This William Browne was alderman, draper, and merchant of the staple at Calais, then, of course, an English town; whence these hospitals are locally known as 'Callises.' He is buried with Margaret, his wife, in All Saints' Church with a fine brass to cover them, which still remains. Over his head is the legend 'X me spede,' and over his wife's 'Dere lady, help at nede.' He is said to have built, besides the hospital, the fine spire of the church in which he lies; and about that Mr. Harrod, the bookseller and tragic poet, has a tale to tell: 'Mr. Browne had arms placed on the north side of All Saints' steeple; chusing the obscurer side, I suppose, as less ostentatious. But about thirty years ago [*i.e.* 1775], a *Vandal* of a butcher, being churchwarden, tore down these arms, and with equal propriety set up a clock-dial on this obscure side in their place.' This butcher, alas, was not the only *Vandal* who had visited Stamford. In pacing through the churches, we were continually being reminded of how much havoc had been wrought there in

the best of names. *Tantum religio* &c. In the quiet and retired church of St. George, for example, rebuilt by the first Garter king-at-arms, William Bruges, there had once been pictured in the windows portraits of King Edward III., and the first five-and-twenty Knights of the Garter, with their bearings. Their glory has proved a symbol of this world's brittleness, and they are all gone.

The events which the local antiquaries seem most to pride themselves upon are a bitter persecution of the Jews in 1290 and a 'bull-running' on each 13th of November, which lasted from King John's time till it was suppressed in 1839. Of the Jew-baiting I extract a summary account from Mr. Harrod's compendium :

The Jews growing odious by their avarice and usury, their synagogues at Stamford and Huntingdon were profaned, says Leland, and their furniture and noble libraries sold by outcry ; there were then 15,060 of them expelled the kingdom. Their houses and bonds, says Hollingshed, were confiscated, but they had a licence to take with them all their money and moveables. Many of the richest, having hired a ship, on which they put on board their treasure ; when it had got to the mouth of the Thames the master of her cast anchor, till the ebb left her on dry land ; then, walking with the Jews on shore for recreation, he stayed till he was privately informed that the tide was coming, he then hastened to the ship, into which he was drawn by a rope.

The Jews not knowing this till some time after, they cried to him for help ; but he told them they should cry unto Moses, who had conveyed their ancestors through the Red Sea, for he was sure if they did so he was able enough to help them ; they cried, indeed, but as Moses did not think proper to assist them they were all drowned, for which many of the mariners were hanged.

This sporting tale would seem to have given rise to two familiar phrases : 'On the faith of a Christian' and 'Credat Judæus.' The other famous baiting is said to have arisen in the time of the first Earl Warren, who from his castle wall saw two bulls in a meadow fighting for a cow. Upon the scene then came a butcher, who set his dog upon his own bull and pursued it into the town, where all the other available dogs joined in the chase. Earl Warren descended from his castle, and laughed so heartily to see the sport that he gave the meadow as a common to the town butchers to feed their cattle upon after the first grass had been eaten, on condition that annually they should find a mad bull to renew the pastime. The antiquaries are divided between disgust at the amusement, which they call 'beastly and mischievous,' and satisfaction at retaining a custom so ancient and unique. One of them recovers an old proverb, 'As mad as the

baiting bull of Stamford.' Another compares the *Taurovilia* of the ancient Romans. Another calculates that up to the year 1785 the noble Earl had by his benefaction caused the death of 570 bulls, and the widowhood of not less, on a modest computation, than 5,700 cows. Another describes it at such length, and with such *gusto*, that his successor remarks with sarcasm 'Mr. Howgrave's History will open almost of it's own accord at the place of it's description.' The same writer, however, laments the decay of picturesqueness in the performance of the annual rite. 'Nearly half a century ago I remember that the greatest part of the *Bullards* had uncouth and antic dresses, which they prepared with secret pride against the grand day; I remember that, for a week before this day, these imps, as soon as it grew dark, began to extend their jaws and bawl out *Hoy Bull Hoy* with great fury; seeing him, as *Shakespeare* says, in their mind's eye. I remember—but *piget meminisse*; these days are over.' I have already noted that this curious custom was put down in 1839 by the authorities, but the suppression required the presence of a detachment of dragoons. Mr. Harrod, whom I have already more than once quoted, speaking of the decay of the true spirit of recreation among the English populace, has some wise remarks which I will transcribe, without expressing any opinion of the authority by whom he defends them. 'The common people, confined by daily labour, seem to require their proper intervals of relaxation, which is absolutely necessary for the better performing of the duties of life; and I perfectly agree with that amiable writer Mr. *Sterne* in thinking that *Religion* may mix herself in the Dance, and that innocent Cheerfulness is no inconsiderable part of Devotion.'

I must not close this letter without some mention of the distinguished people who have honoured Stamford by their birth, or residence, or other compliment. I need say nothing about the great Lord Burghley, or of Archbishop Laud, once vicar of St. Martin's, because their fame flies through the lips of men; for quite the opposite reason I need say nothing of the two brothers Jackson who both were, in their day, Preachers at Lincoln's Inn, and subsequently, the one Dean of Christ Church, the other Bishop of Oxford; but I like to note that George Gascoigne, a meritorious Elizabethan poet, lies buried here; and that another lover of the Muses, the Rev. Thomas Seaton, founder of the prize at Cambridge for an English poem on a sacred subject,

was the son of a Stamford mayor. Another famous clergyman of the place, a Mr. Johnson, of the Spalding Johnsons, was the founder of Oakham and Uppingham grammar schools, twins of curiously different growth; and I must not omit the reverend antiquary to whom the history of the town owes so much, the learned Peck, who was born here in 1692. Readers of the most modern literature may care to be told that the town has also the credit of producing Sir Hudson Lowe. But none of these worthies can compete in glory with the great Daniel Lambert, whose monument at the back of St. Martin's Church is thus inscribed:

In remembrance of that prodigy in nature DANIEL LAMBERT, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the legs, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed fifty-two stone, eleven pounds. He departed this life on June 21, 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends in Leicestershire.

N.B.—The stone of 14 lbs.

The reader shall form his own conclusions as to the significance of the final statement.

One of the most interesting things in the records preserved by the Rev. Mr. Forster, one of the earliest of the long line of Stamford antiquaries, is a curious case of healing, performed upon the body of one Samuel Wallis by a stranger. The relation, written down by Wallis's own hand, is (somewhat condensed) as follows:

First of all, my sickness was a surfeit taken by carrying in of two loads of wood into my own yard upon our greengoose faire day; it was in the year of our Lord 1645, & the day was very hot, so I tooke in hand for to carry it in my self. And when I found my self very hott, & weary, & dry, I went into the house, & dranke, & all unbrased, I layd me downe upon the grasse: And this I did at the least a half-dozen times before I had carryed it all in. At the last when I had carryed it all in, I thought myself to be very well, but only I was very hott. But in that night I fell very sick, so that many said, I should not live. So I continued very bad. But at length it turned to a feaver, & the extremity of the feaver brought me to a deep consumption. Yet I wrought of my trade for the space of four years a little; & then I grew so weak, that I could not maintain my trade any longer. . . . Then I lay in bed for the space of two whole years, except the time of my bed making, sometime about an hour when I found myself in my best ease.

Upon Whitson Sunday, about six o'clock in the afternoon, after evening sermon, being but newly up, the woman that kept me had made me a fire, & was gone forth & had shut to the doores. And as I came from my bed by the way in the window, there I tooke a paire of spectacles, & a little booke (the booke is called, 'Abrahams sute for Sodom') & I read about the space of halfe an hour; then I hard one rap at the doore, so I supposed it for to be a stranger because they came not in, & being that it was the Sabbath day. So, being that the doore was shut, I was constrained for to go my self. So I laide down the booke,

So I tooke my stick in my hand &, by the wall with my other hand, I went to the doore; which I had not been so far of two years before. And when I had opened the doore, there I did behold a fine, proper, tall, grave, old man.

He said, friend, I pray thee, give an old pilgrim a cup of thy small beer. I said, Sir I pray you come in. He said, friend, call me not Sir, for I am no sir; but come in I must, for I cannot pass thy doore, before I doe come in. I said, Sir, I pray you, come in & welcome; for indeed I had thought he had been so dry, that he could not passe the doore before he had drunk: therefore thus did I expect. So we both came in together, & left the doors both open. So with my stick in one hand & by the wall with my other, I went and drew him a cup of small beer; & I gave it him in his hand, & full glad was I to sit me down. So he walked twice or thrice to & fro, & then dranke, & thus did he walk to & fro three times, before that he had drank it all off. And then he came, & set the cup in the window by me. Then I thought that he had been going, but he was not. So he walked to & fro as he did before. All this while he said nothing to me, nor I to him. Then when he came almost at me, he said,

Friend, thou art not well. I said, no, truly, Sir, I have not been well these many years. He said, what is thy disease; I said, in a deep consumption, Sir, & our doctors saie I am past cure. He said, in that they say very well. But what have they given thee for it? I said, truly, sir, nothing, for I am a very poor man, & unable to follow Doctors advice; so I willingly commit my self into the hands of the Almighty God: whatever his will is I am very well content. In that, said he, thou saiest very well; but I will tell thee what to do by the help and power of the Almighty God above; I pray thee remember my words & observe them & do it. But, whatsoever thou doest, above all things, fear God & serve him.

To-morrow, when thou risest, go into thy garden, & there gather two red sage leaves & one bloudwort leaf, & put these three leaves into a cup of small beer, & let them lye in the cup the space of three day together; drinke as oft as need require, & when thou hast drunke it all off, fill the cup againe. But the fourth day in the morning cast them away & put in three fresh leaves. And this do every fourth day for 12 daies together, neither more nor less. Therefore I pray thee remember my words, & observe them & do it; but how soever thou doest, above all things fear God & serve him. And for the space of these 12 dayes, thou must drink neither ale nor strong beer: yet afterwards thou maist, a little: & thou shalt see through the goodness & mercy of God unto thee, that before these 12 dayes be forth, thy disease will be cur'd, & thy body alter'd. But, said he, this is not all, for thou must change the air for thy health. Thou must go three, four, or five miles off, but if it be twenty miles off the better: & then thou must continue in the fresh air for the space of a whole month. Therefore I pray thee remember my words which I say unto thee, & observe them, & do it: but howsoever thou doest, above all things fear God & serve him. Now, friend, said he, I must be going.

But he stopped on the threshold to repeat his admonition; and Samuel Wallis respected it and was cured. The famous Presbyterian divine, Mr. Samuel Clerke, in his 'Examples' tells us 'that this affair being noised abroad, divers ministers met together at Stamford to consider and consult about it; and for many reasons were induced to believe that this cure was wrought by the ministry of a good angel.'

URBANUS SYLVAN.

COUNT HANNIBAL.¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER I.

CRIMSON FAVOURS.

M. DE TAVANNES smiled. Mademoiselle averted her eyes, and shivered; as if the air, even of that close summer night, entering by the door at her elbow, chilled her. And then came a welcome interruption.

‘Tavannes!’

‘Sire!’

Count Hannibal rose slowly. The King had called; he had no choice but to obey and go. Yet he hung one last moment over his companion, his hateful breath stirring her hair. ‘Our pleasure is too soon cut short, Mademoiselle,’ he said, in the tone she loathed. ‘But for a few hours only. We shall meet to-morrow. Or, it may be—earlier.’

She did not answer, and ‘Tavannes!’ the King repeated with violence. ‘Tavannes! Mordieu!’ his Majesty continued furiously. ‘Will no one fetch him? Sacré nom, am I King, or a dog of a——’

‘Sire, I come!’ the Vicomte cried hastily, for Charles, King of France, Ninth of the name, was none of the most patient; and scarce another in the Court would have ventured to keep him waiting so long. ‘I come, sire; I come!’ Tavannes repeated.

He shouldered his way through the circle of courtiers, who barred the road to the presence, and in part hid Mademoiselle from observation. He pushed past the table at which Charles and the Comte de Rochefoucauld had been playing primero, and at which the latter still sat, trifling idly with the cards. Three more paces, and he reached the King, who stood in the *ruelle*

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with Rambouillet and the Italian Marshal. It was the latter who, a moment before, had summoned his Majesty from his game.

Mademoiselle, watching him go, saw so much ; so much, and the King's roving eyes and haggard face, and the four figures, posed apart in the fuller light of the upper half of the Chamber. Then the circle of courtiers came together before her, and she sat back on her stool. A fluttering, long-drawn sigh escaped her. Now, if she could slip out and escape ! Now—and she looked round. She was not far from the door ; to withdraw seemed easy. But a staring, whispering knot of gentlemen and pages blocked the way ; and the girl, ignorant of the etiquette of the Court and with no more than a week's experience of Paris, had not the courage to rise and pass alone through the group.

She had come to the Louvre this Saturday evening under the wing of Madame d'Yverne, her *fiancé's* cousin. By ill hap Madame had been summoned to the Princess Dowager's closet, and perforce had left her. Still, Mademoiselle had her betrothed, and in his charge had sat herself down to wait, nothing loth, in the great gallery, where all was bustle and gaiety and entertainment. For this, the seventh day of the fêtes, held to celebrate the marriage of the King of Navarre and Charles's sister—a marriage which was to reconcile the two factions of the Huguenots and the Catholics, so long at war—saw the Louvre as gay, as full, and as lively as the first of the fête days had found it ; and in the humours of the throng, in the ceaseless passage of masks and maids of honour, guards and bishops, Swiss in the black, white, and green of Anjou, and Huguenot nobles in more sombre habits, the country-bred girl had found recreation and to spare. Until gradually the evening had worn away and she had grown nervous ; and M. de Tignonville, her betrothed, placing her in the embrasure of a window, had gone to seek Madame.

She had waited after his departure without much misgiving ; expecting each moment to see him return. He would be back before she could count a hundred ; he would be back before she could number the leagues that separated her from her beloved province, from her home by the Biscay Sea, to which even in that brilliant scene her thoughts turned fondly. But the minutes had passed, and passed, and he had not returned. Worse, in his place Tavannes—not the Marshal, but his brother Count Hannibal—had found her ; he, whose odious court, at once a

menace and an insult, had subtly enveloped her for a week past. He had sat down beside her, had taken possession of her, and, profiting by her inexperience, had played on her fears and smiled at her dislike. Finally, whether she would or no, he had swept her with him into the Chamber. The rest had been an obsession, a nightmare, from which only the King's voice summoning Tavannes to his side had relieved her.

The question was how to escape before he returned, and before another, seeing her alone, adopted his *rôle* and was rude to her. Already the courtiers about her were beginning to stare, the pages to turn and titter and whisper. Direct her gaze as she might, she met some eye watching her, some couple enjoying her confusion. To make matters worse, she discovered on a sudden that she was the only woman in the Chamber; perhaps she had no right to be there at this hour. At the thought her cheeks burned, her eyes dropped; the room seemed to buzz with her name, with gross words and jests, and gibes at her expense.

At last, when the situation was growing unbearable, the group before the door parted, and Tignonville appeared. The girl rose with a cry of relief, and he came to her. The courtiers glanced at the two and smiled.

He did not conceal his astonishment. 'But, Mademoiselle, how came you here?' he asked in a low voice. He was as conscious of the attention they attracted as she, and as uncertain on the point of her right to be there. 'I left you in the gallery. I came back, missed you, and——'

She stopped him by a gesture. 'Not here!' she muttered, with suppressed impatience. 'I will tell you outside. Take me—take me out, if you please, Monsieur!'

He was as glad to be gone as she was to go. The group by the doorway parted; she passed through it, he followed. In a moment the two stood in the great gallery. The crowd who had paraded here an hour before were gone, and the vast echoing apartment, used at that date as a guard-room, was well-nigh empty. Only at rare intervals, in the embrasure of a window or the recess of a door, a couple talked softly. At the farther end, at the head of the staircase which led to the hall below, and the courtyard, a group of armed Swiss lounged on guard. Mademoiselle shot a keen glance up and down, then she turned to her lover, her face hot with indignation.

‘Why did you leave me?’ she cried. ‘Why did you leave me, if you could not come back at once? Do you understand, sir,’ she continued with passion, ‘that it was at your instance I came to Paris, that I came to this Court, and that I look to you for protection?’

‘Surely,’ he said. ‘And——’

‘And do you think Carlat and his wife fit guardians for me? Should I have come or thought of coming to this wedding, but for your promise, and Madame your cousin’s? If I had not deemed myself almost your wife, sir,’ she continued warmly, ‘and secure of your protection, should I have come within a hundred miles of this dreadful city? To which, had I my will, none of our people should have come.’

‘Dreadful? Pardieu, not so dreadful,’ he answered, smiling, and striving to give the dispute a playful turn. ‘You have seen more in a week than you would have seen at Vrillac in a lifetime, Mademoiselle.’

‘And I choke!’ she retorted; ‘I choke! Do you not see how they look at us, at us Huguenots, in the street? How they, who live here, point at us and curse us? How the very dogs scent us out and snarl at our heels, and the babes cross themselves when we go by? Can you see the Place des Gastines and not think what stood there? Can you pass the Grève at night and not fill the air above the river with screams and wailings and horrible cries—the cries of our people murdered on that spot?’ She paused for breath, recovered herself a little, and in a lower tone, ‘For me,’ she said, ‘I think of Philippine de Luns by day and by night! The eaves are a threat to me; the tiles would fall on us had they their will; the houses nod to—to——’

‘To what, Mademoiselle?’ he asked, shrugging his shoulders and assuming a tone of cynicism.

‘To crush us! Yes, Monsieur, to crush us!’

‘And all this because I left you for a moment?’

‘For an hour—or well-nigh an hour,’ she answered more soberly.

‘But if I could not help it?’

‘You should have thought of that—before you brought me to Paris, Monsieur. In these troublous times.’

He coloured warmly. ‘You are unjust, Mademoiselle,’ he said. ‘There are things you forget; in a Court one is not always master of oneself.’

‘I know it,’ she answered drily, thinking of that through which she had gone.

‘But you do not know what happened!’ he returned with impatience. ‘You do not understand that I am not to blame. Madame d’Yverne, when I reached the Princess Dowager’s closet, had left to go to the Queen of Navarre. I hurried after her, and found a score of gentlemen in the King of Navarre’s chamber. They were holding a council, and they begged, nay, they compelled me to remain.’

‘And it was that which detained you so long?’

‘To be sure, Mademoiselle.’

‘And not—Madame St. Lo?’

M. de Tignonville’s face turned scarlet. The thrust in tierce was unexpected. This then was the key to Mademoiselle’s spirit of temper. ‘I do not understand you,’ he stammered.

‘How long were you in the King of Navarre’s chamber, and how long with Madame St. Lo?’ she asked with fine irony. ‘Or no, I will not tempt you,’ she went on quickly, seeing him hesitate. ‘I heard you talking to Madame St. Lo in the gallery while I sat within. And I know how long you were with her.’

‘I met Madame as I returned,’ he stammered, his face still hot, ‘and I asked her where you were. I did not know, Mademoiselle, that I was not to speak to ladies of my acquaintance.’

‘I was alone, and I was waiting.’

‘I could not know that—for certain,’ he answered, making the best of it. ‘You were not where I left you. I thought, I confess—that you had gone. That you had gone home.’

‘With whom? With whom?’ she repeated pitilessly. ‘Was it likely? With whom was I to go? And yet it is true, I might have gone home had I pleased—with M. de Tavannes! Yes,’ she continued, in a tone of keen reproach and with the blood mounting to her forehead, ‘it is to that, Monsieur, you expose me! To be pursued, molested, harassed by a man whose look terrifies me, and whose touch I—I hate! To be addressed wherever I go by a man whose every word proves that he thinks me game for the hunter, and you a thing he may neglect. You are a man and you do not know, you cannot know what I suffer! What I have suffered this week past whenever you have left my side!’

Tignonville looked gloomy. 'What has he said to you?' he asked, between his teeth.

'Nothing I can tell you,' she answered with a shudder. 'It was he who took me into the chamber.'

'Why did you go?'

'Wait until he bids you do something,' she answered. 'His manner, his smile, his tone, all frighten me. And to-night, in all these there was a something worse, a hundred times worse than when I saw him last—on Thursday! He seemed to—to gloat on me,' the girl stammered, with a flush of shame, 'as if I were his! Oh, Monsieur, I wish we had never left our Saintonge! Shall we ever see Vrillac again, and the fishers' huts about the port, and the sea beating blue against the long brown causeway?'

He had listened darkly, almost sullenly; but at this, seeing the tears gather in her eyes, he forced a laugh. 'Why, you are as bad as M. de Rosny and the Vidame!' he said. 'And they are as full of fears as an egg is of meat! Since the Admiral was wounded by that scoundrel on Friday, they think all Paris is in a league against us.'

'And why not?' she asked, her cheek grown pale, her eyes reading his eyes.

'Why not? Why, because it is a monstrous thing even to think of!' Tignonville answered, with the confidence of one who did not use the argument for the first time. 'Could they insult the King more deeply than by such a suspicion? A Borgia may kill his guests, but it was never a practice of the Kings of France! Pardieu, I have no patience with them! They may lodge where they please, across the river, or without the walls if they choose, the Rue de l'Arbre Sec is good enough for me, and the King's name sufficient surety!'

'I know you are not apt to be fearful,' she answered, smiling; and she looked at him with a woman's pride in her lover. 'All the same, you will not desert me again, sir, will you?'

He vowed he would not, kissed her hand, looked into her eyes; then melting to her, stammering, blundering, he named Madame St. Lo. She stopped him.

'There is no need,' she said, answering his look with kind eyes, and refusing to hear his protestations. 'In a fortnight will you not be my husband? How should I distrust you. It was only that while she talked, I waited—I waited; and—and that Madame St. Lo is Count Hannibal's cousin. For a moment I was mad

enough to fancy that she held you on purpose. You do not think it was so?’

‘She!’ he cried sharply; and winced, as if the thought hurt him. ‘Absurd! The truth is, Mademoiselle,’ he continued with a little heat, ‘you are like so many of our people! You think a Catholic capable of the worst.’

‘We have long thought so at Vrillac,’ she answered gravely.

‘That’s over now, if people would only understand. This wedding has put an end to all that. But I’m harking back,’ he continued awkwardly; and he stopped. ‘Instead, let me take you home.’

‘If you please. Carlat and the servants should be below.’

He took her left hand in his right after the wont of the day, and with his other hand touching his sword-hilt, he led her down the staircase. In the great hall, and without in the courtyard of the palace, a mob of armed servants, of lacqueys, and footboys bearing torches, and of valets carrying their masters’ cloaks and *galoshes*, loitered to and fro. Had M. de Tignonville been a little more observant, or a trifle less occupied with his own importance, he might have noted more than one face which looked darkly on him; he might have caught more than one overt sneer at his expense. But in the business of summoning Carlat—Mademoiselle de Vrillac’s steward and major-domo—he lost the contemptuous ‘Christaudins!’ that hissed from a footboy’s lips, and the ‘Southern dogs!’ that died in the moustachios of a bully in the livery of the King’s brother. Having found the steward, he aided him to cloak his mistress; then with a ruffling air, a new acquirement, which he had picked up since he came to Paris, he made a way for her through the crowd. A moment, and the three, followed by half a dozen armed servants, bearing pikes and torches, detached themselves from the throng, and crossing the courtyard, with its rows of lighted windows, passed out by the gate between the Tennis Courts, and so into the Rue des Fosses de St. Germain.

Before them, against a sky in which the last faint glow of evening still contended with the stars, the spire and pointed arches of the church of St. Germain rose darkly graceful. It was something after nine: the heat of the August day brooded over the crowded city, and dulled the faint distant ring of arms and armour that yet would make itself heard above the hush; a hush that was not silence so much as a subdued hum. As Mademoiselle passed

the closed house beside the Cloister of St. Germain where only the day before Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots, had been shot, she pressed her escort's hand, and involuntarily drew nearer to him. But he laughed at her.

'It was a private blow,' he said, answering her unspoken thought. 'It is like enough the Guises sped it. But they know now what the King's will is, and they have taken the hint and withdrawn themselves. It will not befall again, Mademoiselle. For proof, see the guards—they were passing the end of the Rue Bethizy, in the corner house of which, abutting on the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, Coligny had his lodgings—whom the King has placed for his security. Fifty pikes under Cosseins.'

'Cosseins?' she repeated. 'But I thought Cosseins——'

'Was not wont to love us!' Tignonville answered with a confident chuckle. 'He was not. But the dogs lick where the master wills, Mademoiselle. He was not, but he does. This marriage has altered all.'

'I hope it may not prove an unlucky one!' she murmured. She felt impelled to say it.

'Not it!' he answered confidently. 'Why should it?'

They stopped, as he spoke, before the last house, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré opposite the Croix du Tiroir; which rose shadowy in the middle of the four ways. He hammered on the door.

'But,' she said softly, looking in his face, 'the change is sudden, is it not? The King was not wont to be so good to us!'

'The King was not King until now,' he answered warmly. 'That is what I am trying to persuade our people. Believe me, Mademoiselle, you may sleep without fear; and early in the morning I will be with you. Carlat, have a care of your mistress until morning, and let Madame lie in her chamber. She is nervous to-night. There, sweet, until morning! God keep you, and pleasant dreams!'

He uncovered, and bowing over her hand, kissed it; and the door being open he would have turned away. But she lingered as if unwilling to enter. 'There is—do you hear it—a stir in *that* quarter?' she said, pointing across the Rue St. Honoré. 'What lies there?'

'Northward? The markets,' he answered. 'Tis nothing. They say, you know, that Paris never sleeps. Good-night, sweet, and a fair awakening!'

She shivered as she had shivered under Tavannes' eye. And still she lingered, keeping him. 'Are you going to your lodging at once?' she asked—for the sake, it seemed, of saying something.

'No, I—I was thinking,' he answered a little hurriedly, 'of paying Rochefoucauld the compliment of seeing him home. He has taken a new lodging to be near the Admiral; a horrid bare place in the Rue Bethizy, without furniture, but he would go into it to-day. And he has a sort of claim on my family, you know.'

'Yes,' she said simply. 'Of course. Then I must not detain you. God keep you safe,' she continued, with a faint quiver in her tone; and her lip trembled. 'Good-night, and fair dreams, Monsieur.'

He echoed the words gallantly. 'Of you, sweet!' he cried; and turning away with a gesture of farewell, he set off on his return.

He walked briskly, nor did he look back, though she stood awhile gazing after him. She was not aware that she gave thought to this; nor that it hurt her. Yet when bolt and bar were shot behind her, and she had mounted the cold, bare staircase of that day—when she had heard the dull echoing footsteps of her attendants as they withdrew to their lairs and sleeping-places, and still more when she had crossed the threshold of her chamber, and signed to Madame Carlat and her woman to listen—it is certain she felt a lack of something.

Perhaps the chill that possessed her came of that lack, which she neither defined nor acknowledged. Or possibly it came of the night air, August though it was; or of sheer nervousness, or of the remembrance of Count Hannibal's smile. Whatever its origin, she took it to bed with her, and long after the house slept round her, long after the crowded quarter of the Halles had begun to heave and the Sorbonne to vomit a black-froaked band, long after the tall houses in the gabled streets, from St. Antoine to Montmartre and from St. Denis on the north to St. Jacques on the south, had burst into rows of twinkling lights—nay, long after the Quarter of the Louvre alone remained dark, girdled by this strange midnight brightness—she lay awake. At length she too slept, and dreamed of home and Saintonge, and her castle of Vrillac washed day and night by the Biscay tides.

CHAPTER II.

HANNIBAL DE SAULX, COMTE DE TAVANNES.

‘TAVANNES!’

‘Sire.’

Tavannes, we know, had been slow to obey the summons. When he reached the presence, the King, with Retz and Rambouillet, his Marshal des Logis, had retired to the farther end of the Chamber; and apparently Charles had forgotten that he had called. His head a little bent—he had a natural stoop—the King seemed to be listening to a low but continuous murmur of voices that proceeded from the adjacent door of his closet. One voice frequently raised was a woman’s; a foreign accent, smooth and silky, marked another; a third, that from time to time broke in, wilful and impetuous, was the voice of Monsieur, the King’s brother, Catherine de Médicis’ favourite son. Tavannes, waiting respectfully two paces behind the King, could catch little that was said; but Charles, something more, it seemed, for on a sudden he laughed, a violent, mirthless laugh, and clapped Rambouillet on the shoulder.

‘There!’ he said, with one of his horrible oaths, ‘’tis settled! ’Tis settled! Go, man, and take your orders! And you, M. de Retz,’ he continued, in a tone of savage mockery, ‘go, my lord, and give them!’

‘I, sire?’ the Italian Marshal answered in accents of deprecation. Sometimes the young King would show his impatience of the Italian ring, the Retzs and Biragues, the Strozis and Gondys, with whom his mother surrounded him.

‘Yes, you! You and my lady mother! And in God’s name answer for it at the day!’ Charles continued vehemently. ‘You will have it! You will not let me rest till you have it! Then have it, only see to it, it be done thoroughly! There shall not be one left to cast it in the King’s teeth and cry, “Et tu, Carole!” Swim, swim in blood if you will,’ he continued with growing wildness. ‘Oh, ’twill be a merry night! And it’s true so far, you may kill fleas all day, but burn the coat, and there’s an end. So burn it, burn it, and——’ He broke off with a start as he discovered Tavannes at his elbow. ‘God’s death, man!’ he cried roughly, ‘who sent for you?’

‘Your Majesty called me,’ Tavannes answered; while, partly

urged by the King's hand, and partly anxious to escape, the others slipped into the closet and left them together.

'I sent for you? I called your brother, the Marshal!'

'He is within, sire,' Tavannes answered, indicating the closet.

'A moment ago I heard his voice.'

Charles passed his shaking hand across his eyes. 'Is he?' he muttered. 'So he is! I heard it too. And—and a man cannot be in two places at once!' Then while his haggard gaze, passing by Tavannes, roved round the Chamber, he laid his hand on Count Hannibal's breast. 'They give me no peace, Madame and the Guises,' he whispered, his face hectic with excitement. 'They will have it. They say that Coligny—they say that he beards me in my own palace. And—and, *mordieu*,' with sudden violence, 'it's true! It's true enough! It was but to-day he was for making terms with me! With me, the King! Making terms! So it shall be, by God and Devil, it shall be! But not six or seven! No, no. All! All! There shall not be one left to say to me, "You did it!"'

'Softly, sire,' Tavannes answered; for Charles had gradually raised his voice. 'You will be observed.'

For the first time the young King—he was but twenty-two years old, God pity him!—looked at him. 'To be sure,' he whispered; and his eyes grew cunning. 'Besides, and after all, there's another way, if I choose. Oh, I've thought and thought, I can tell you.' And shrugging his shoulders, almost to his ears, he raised and lowered his open hands alternately, while his back hid the movement from the Chamber. 'See-saw! See-saw!' he muttered. 'And the King between the two, you see. That's Madame's king-craft. She's shown me that a hundred times. But look you, it is as easy to lower the one as the other,' with a cunning glance at Tavannes' face, 'or to cut off the right as the left. And—and the Admiral's an old man and will pass; and for the matter of that I like to hear him talk. He talks well. While the others, Guise and his kind, are young, and I've often thought, oh, yes, I've thought—but there,' with a sudden harsh laugh, 'my lady mother will have it her own way. And for this time she shall, but, All! All! Even Foucauld, there! Do you mark him. He's sorting the cards. Do you see him—as he will be to-morrow, with the slit in his throat and his teeth showing? Why, God!' his voice rising almost to a scream, 'the candles by him are burning blue!' And with a shaking hand, his face

convulsed, the young King clutched his companion's arm, and pinched it violently.

Count Hannibal shrugged his shoulders, but answered nothing.

'D'you think we shall see them afterwards?' Charles resumed, in a sharp, eager whisper. 'In our dreams, man? Or when the watchman cries, and we awake, and the monks are singing lauds at St. Germain, and—and the taper is low?'

Tavannes' lip curled. 'I don't dream, sire,' he answered coldly, 'and I seldom wake. For the rest, I fear my enemies neither alive nor dead.'

'Don't you? By G—d, I wish I didn't,' the young man exclaimed. His brow was wet with sweat. 'I wish I didn't. But there, it's settled. They've settled it, and I would it were done! What do you think of—of it, man? What do you think of it, yourself?'

Count Hannibal's face was inscrutable. 'I think nothing, sire,' he said drily. 'It is for your Majesty and your council to think. It is enough for me that it is the King's will.'

'But you'll not flinch?' Charles muttered with a quick look of suspicion. 'But there,' with a monstrous oath, 'I know you'll not! I believe you'd as soon kill a monk—though, thank God,' and he crossed himself devoutly, 'there is no question of that—as a man. And sooner than a maiden.'

'Much sooner, sire,' Tavannes answered grimly. 'If you have any orders in the monkish direction—no? Then your Majesty must not talk to me longer. M. de Rochefoucauld is beginning to wonder what is keeping your Majesty from your game. And others are marking you, sire.'

'By the Lord!' Charles exclaimed with a ring of wonder mingled with horror in his tone, 'if they knew what was in our minds they'd mark us more! Yet, see Nançay there beside the door? He is unmoved. He looks to-day as he looked yesterday. Yet he has charge of the work in the palace——'

For the first time Tavannes allowed a movement of surprise to escape him. 'In the palace?' he muttered. 'Is it to be done here, too, sire?'

'Would you let some escape, to return by and by and cut our throats?' the King retorted with a strange outburst of fury; an incapacity to maintain the same attitude of mind for two minutes together was perhaps the fatal weakness of his ill-balanced nature. 'No. All! All!' he repeated with vehemence. 'Didn't

Noah people the earth with eight? But I'll not leave eight! My cousins, for they are blood-royal, shall live if they will recant. And my old nurse whether or no. And Paré, for no one else understands my complexion. And——'

'And Rochefoucauld, doubtless, sire?'

The King, whose eye had sought his favourite companion, withdrew it. He darted a lowering glance at Tavannes. 'Foucauld? Who said so?' he muttered fiercely. 'Not I! But we shall see. We shall see! And do you see that you spare no one, M. le Comte, without an order. That is your business.'

'I understand, sire,' Tavannes answered coolly. And then, seeing that the King had done with him, he bowed low and withdrew; watched by the circle, as all about a King were watched in the days when a King's breath meant life or death, and his smile made the fortunes of men. As he passed Rochefoucauld, the latter looked up and nodded.

'What keeps brother Charles?' he muttered. 'He's madder than ever to-night. Is it a masque or a murder he is planning?'

'The vapours,' Tavannes answered with a sneer. 'Old tales his old nurse has stuffed him withal. He'll come by-and-by, and 'twill be well if you can divert him.'

'I will if he come,' Rochefoucauld answered, shuffling the cards. 'If not 'tis Chicot's business and he should attend to it. I'm tired and shall to bed.'

'He will come,' Tavannes answered, and moved, as if to go on. Then he stopped for a last word. 'He will come,' he muttered, stooping and speaking under his breath, 'but play him lightly. He is in an ugly mood. Please him, if you can, and it may serve.'

The eyes of the two met an instant, and those of Foucauld—so the King always called his Huguenot favourite—betrayed some surprise; for Count Hannibal and he were not intimate. But finding the other serious he raised his brows in acknowledgment. Tavannes nodded carelessly in return, looked an instant at the cards on the table, and passed on, pushed his way through the circle, and reached the door. He was lifting the curtain to go out, when Nançay, the Captain of the Guard, plucked his sleeve.

'What have you been saying to Foucauld, M. de Tavannes?' he muttered.

'I?'

'Yes,' with a jealous glance, 'you, M. le Comte.'

Count Hannibal looked at him with the sudden ferocity that

was characteristic of the man. 'What I chose, M. le Capitaine des Suisses!' he hissed. And his hand closed like a vice on the other's wrist. 'What I chose, look you! And remember, another time, that I am not a Huguenot, and say what I please.'

'But there is great need of care,' Nançay protested, stammering and flinching. 'And—and I have orders, M. le Comte.'

'Your orders are not for me,' Tavannes answered, releasing his arm with a contemptuous gesture. 'And look you, man, do not cross my path to-night. You know our motto? Who touches my brother, touches Tavannes! Be warned by it.'

Nançay scowled. 'But the priests say, "If your hand offend you cut it off!"' he muttered.

Tavannes laughed, a sinister laugh. 'If you offend me I'll cut your throat,' he said; and with no ceremony he went out, and dropped the curtain behind him.

Nançay looked after him, his face pale with rage. 'Curse him!' he whispered, rubbing his wrist. 'If he were anyone else I would teach him! But he would as soon run you through in the presence as in the Pré aux Clercs! And his brother, the Marshal, has the King's ear! And Madame Catherine's too, which is worse!'

He was still fuming when an officer in the colours of Monsieur, the King's brother, entered hurriedly, and keeping his hand on the curtain, looked anxiously round the Chamber. As soon as his eye found Nançay, his face cleared. 'Have you the reckoning?' he muttered.

'There are seventeen Huguenots in the palace besides their Highnesses,' Nançay replied, in the same cautious tone. Not counting two or three who are neither the one thing nor the other. In addition, there are the two Montmorencies; but they are to go safe for fear of their brother, who is not in the trap. He is too like his father, the old Bench-burner, to be lightly wronged! And besides, there is Paré, who is to go to his Majesty's closet as soon as the gates are shut. If the King decides to save anyone else, he will send him to his closet. So 'tis all clear and arranged here. If you are as forward outside, it will be well! Who deals with the gentleman with the tooth-pick?'

'The Admiral? Monsieur, Guise, and the Grand Prior; Cosseins and Besme have charge. 'Tis to be done first. Then the Provost will raise the town. He will have enough stout fellows ready at three or four rendezvous, so that the fire may blaze up everywhere at once. Marcel, the ex-provost, has the same

commission south of the river. Orders to light the town as for a frolic have been given, and the Halles will be ready.'

Nançay nodded, reflected a moment, and then with an involuntary shudder, 'God!' he exclaimed, 'it will shake the world!'

'You think so?'

'Ay, will it not!' His next words showed that he bore Tavannes' warning in mind. 'For me, my friend, I go in mail to-night,' he said. 'There will be many a score paid before morning, besides his Majesty's. And many a left-handed blow will be struck in the *mêlée*!'

The other crossed himself. 'Grant none light here!' he said devoutly. And with a last look he nodded and went out.

In the doorway he jostled a person who was in the act of entering. It was M. de Tignonville, who, seeing Nançay at his elbow, saluted him, and stood looking round. The young man's face was flushed, his eyes were bright with unwonted excitement. 'M. de Rochefoucauld?' he asked eagerly. 'He has not left yet?'

Nançay caught the thrill in his voice, and marked his flushed face, his altered bearing. He noted, too, the crumpled paper he carried half-hidden in his hand; and the Captain's countenance grew dark. He drew a step nearer and his hand reached softly for his dagger. But his voice when he spoke was smooth, smooth as the surface of the pleasure-loving Court, smooth as the externals of all things in Paris that summer evening. 'He is here still,' he said. 'Have you news, M. de Tignonville?'

'News?'

'For M. de Rochefoucauld?'

Tignonville laughed. 'No,' he said. 'I am here to see him to his lodging, that is all. News, Captain? What made you think so?'

'That which you have in your hand,' Nançay answered, his fears relieved.

The young man blushed to the roots of his hair. 'It is not for him,' he said.

'I can see that, Monsieur,' Nançay answered politely. 'He has his successes, but all the billets-doux do not go one way.'

The young man laughed, a conscious, flattered laugh. He was handsome, with such a face as women love, but there was a slight lack of ease in the way he wore his Court suit. It was a trifle finer than accorded with Huguenot taste; and it looked finer for the way he wore it, even as Teligny's and Foucauld's velvet capes and

stiff brocades lost their richness and became but the adjuncts, fitting and graceful, of the men. Odder still, as Tignonville laughed, half-hiding and half revealing the dainty scented paper in his hand, his clothes seemed smarter and he more awkward than usual. 'It is from a lady,' he admitted. 'But a bit of badinage, I assure you, nothing more?'

'Understood!' M. de Nançay murmured politely. 'I congratulate you.'

'But——'

'I say I congratulate you!'

'But it is not——'

'Oh, I understand. And see, the King is about to rise. Go forward, Monsieur,' he continued benevolently. 'A young man should show himself. And his Majesty likes you well,' he added with a leer. He had an unpleasant sense of humour, had his Majesty's Captain of the Guard; and this evening somewhat more than ordinary on which to exercise it.

Tignonville, however, had too good an opinion of himself to suspect the other of badinage; and thus encouraged he pushed his way to the front of the circle. The crowd in the Chamber, during his absence with his betrothed, had grown thin. The candles had burned an inch shorter in the sconces. But though many had left, the more select remained, and the King's return to his seat had given the company a fillip. An air of feverish gaiety, common in the unhealthy life of the Court, prevailed everywhere. At a table abreast of the King, Montpensier and Marshal Cossé were dicing and disputing, with now a yell of glee, and now an oath, that betrayed which way fortune inclined. At the back of the King's chair, Chicot, his gentleman-jester, hung over Charles's shoulder, now scanning his cards, and now making hideous faces that threw the on-lookers into fits of laughter. Farther up the Chamber, at the end of the alcove, Marshal Tavannes—our Hannibal's brother—occupied a low stool, set opposite the open door of the closet. Through this doorway a slender, provoking foot, silk-clad, shot now and again into sight; it came, it vanished, it came again, the gallant Marshal striving at each appearance to rob it of its slipper, a dainty jewelled thing of crimson velvet. He failed thrice, a peal of laughter greeting each failure. At the fourth essay, he upset his stool and fell to the floor, but held the slipper. And not the slipper only, but the foot. Amid a flutter of silken skirts and dainty laces—while the

hidden beauty shrilly protested—he dragged first the ankle, and then a rounded shapely leg into sight. The circle applauded; the lady, feeling herself still drawn on, screamed loudly and more loudly. All save the King and his opponent turned to look. And then the sport came to an end. A sinewy hand appeared, interposed, released; for an instant the dark, handsome face of Guise looked through the doorway. It was gone as soon as seen; it was there a second only. But more than one recognised it, and wondered. For was not the young Duke in evil odour with the King by reason of the attack on the Admiral? And had he not been chased from Paris only that morning and forbidden to return?

They were still wondering, still gazing, when abruptly—as he did all things—Charles thrust back his chair. ‘Foucauld, you owe me ten pieces!’ he cried with glee, and he slapped the table. ‘Pay, my friend; pay!’

‘To-morrow, little master; to-morrow!’ Rochefoucauld answered in the same tone. And he rose to his feet.

‘To-morrow!’ Charles repeated. ‘To-morrow?’ And on the word his jaw fell. He looked wildly round. His face was ghastly.

‘Well, sire, and why not?’ Rochefoucauld answered in astonishment. And in his turn he looked round, wondering; and a chill fell on him. ‘Why not?’ he repeated.

For a moment no one answered him: the silence in the Chamber was intense. Where he looked, wherever he looked, he met solemn, wondering eyes, such eyes as gaze on men in their coffins. ‘What has come to you all?’ he cried with an effort. ‘What is the jest, for faith, sire, I don’t see it?’

The King seemed incapable of speech, and it was Chicot who filled the gap. ‘It is pretty apparent,’ he said with a rude laugh. ‘The cock will lay and Foucauld will pay—to-morrow!’

The young nobleman’s colour rose; between him and the Gascon gentleman was no love lost. ‘There are some debts I pay to-day,’ he cried haughtily. ‘For the rest, farewell my little master! When one does not understand the jest it is time to be gone.’

He was half-way to the door, watched by all, when the King spoke. ‘Foucauld!’ he cried in an odd, strangled voice. ‘Foucauld!’ And the Huguenot favourite turned back, wondering.

‘A minute!’ the King continued in the same forced voice.

‘Stay till morning—in my closet. It is late now. We’ll play away the rest of the night!’

‘Your Majesty must excuse me,’ Rochefoucauld answered frankly. ‘I am dead asleep.’

‘You can sleep in the Garde-Robe,’ the King persisted.

‘Thank you for nothing, sire!’ was the gay answer. ‘I know that bed! I shall sleep longer and better in my own.’

The King shuddered, but strove to hide the movement under a shrug of his shoulders. He turned away. ‘It is God’s will!’ he muttered. He was white to the lips.

Rochefoucauld did not catch the words. ‘Good night, sire,’ he cried. ‘Farewell, little master.’ And with a nod here and there, he passed to the door, followed by Mergey and Chamont, two gentlemen of his suite.

Nançay raised the curtain with an obsequious gesture. ‘Pardon me, M. le Comte,’ he said, ‘do you go to his Highness’s?’

‘For a few minutes, Nançay.’

‘Permit me to go with you. The guards may be set.’

‘Do so, my friend,’ Rochefoucauld answered. ‘Ah, Tignonville, is it you?’

‘I am come to attend you to your lodging,’ the young man said. And he ranged up beside the other, as, the curtain fallen behind them, they walked along the gallery.

Rochefoucauld stopped and laid his hand on his sleeve. ‘Thanks, dear lad,’ he said, ‘but I am going to the Princess Dowager’s. Afterwards to his Highness’s. I may be detained an hour or more. You will not like to wait so long.’

M. de Tignonville’s face fell ludicrously. ‘Well, no,’ he said. ‘I—I don’t think I could wait so long—to-night.’

‘Then come to-morrow night,’ Rochefoucauld answered with good nature

‘With pleasure,’ the other cried heartily, his relief evident. ‘Certainly. With pleasure.’ And, nodding good-night, they parted. While Rochefoucauld, with Nançay at his side and his gentlemen attending him, passed along the echoing and now empty gallery, the younger man bounded down the stairs to the great hall of the Caryatides, his face radiant. He for one was not sleepy.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE NEXT THE 'GOLDEN MAID.'

WE have it on record that before the Comte de la Rochefoucauld left the Louvre that night he received more than one hint of the peril that threatened him; and at least one written warning, which was handed to him by a stranger in black, and by him in turn was communicated to the King of Navarre. We are told further that when he at last took his final leave, about the hour of eleven, he found the courtyard brilliantly lighted, and the three companies of guards—Swiss, Scotch, and French—drawn up in ranked array from the door of the great hall to the gate which opened on the street. But, the chronicler adds, neither this precaution, sinister as it appeared to some of his suite, nor the grave farewell which Rambouillet, from his post at the gate, took of one of his gentlemen, shook that chivalrous soul or sapped its generous confidence.

M. de Tignonville was young and less versed in danger than the Governor of Rochelle; and with him, had he seen so much, it might have been different. But he left the Louvre an hour earlier—at a time when the precincts of the palace, gloomy-seeming to us in the light cast by coming events, wore their wonted aspect. His thoughts, moreover, as he crossed the courtyard, were otherwise employed. Indeed, though he signed to his two servants to follow him, he seemed barely conscious what he was doing, nor did he shake off his reverie until he reached the corner of the Rue Baillet. Here the voices of the Swiss on guard opposite Coligny's lodgings, at the end of the Rue Bethizy, could be plainly heard. They had kindled a fire in an iron basket set in the middle of the road, and knots of them were visible in the distance, moving to and fro about their piled arms.

Before he came within the radius of the firelight, Tignonville turned, and curtly bade his servants take their way home. 'I shall follow, but I have business first,' he added.

The elder of the two demurred. 'The streets are not too safe,' he said. 'In two hours or less, my lord, it will be midnight. And then——'

'Go, booby; do you think I am a child?' his master retorted angrily. 'I've my sword and can use it. I shall not be long. And do you hear, men, keep a still tongue, will you?'

The men, country fellows, obeyed reluctantly, and with a full intention of sneaking after him the moment he had turned his back. But he suspected them of this, and stood where he was until they had passed the fire, and could no longer detect his movements. Then he plunged quickly into the Rue Baillet, gained through it the Rue du Roule, and traversing that also, turned to the right into the Rue Ferronnerie, the main thoroughfare, east and west, of Paris. Here he halted in front of the long, dark outer wall of the Cemetery of the Innocents, in which, across the tombstones and among the sepulchres of dead Paris, the living Paris of that day, bought and sold, walked, gossiped, and made love.

About him things were to be seen that would have seemed stranger to him had he been less strange to the city. From the quarter of the markets north of him, a quarter that fenced in the cemetery on two sides, the same dull murmur proceeded, which Mademoiselle de Vrillac had remarked an hour earlier. The sky above the cemetery glowed with reflected light, the cause of which was not far to seek, for every window of the tall houses that overlooked it, and the huddle of booths that fringed it, contributed a share of the illumination. At an hour late even for Paris, an hour when honest men should have been sunk in slumber, this strange brilliance did for a moment perplex him; but the past week had been so full of fêtes, of masques and frolics, often devised on the moment and dependent on the King's whim, that he set this also down to some such cause, and wondered and no more.

The lights in the houses flung their radiance high, but beside the closed gate of the cemetery, and between two hovels, was a votive lamp burning before an image of the Mother and Child. He crossed to it, and assuring himself by a glance to right and left that he stood in no danger from prowlers, he drew a note from his breast. It had been slipped into his hand in the gallery before he saw Mademoiselle to her lodging; it had been in his possession barely an hour. But brief as its contents were, and easily committed to memory, he had perused it thrice already.

'At the house next the "Golden Maid," Rue Cinq Diamants, an hour before midnight, you may find the door open should you desire to talk farther with C. St. L.'

As he read it for the fourth time the light of the lamp fell

athwart his face ; and even as his fine clothes had never seemed to become him worse than when he faintly denied the imputations of gallantry launched at him by Nançay, so he had never looked less handsome than he did now. The glow of vanity which warmed his cheek as he read the message, the smile of triumph which wreathed his lips, bespoke a nature not of the most noble ; or the lamp did him less than justice. Presently he kissed the note, and hid it. He waited until the clock of St. Jacques struck the hour before midnight ; and then moving on he turned to the right by way of the narrow neck that led to the Rue Lombard. He walked in the kennel here, his sword in his hand and his eyes looking to right and left ; for the place was notorious for robberies. But though he saw more than one figure lurking in a doorway or under the arch that led to a passage, it vanished on his nearer approach. In less than a minute he reached the southern end of the street that bore the odd title of the Five Diamonds.

Situate in the crowded quarter of the butchers, and almost in the shadow of their famous church, this street—which farther north was continued in the Rue Quincampoix—presented a not uncommon mingling of poverty and wealth. On the one side of the street a row of lofty gabled houses built under Francis the First, sheltered persons of good condition ; on the other, divided from these only by the width of the road and a reeking kennel, a row of pent-houses, the hovels of cobblers and sausage-makers, leaned against shapeless timber houses which tottered upwards in a medley of sagging roofs and bulging gutters. Tignonville was strange to the place, and nine nights out of ten he would have been at a disadvantage. But, thanks to the tapers that shone in many windows, he made out enough to see that he need search only the one side ; and with a beating heart he passed along the row of newer houses, looking eagerly for the sign of the ‘Golden Maid.’

He found it at last ; and then for a moment he stood puzzled. The note said, next door to the ‘Golden Maid,’ but it did not say on which side. He scrutinised the nearer house, but he saw nothing to determine him ; and he was proceeding to the farther, when he caught sight of two men, who, ambushed behind a horse-block on the opposite side of the roadway, seemed to be watching his movements. Their presence flurried him ; but to his relief his next glance at the houses showed him that the door of the

farther one was unlatched. It even stood slightly ajar, permitting a beam of light to escape into the street.

He stepped quickly to it—for the sooner he was within the house the better—pushed the door open and entered. As soon as he was inside he tried to close the entrance after him, but he found he could not; the door would not shut. After a brief trial he abandoned the attempt and passed quickly on, through a bare lighted passage that led to the foot of a staircase, equally bare. He stood here an instant listening, in the hope that Madame's maid would come to him. At first he heard nothing save his own breathing; then a gruff voice from above startled him. 'This way, Monsieur,' it said. 'You are early, but not too soon!'

So Madame trusted her footman! M. de Tignonville shrugged his shoulders; but after all, it was no affair of his, and he went up. Half-way to the top, however, he stood, an oath on his lips. Two men had entered by the open door below—even as he had entered! And as quietly!

The imprudence of it! The imprudence of leaving the door so that it could not be closed! He turned, and descended to meet them, his teeth set, his hand on his sword, one conjecture after another whirling in his brain. Was he beset? Was it a trap? Was it a rival? Was it chance? Two steps he descended; and then the voice he had heard before cried again, but more imperatively, 'No, Monsieur, this way! Did you not hear me? And be quick, if you please. By-and-by there will be a crowd, and then the more we have dealt with the better!'

He knew now that he had made a mistake, that he had entered the wrong house; and naturally his impulse was to continue his descent and to secure his retreat. But the pause had brought the two men who had entered face to face with him, and they showed no signs of giving way. On the contrary,

'The room is above, Monsieur,' the foremost said, in a matter-of-fact tone. 'After you, if you please,' and he signed to him to return.

He was a burly man, grim, even truculent in appearance, and his follower was like him. Tignonville hesitated, then turned and ascended. But as soon as he had reached the landing where they could pass him, he turned again.

'I have made a mistake, I think,' he said. 'I——'

'The house next the "Golden Maid," Monsieur?'

'Yes.'

'Rue Cinq Diamants, Quarter of the Boucherie?'

'Yes.'

'No mistake then,' the stout man answered firmly. 'You are early, that is all. You have arms, I see. Maillard!'—to the person whose voice Tignonville had heard at the head of the stairs—'A white sleeve, and a cross for Monsieur's hat, and his name on the register. Come, make a beginning! Make a beginning, man.'

'To be sure, Monsieur. All is ready.'

'Then lose no time, I say. Here are others, also early in the good cause. Gentlemen, welcome! Welcome all who are for the true faith! Death to the heretics! "Kill, and no quarter!" is the word to-night!'

'Death to the heretics!' the last comers cried in chorus. 'Kill and no quarter! At what hour, M. le Prévot?'

'At day-break,' the Provost answered importantly. 'But have no fear, the tocsin will sound. The King and our good man M. de Guise have all in hand. A white sleeve, a white cross, and a sharp knife shall rid Paris of the vermin! Gentlemen of the quarter, the word of the night is "Kill, and no quarter! Death to the Huguenots!"'

'Death! Death to the Huguenots! Kill, and no quarter!' A dozen—the room was beginning to fill—waved their weapons and echoed the cry.

Tignonville had been fortunate enough to apprehend the position—and the peril in which he stood—at the moment Maillard advanced to him bearing a white linen sleeve. In the instant of discovery his heart had stood a moment, the blood had left his cheeks; but with some faults, he was no coward, and he managed to hide his emotion. He held out his left arm, and suffered the beadle to pass the sleeve over it and to secure the white linen above the elbow. Then at a gesture he gave up his velvet cap, and saw it decorated with a white cross of the same material. 'Now the register, Monsieur,' Maillard continued briskly; and waving him in the direction of a clerk, who sat at the end of the long table with a book and an ink-horn before him, he turned to the next comer.

Tignonville would fain have avoided the ordeal of the register, but the clerk's eye was on him. He had been fortunate so far, but

he knew that the least breath of suspicion would destroy him, and summoning his wits together he gave his name in a steady voice. 'Anne Desmartins.' It was his mother's maiden name, and the first that came into his mind.

'Of Paris?'

'Recently; by birth, of the Limousin.'

'Good, Monsieur,' the clerk answered, writing in the name. And he turned to the next. 'And you, my friend?'

(To be continued.)

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1901.

WIFE AND HUSBAND

TWO POEMS

MORE than thirty years ago a gifted writer, whose books are still read with pleasure, and their lessons still learnt with profit, was disabled by loss of bodily power and use of speech, whilst her intellect and memory remained unimpaired.

She had written for many years on subjects which required much thought and scientific investigation; and her constant use of the pen first paralysed her arm, and gradually affected her whole frame. All she could do for the communication of her thoughts was to point to the letters on an alphabetical card, which were then taken down by those at her side. It was thus that the following lines were addressed to her husband—himself a man of letters—who after many years of mutual happiness had to watch her gradual decline. She wrote at slow intervals, and he replied in verses which we also print.

I do not give the names of the writers, as the husband survives; but it is hoped that both example and comfort may be derived from the pathetic history, the authenticity of which my own knowledge enables me to vouch.—ED. CORNHILL.

THE WIFE TO THE HUSBAND

O Death in Life, so many months of hours
Debarr'd from social intercourse of speech;
Yet keenly sensitive in mental powers
As when of old I used to talk and teach!

O Life in Death, in all this night of grief
 To feel the chastening of a Father's hand,
 And trust Him wholly, asking no relief,
 Nor seeking here His ways to understand !

To sit apart, and hear the cheerful sound
 Of mirth and wit from children's lips, how dear !
 Yet share it not, though none could there be found
 More apt to enjoy, or readier to cheer.

Active by nature, and by constant use,
 So that an idle moment was a pain ;
 Now doom'd with folded hands to sit and muse,
 Each limb disabled, as if given in vain.

But then I see, as David did of old,
 Each sickness sin-caused, and from mercy's rod,
 Which, sparing swift destruction, might unfold
 Even the loiterer in the flock of God ;

And I believe that Thou, of faithful love,
 Hast caused me all this agony and strife—
 Grant I may know it in the world above,
 When Life in Death has conquer'd Death in Life !

THE HUSBAND TO THE WIFE

We two who were so long as one,
 Sharing the good or ill that came,
 Our tastes alike, our wills the same,
 Are now divided—each alone.

I see thee, but I cannot hear :
 Thy voice is almost mute ; thy hand
 Is quite unable to command
 The pen which might some message bear.

No walls of flesh imprison thee,
 But failing flesh thy soul confines,
 Which looks through tender eyes, and pines
 For converse such as used to be.

But words repeated fail to reach
The chamber of my outstretched ear,
Whilst in thine eye a gathering tear
Acknowledges, 'I have no speech.'

'Tis only eye and ear are left ;
No powers of speech or touch are thine ;
I take thy wasted hand in mine,
And feel it of life's warmth bereft.

Yes, all is gone except the mind,
Which thinks as much as when of old
In ready eloquence it told
The thoughts which could not be confined.

O death in life, what greater gloom.
Can shroud the heart than ours have felt ?
The loving home in which we dwelt
Has now become thy living tomb.

Henceforth thy flesh can only be
A vesture to be cast aside—
A tattered robe which cannot hide
Thy coming immortality.

For in submissive patience shown,
In highest faith and tenderest love,
I see the tokens from above
That God has marked thee for His own.

BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. 3.¹

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

ST. ANDREWS.

A Frontispiece.

' All across the sands, that seem to stretch farther than they ever did before, on this October afternoon the people are sprinkling in couples and companies, and spreading and strolling along by the sea with their children. The children, for once, neither at work nor at play, but in their Sunday clothes, are walking demurely in happiness; the heavens are also dressed in their Sunday best, of vaporous cloud and azure and arching stillness; the birds look like specks, so high do they fly overhead. Though the sea is so far off it makes a great noise; the crisp waves thunder along the distant edge in foam and whiteness. Then, further to the west, the hills of Fife come breaking like the waves of the sea, only these land-waves take cycles instead of minutes to flow. They advance in immeasurable slowness, in exquisite lines of light, of grey, of aquamarine. As the people pass and repass, the sands are stamped with hundreds of footsteps crossing each other. One enthusiastic admirer of nature, a homely old body in shabby black, is so taken with the beauties of land and sea and sky, that she has walked into the middle of a puddle, and there she stands rapt and happy and regardless of the usual cares of this world. A pretty little girl, in a bright green frock, conscious of new boots and light curls, stops short to stare at the enraptured woman; a little dog, seeking for companionship, suddenly leaps up against the new boots and the Sunday frock, the child starts back and runs away, the little dog, that amateur of heels, veers round and sets off boldly towards St. Andrews in search of better company. As I follow his lead, turning, I see the light falling in crisp, defining rays across the rocks on which the town is built, and

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every tower, and clustering roof and gable, and weathercock, stands out distinct against the sky.'

I.

Not the least charm of St. Andrews—that famous Scottish shrine of education—is the fanciful contrast between the centuries. The old ruins of near a thousand years ago, with their many grim legends of fire and sword and axe, make a fine background for the youthful aspirations and good spirits of the boys and girls who belong to this present 1901. At St. Andrews, the great North Sea (to which a thousand years must seem like a drop in the ocean of time) lies sometimes blue, sometimes frothing in foam beyond the grey ruins. The inland landscape of hills varies with the lights as they flow along the country side, and in October the beeches are crisp with lovely tints, and the pretty chestnut glades of Strathtyrum are aflame. The autumn Sessions have begun; the schools are open not only for the babes, but for students of every age. All day long the University lads and lasses, in their quaint red gowns and trencher caps, are flitting on their way to and from the Professors' lectures. Sometimes they stand in groups, waiting with their books and papers under the great archways of the University, or you may see them coming out of the old houses and hurrying up the narrow stone alleys that lead to North Street, where the University stands firmer than either castle or cathedral.

If you walk along the old streets at certain hours on week-days, in the mornings and in the early forenoon, you might almost expect to meet the Pied Piper himself passing with long strides over the stones, in his fantastic garb, and playing as he goes; so urgent and pressing are the swarms of rosy children hurrying by. They come out of the houses and down the stone flights, trotting up on their tidy little stumpy legs, pursuing one another, dressed in hoods and caps and quaint gay-coloured garments of their mothers' fashion, rather than the milliner's mode; boys and girls too, from the small ages down to the very tiniest, running along in a businesslike, independent sort of way, well at home in the old streets and alleys. These small Scots, almost without exception, carry books and copybooks or little satchels slung on their shoulders; for it is no wicked demon, but a benevolent spirit, the Pied Piper of education, that is calling them irresistibly. A distant school-bell is ringing volubly, and one may see the children disappearing one by one, as in the legend,

up the steps which lead to their Parnassus. It is a charming little multitude to watch; dividing into two processions, each treading on the other's heels and hurrying to be in time; the doors open and shut again, and they pass away from our ken into the Schools.

As for the University, it was founded some six hundred years ago, in those times when kings came on horseback with their followers to pray in the now ruined choirs, bringing gifts and golden caskets and whole parishes for guerdons; in days when 400 monks walking in procession, from the Abbey up North Street, raised up a thanksgiving psalm for the opening of the University. In later palmy times the port was crowded with ships; kings, queens, and their courtiers and followings, lived in the old houses round about the great cathedral. Embassies came from foreign parts, Spanish ambassadors, Italian nuncios; Mary of Guise was welcomed as a bride; Mary Queen of Scots followed her mother as a young widow, coming to ride about and to disport herself in the fine air. She would not be plagued with business at St. Andrews, she said, and dismissed the envoys who came to trouble her fun.

After the fun came disaster, followed by silence. Only thirty years ago—so an old student has told me—grass and dandelions grew in the deserted streets which led to the great gateways of the University.

But the streets are well trodden now, the ruins stand firm upon the rocks that overhang the sea. Now it is to the muses that our philosophers pay their court, and charming ladies come from afar, not to dance and make merry, but to teach and study for themselves. As one walks along the worn stones, to-day seems crowded with other days, and yet vivid with its own present and original grace. Indeed the life and interest at St. Andrews are delightful to realise, and the longer one stays there the more one learns how vivid its present is.

II.

The contrast between the life of the young in the nineteenth and in the eighteenth century is certainly very striking, and one wonders how the Scotch children of former times survived their early training, or how their schoolmasters survived the training of them. From sunrise to sunset in winter, from seven in the morning to six in the evening in summer, the work of the schools used to continue. In those days, before coming to school,

many of the children had to walk for miles across the moors, sometimes carrying upon their backs loads of straw to thatch the schoolhouse roof where the wet came in, or of reeds to lay upon the ground. So late as in 1677 Mr. Thomas Kirk, who travelled in Scotland, described the children doing their lessons as they lay on the floor of the schools upon the mudded layers of rushes; there were no benches, no desks to write upon, there was no glass to the windows, and often the place was filled with dense clouds of smoke from the peat fire. 'It was like pigs in a sty,' said Mr. Thomas Kirk.

From 1600 to 1700 the Grammar School at Glasgow met at five in the morning. On Sundays there was little relaxation; besides the long services which they had to attend, the children were expected at school no less than four times in the course of the day, to repeat by heart and to produce the notes they had taken of the heads of the discourses. Also the master used to be provided with a long pole to tap the heads of the inattentive during these discourses. I am quoting from a very interesting book lately published, 'The Social Life of the Eighteenth Century in Scotland,' by H. G. Graham, in which one reads that the holidays were as short as the working hours were long—a week or fortnight's 'vacance' at midsummer was about the limit; we also read that the schoolmasters were in deepest poverty—no houses were provided for them and their families. 'When the teacher was married, the cares and trials of domestic life added terribly to those of scholastic work, in one little dirty, overcrowded, unventilated, ill-lighted apartment, where blended the bawling of the master, the shrill voices of the scholars, the crying of infants. The salaries were from 5*l.* to 10*l.* a year at one time; then they were increased to 12*l.*, and finally, in 1782, the bitter complaint of the schoolmasters was attended to, and they were granted salaries of 15*l.*—equal to 45*l.* in these times—also a two-roomed house and garden were finally added for their benefit.

'The schoolmaster had to be a man of education, to teach Latin, mathematics, grammar; he was also expected to recite passages from Milton, to sing a psalm before an investigating body. They had their perquisites indeed—candles at Candlemas, and a penny from each scholar on the first Mondays of May, June, and July. We also hear that the Town Council of Paisley presented the head-master of the Grammar School there with half a guinea to buy a three-cornered hat as a token of respect.'

Many of us will remember another description of life in 1806—homelife among people of some position, taken from that delightful ‘*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*,’ edited by Lady Strachey :

Though seldom ailing, we inherited from our father a delicacy of constitution, demanding great care during our infancy. In those days it was the fashion to take none. All children alike were plunged into the coldest water, sent abroad in the worst weather, fed on the same food ; our life was one long misery. . . .

In town a large long tub stood in the kitchen court, the ice on the top of which had often to be broken before our horrid plunge into it ; we were brought down from the very top of the house, four pairs of stairs, with only a cotton cloak over our nightgowns, just to chill us completely before the dreadful shock. How I screamed, begged, prayed, entreated to be saved, half the tender-hearted maids in tears beside me—all no use. . . . Nearly senseless I have been taken to the housekeeper’s room, which was always warm, to be dried. Revived by the fire, we were enabled to endure the next bit of martyrdom—an hour upon the low sofa, our books in our hands, while our cold breakfast was preparing. My stomach rejecting milk, bread and tears generally did for me.

The father (whom they devotedly loved nevertheless) eventually quelled the rebellion ¹ against milk :

In his dressing-gown, with his whip in his hand, he attended the breakfast. . . He began with me [says the Highland Lady]. My beseeching look was answered by a sharp cut, followed by as many more as were necessary to empty the basin. Jane obeyed at once—William after one good hint. I had an aching head, a heavy, sick, painful feeling which spoilt my whole morning, and prevented my appetite for dinner, where again we constantly met with sorrow. It often ended in a black closet, where we cried for an hour or more.

Six years later in the Highland home austerities seem still part of the education :

In winter we rose without candle or fire or warm water ; and really in the Highland winters, when the breath froze on the sheets, and the water in the jugs became cakes of ice, washing was a very cruel necessity. As we could play our scales in the dark, the two pianofortes and the harp began the day’s work. How very near crying was the one whose turn set her at the harp ! The strings cut the poor, cold fingers. Martyr the first sat in the dining-room at the harp ; martyr the second put her blue fingers on the keys of the grand pianoforte in the drawing-room.

¹ It is perhaps scarcely fair only to quote these particular passages, when others in this same book tell of the many joys of this much-tried childhood which, hardships apart, was a happy one : ‘Little princes and princesses in our own land, where feudal feelings still reigned in their deep intensity, and the face of Nature was so beautiful ; we had rivers and lakes and fields, moors, woods, mountains, and heather ; the dark forest, the wild fruits, wild flowers, the picturesque inhabitants, legends of our forefathers, fairy tales and raids of the clans, haunted spots—all and everything that could touch the imagination there abounded, and acted as a charm on the children of the Chieftain, who was adored ; for my father was the father of his people, loved for himself as well as for his name.’

III.

In the Rose and the Ring book Fairy Blackstick expounded her views on education some ten or twenty thousand years ago. At a comparatively recent date, so lately as two thousand years ago, so we read in the Encyclopædia, work began with play, and the Greeks taught music and gymnastics only—gymnastics to make the body strong, music to cause the spirit to vibrate. And indeed, as one thinks of it, one wonders what better education has been devised since then, except that the Greeks, who did not consider women much (unless they happened to be goddesses), kept all these good things for their philosophers and their young men. But the heads of the colleges of St. Andrews are more liberal, and they allow young Scotswomen to share with their brothers in the lectures and examinations. Fairy Blackstick herself might have liked to be Warden of University Hall, which has lately been opened for women, with its many windows and sunshiny rooms and corridors, where those who have not much silver or gold may gain other possessions more to be desired at extraordinarily moderate charges. One professor of St. Andrews, a certain good Knight Hospitaller, has, among others, taken a very special *interest* in this fine foundation.

Besides the University and its Hall, other great schools of St. Andrews welcome the girl-students. There are the schools of St. Leonard's, overflowing, under their popular head-mistress's rule. There are the junior schools; there is the great Madras College, where Cardinal Beaton's bones are peacefully lying; all are flourishing and doing good work. Let us take any one of the colleges at hazard. St. Katharine, the last come of the saints of St. Andrews! The house stands within a courtyard; there are extra rooms built out behind the schoolhouse, a washhouse has been turned into a music-room, the stables are now workshops, beyond which, again, are the trim gardens where the children work in their playhours. This head-mistress has views of her own about education, which to her mind should not be only abstract but practical; she believes in manual occupations as well as in mental algebra, in gardening, in bookbinding, carpentering for girls as well as boys, and all these form part of the course.

As we came in, the little workwomen were all hurrying up for their afternoon lessons, with quick pretty ways, tossing back their tawny locks, putting on their pinafores, falling to then and there

without a moment wasted. All the signs of their craft were ranged about the long room—tables (green as educated tables are now-days), there were also rush-bottomed chairs, bookcases growing under their fingers. The bookbinders had a mistress to themselves, and were learning the woven secrets which lie hidden behind all smooth book-boards and leathern backs. Some of these little girls were binding up Shakespeare's sonnets.

They loved the work—one could see it in their faces, and their hands, the very way they flung back their long curls and slipped into their pinafores shows their pleasure and interest.

St. Katharine's is for junior students, from eight to fourteen years, who are considered too young for St. Leonard's; some come from India, there are some whose parents have to live abroad, and who like to send their little ones to this wholesome air, this liberal original teaching. The doctrine taught is not very complicated—'geography and obedience would embrace most things,' says the head-mistress, Miss Gray. She let us watch the little artificers for a time, then she led the way to another part of the school, crossing the big garden with the many little gardens along the wall, mounting a staircase which leads to a gallery in a big hall; here a piano was sounding and some thirty or forty little pupils were learning to dance, and the article in the Encyclopædia about gymnastics and music came into my mind.

What is a more charming sight than happiness? This was happiness to music, with youthful skirts, locks, and limbs flying, and a beating time and tune, and a waving of arms, and a flitting of maidens, driven by the ruling piano, lord of all for the moment. The little girls had brought balls, which they threw up in the air and caught again to the dance-tunes; they advanced from the far end of a long hall; they parted, divided, mingled once more, with a most sweet natural gleam and zest, eyes and hands and feet all alert and dexterously keeping to the measure, whilst the dancing mistress passed up and down ordering the mazes as she went, and every combination came true and seemed to be a part of the music.

I heard of a little boy the other day who objected to visiting his first school, although warmly invited. It *smells* of lessons, he said gloomily. Little girls will not talk in this way of their school-days at St. Andrews.

MORE LIGHT ON ST. HELENA.¹

II.

* * Since the publication of the first instalment of these papers the Editor has learned that the substance of the instalment appeared some years ago in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' The Editor begs to express his unqualified regret for the circumstance to the proprietors of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

The responsibility is his; but neither Miss Mansel Pleydell nor her family, in whose possession the letters and diaries have always remained, had any knowledge of the previous publication.

The remainder of the papers which now appear are printed, it is believed, for the first time, with the exception of two letters, one from Lady Bingham, dated May 30, 1816, and the other from Colonel Mansel, dated June 14, 1816. These two letters have already appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and would in the present circumstances have been omitted were it not for the continuity of the story.

In regard to the statement in the previous number (CORNHILL MAGAZINE, January, 1901, p. 21), attributed to Madame Bertrand, that some antique coins had been found by Napoleon himself at Rome, it has been pointed out to the Editor by one of the first authorities on the subject that as a matter of fact Napoleon never was in Rome. On p. 34, *note*, of the first instalment Sir Herbert Maxwell accidentally referred to 'All the Talents' as 'Pitt's last administration,' instead of the first Ministry (Grenville's) after Pitt's death.—ED. CORNHILL.

III.

From Lady Bingham.

May 30th.—On Tuesday last I went with Sir George Bingham and Colonel Mansel to pay a visit to Bonaparte. When we first arrived he was out driving with his attendants, and after waiting some time in Captain Poppleton's room we were informed of his return, and were shown into a small ante-room, where at an inside door stood his footman dressed in green and gold, to open and shut the door when necessary for his imperial master. When he was quite ready to receive us we were ushered into his presence.

I think him much better-looking than I had expected. He was extremely facetious, and in an excellent humour. After asking me a few frivolous questions, he desired me to walk into the garden, handed me out, and did me the honour, as I afterwards

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found it was intended, to walk with his head uncovered. He told me I had an excellent husband, and that I ought to be very happy, as he loved me dearly; that he was also a gallant soldier, and that soldiers always made the best husbands. He asked me several questions about Louisa, and made some remark relating to her husband¹ and herself, but this I lost, as, owing to his speaking so remarkably fast, it is sometimes with the utmost difficulty he can be understood.

Notwithstanding the constant rain, I take a great deal of exercise on horseback, and as I have a most quiet animal I ride without the least fear up Ladder Hill² and other tremendous places, to the astonishment of the St. Heleneans. I assure you I pass here for a very superior horsewoman, which gave rise to a question from Napoleon whether in England I often went a fox hunting! having a vast idea that the English ladies are exceeding fond of this amusement. I told him it was one I was by no means partial to, or ever took part in.

Napoleon has been much out of spirits of late; I fancy from the little probability he sees of ever being able to make his escape from this island. He has within the last few days taken to play at shuttles.

Of all his followers Madame Bertrand is the one for whom I feel the most interest; she is, poor woman, so thoroughly unhappy that it is quite melancholy to see her; she is extremely pleasing and elegant in her manner. Just before I arrived, the French attendants had an offer made them of returning home, but they preferred signing a paper which now precludes all future idea of leaving the island. Bertrand is said to have agreed to this from an honourable motive, having promised Napoleon to remain with him during his captivity. Poor Madame, I fancy, would gladly have laid aside all the *honour*, had it been left to her arrangement.

From Colonel Mansel.

Deadwood Camp, June 14th, 1816.—We neither hear nor see much of Bonaparte now; I fancy he confines himself much more than usual to the house, which will tend to increase his

¹ Colonel Mansel.

² This hill is at an angle of 45°. It is ascended by a winding road or by 'Jacob's Ladder,' consisting of 700 steps,

corpulence. He appears to be dropsical, and his complexion is very sallow ; in short he looks exceeding out of health.

I understand the Governor is rather desirous to move him nearer to Plantation House,¹ being suspicious of his attempting his escape, which makes Sir Hudson uneasy and feel somewhat alarmed ; for this he has not the slightest cause, as he is perfectly secure both by sea and land. I should regret his removal from Longwood, as there is not on the island so beautiful a piece of ground as this.

From Lady Bingham.

Feb. 23rd, 1817.—I told you in my last letter that Sir George had been to visit Bonaparte, who was not in good spirits, but very civil. He now begins to take more exercise. He asked Lady Malcolm one day whether we burned incense in our churches ; on being answered in the negative, he said it was the only thing worth going to church for.

July 14th.—We have been very gay here lately ; a ball on Friday last was given to above 200 persons by the officers of the garrison. The next evening we were at the play, and on Monday at a ball given by Mr. Balcombe to the officers of the 53rd on the occasion of their departure from St. Helena.

The officers called on Bonaparte one morning, accompanied by Sir George. He wished them all prosperity and happiness, and at the same time thanked them for the polite manner in which they had performed the duties allotted to them.

Sept. 2nd.—Sir George and myself spent a couple of hours with Bonaparte about a week since. He was in excellent spirits and entered on a variety of subjects as usual. He showed me his wife's picture with her infant son in her arms. He asked me why I did not come more frequently to see him ; he told me he understood that my house was uncommonly well managed, also that I dressed extremely well, and made me tell him what I wore at the ball a day or two before.

When talking of my house Sir George told him that he should be happy to show him our little cottage if he would pay us a visit. Bonaparte answered that he should visit us frequently if only our house stood within his district. When talking of the ball he was much amused to hear that I had danced with the Governor, with whom he is not on the best of terms.

¹ The Governor's own residence.

IV.

[The following extracts are from private letters written by Major Harrison to Sir George and Lady Bingham after they had left St. Helena, and relate to the period about which Lord Rosebery observes there are no authentic details. They certainly strengthen the impression that Sir Hudson Lowe carried out his instructions with complete disregard to the Emperor's feelings. At the same time, these instructions, demanding that the captive should be seen daily, could only have been harmlessly fulfilled by a person of extraordinary tact and delicacy.]

July 17th, 1819.—Since you have left the island, Bonaparte has manifested some inclination to discontinue the practice of showing himself daily. The Governor and Sir Thomas Reade were in consequence at Longwood for some time on Sunday last, and several messages passed between the Governor and Count Montholon through the orderly officer, the result of which was that, after the Governor went away, his Imperial Majesty walked in the garden for some time.

August 14th.—I told you in my last letter that Napoleon had shown a strong disposition towards seclusion again. A short time ago he did not appear for some days; he, however, came to his senses again; but about ten days ago he had a relapse, and did not show himself till yesterday, when the Governor was about to proceed in a way that I believe I should have had to superintend. I need not attempt to impress on your mind what a set of rascals they are at Longwood, but I will relate to you how it was brought about.

When Bonaparte shut himself up, the Governor wrote him a letter enclosing him a copy of his instructions from Lord Bathurst, relative to his being seen every day. This letter both Bertrand and Montholon refused two or three times to receive. On the 11th instant the Governor sent Colonel Wynyard up with the letter, and directed him to take me with him. His instructions were to give the letter to Captain Nichols (orderly officer), who was first to offer it to Montholon; but he was ill and could not be seen. He was then directed in my presence to offer it to Bertrand.

We then proceeded to Longwood. Captain Nichols said, 'Here is a letter for General Bonaparte from the Governor; will you take it?' but Bertrand refused to do so. Captain Nichols was then instructed to say, 'There is an officer of the Governor's personal

staff waiting with a letter from the Governor ; will you inform him of it ?' Bertrand's reply was, ' If the Governor will communicate with the Emperor in the usual manner through me, I will do it ; ' he then left him. The next part of the instructions to be carried out was that Colonel Wynyard was to go to the front door of the house, knock, and ask to be admitted to the presence of Bonaparte. In the event of no one answering he was to try the door, and, if open, to proceed till he came to the room in which he was, but not to use any force.

The door was locked. Colonel Wynyard, having executed these orders, ordered me to accompany Captain Nichols and try another door which leads from the kitchen to the dining-room ; this we did, but to no purpose. Colonel W. then went away and reported the whole to the Governor, who was perfectly satisfied.

Yesterday morning I again received an order from Gorrequer to go immediately to Longwood. When I arrived there I found Captain Nichols had received instructions to see Bonaparte. . . . Nichols sent for Marchand and said, ' I am directed by the Governor to see Bonaparte.' Marchand's reply through Verling, the interpreter, was, ' The Emperor had a bad night last night and is now in his bath.' Nichols said, ' Will you deliver a message to Bonaparte to say I must see him ? ' Marchand flatly refused, and said it must be done by the Grand Marshal. Nichols had then nothing to do but, as before, to try the doors, which were locked ; he then retired to make his report, and I left him, of course expecting to be called again in the afternoon, or as soon as the answer could come from the Governor.

Just after I had left Nichols, and he had made out his report, Bertrand came to him and asked him what he wanted ; did he wish to see the Emperor ? He replied, ' Yes, it was all he wanted.' Bertrand said, ' If you will go past the window of the room in which the bath is, you will see him.' Nichols went back to his room, took off his red jacket, put on his blue greatcoat, returned, found the window open, and his Imperial Majesty up to his neck in water. The object was thus attained and he retired. But what do you think of our friends at Longwood now ?

I have related what passed in my presence at Bertrand's. He wrote to the Governor the following day, and said that he had observed to Captain Nichols that the Prince, being confined to his bed and very unwell, had occasion for medical assistance, and not matters likely to irritate, which he considered a personal

insult. What an egregious liar ! It appears almost incredible, but so it was. Nothing passed but what I told you.

23rd.—Since I last wrote to you, and since the bath scene, Napoleon has been very sulky again, and did not show himself for many days. On the 13th, after many letters and messages had passed, the Governor went to Longwood with his staff. He took me with him, and we remained there till seven o'clock in the evening, the Governor sending messages by Verling and Nichols without receiving any satisfactory answer. At last he set off, and I was ordered to be in readiness the following morning. When, however, Napoleon finds the Governor determined, he always contrives (though he was said to be dreadfully ill in bed) to show himself, for the next morning he was not only seen, but was heard vociferating most loudly.

This last business has rendered him more despicable than ever, for after the Governor had left Longwood Napoleon wrote to him to say he might tell the Prince Regent of England that if he attempted to force open his doors he should walk over his corpse at the threshold, meaning that he would defend himself to the last. Notwithstanding this, he showed himself the next morning as I have told you.

December 1st.—Things are going on very quietly. Napoleon is out every day, and has for some time past been employed in making alterations in his garden. I saw him about a fortnight ago walking round the new house ; I was not very close to him, but he appeared to walk as well as ever. He is constantly walking about now, and does not avoid any one who approaches him.

January 18th, 1820.—I think little or no alteration has taken place since I wrote last, excepting that the great man at Longwood is quite an altered person ; he is now out of doors constantly, and is making curious and interesting improvements in the garden round the old house. I have not seen them, as he never quits the spot, and unless one takes the opportunity of going when he is at dinner, you must fall in with him. I understand he was so much delighted with the arrival from James Town of some framework which was to line a pond for gold and silver fish that he gave the carter a glass of wine with his own hand ! He keeps Montholon and all his people constantly at work at his improvements, and is frequently seen in a Nankin jacket and straw hat in the midst of them.

I do not hear that they have troubled the Governor lately, who, unsolicited, has extended his limits (Napoleon's) very considerably. Some people think that he will not come out again, but as yet there is no demonstration of the kind. All the other people have taken advantage of the extension, and one day Montholon rode round the new limits with Gorrequer. . . .

The new doctor, Antommarchi, I understand showed great disposition to be troublesome by making frequent complaints of the Governor, through the proper channel, that he was stopped by the sentries when endeavouring to pass at improper hours. He is, however, silenced in a manner which will show you that the Court at Longwood is still kept up with all its imperial consequence. Antommarchi took upon himself at last to write to the Governor direct: Montholon significantly remarked, 'He has written to the Governor and has got his answer.' Nothing has been heard of the doctor since.

The extension of limits has been effected without any considerable increase of duty to the troops. The piquet house above Hutt's Gate is converted into a signal station, and the piquet by day done away with, so that there is only a piquet at Bate's branch in addition. There is a code of signals established peculiar to Longwood, and the Governor is acquainted when any of them go out. The carriage has been neatly fitted up, and three or four new horses sent for.

I have seen his Imperial Majesty several times lately at a distance. He appears to be fully as active and to walk as well as when I first saw him. The new house does not get on quite as well as it might do; they are at a standstill for the things which were expected from home almost before you left us. Preparations are being made for the removal of the barracks, where they will be quite out of sight of Longwood.

May 12th.—The people at Longwood continue perfectly quiet, Napoleon constantly employed in his garden. I have heard that great objections are made to the iron railing, and that he has said that he would never enter the new house while it has so much the appearance of an iron cage. The house since the arrival of the *Mary* from England makes great progress, and, except the railing, Napoleon does not in any way object to it.

My little neighbour Ibbetson is going on very well as purveyor at Longwood, and there has not been a single complaint for I don't know how long.

August 18th.—Napoleon is going on very well, and has taken to riding again. He has asked for an extension of his limits, and preparations are being made for removing the present cordon of sentries out of his sight, besides which another new road is in contemplation. I shall not be surprised to see him pass the Huts some of these days.

I shall not fail to give you an account of all the alterations that may take place here with regard to our prisoner, as you must always feel interested about him. He certainly is much relaxed in his feelings towards the people in power here, and now frequently sends Montholon over to Plantation House on matters relating to himself.

October 9th.—Now to our friend at Longwood. A wonderful change has taken place there. I have said in former letters that there were strong indications of his coming round, and I told you that the Governor had made such a disposition of his piquets and sentries that you could scarce see either one or the other of them from the road.

About three weeks ago, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the signalman came down to say that Bonaparte was riding at full gallop in their direction, attended by two servants only; but before I got out he had passed and ridden round the cordon. As I had not seen it myself I could scarcely believe it, but I afterwards clearly ascertained that it was he. This ride so knocked him up that he could scarcely move for a few days.

On Wednesday last I was called up again between seven and eight o'clock, when I saw Napoleon, attended by Montholon, Bertrand, and four servants, approaching in imperial state; I observed also that two of the servants carried hampers or panniers. The cavalcade passed my house slowly, and proceeded in the direction of Plantation House. I could not conceive where they were going, and waited impatiently for their return, which did not take place till near twelve o'clock, previously to which time a servant had been despatched for the carriage, and on the hill just above me Napoleon dismounted and got into it, and drove quickly home.

It turned out afterwards that, without having previously said a word to any one, they all rode to Sir William Doveton's, whose house is now within his limits, where he had the hampers containing his breakfast emptied, and spread on a cloth on the grass in front of the house. Sir William and Mr. and Mrs. Greentree

were there, but they could not persuade him to take his breakfast in the house. After he had finished, however, he went all over the house, and curiously enough observed that the furniture of the house was altered since he was there before, and remarked that there were formerly two sofas. You recollect he went there with Sir George Cockburn shortly after his arrival, when he was much smitten with Mrs. Greentree, and almost pulled old Sir William's ear off.

Feb. 2nd, 1821.—I said in my last letter to Lady Bingham, that I thought our friend at Longwood was breaking fast. I scarcely know, however, what to make of it, as almost every day induces me to form a different opinion. He certainly has grown very large and become very inactive; and I understand he is supported in and out of his carriage. About ten days ago he was on horseback again, but not out of the grounds, so that it is impossible to say whether he is really in the state he appears to be in, or that he only wishes to be supposed such.

I heard yesterday that he has made a proposition to the Governor, in terms which he (the Governor) thinks reasonable. You are aware that Bertrand has long wished to get away. . . . Napoleon now proposes that both he and Montholon should be sent to England at the disposal of our Government, and that they shall be replaced by others, of course of his own choosing. Besides which he is dissatisfied with his present surgeon, who, I fancy, has not had sufficient experience in the world to enter into his extensive views.

It is impossible to draw any inference from these projects; and whether he wishes to send these people home to further his own plans in the present unsettled state of Europe, or that he is now reconciled to his fate and does not wish them to remain longer in a state of banishment, is difficult to decide.

[Antommarchi was a young Corsican anatomist selected by Cardinal Fesch to attend upon Napoleon, who conceived a vehement dislike for him and distrusted his skill—not without cause, as events proved. On 31st January, 1821, Napoleon dismissed him to return to Europe, but a week later Antommarchi was reinstated. In March, however, he incurred again the displeasure of Napoleon, who forbade his name to be mentioned. He was the only one of his attendants whom Napoleon did not mention in his will. Lord Rosebery describes Antommarchi's book as 'worthless and mendacious.']

V.

[Lord Rosebery, after comparing the scanty records of the last weeks of Napoleon's life, came to the conclusion that even Dr. Arnott failed to detect the mortal nature of the malady from which his patient was suffering, until 'a bare week before the end.' Neither Sir Hudson Lowe, he says, nor the British Government had any suspicion that the end was at hand. The following letters from Major Harrison to Sir George Bingham confirm the accuracy of this view; for, although the writer apprehended something serious in March, in April he seems to have inclined to the view that Napoleon was feigning sickness. All this adds to the intense melancholy which clouds the end of this most puissant ruler.]

From Major Harrison to Sir George Bingham.

March 31st, 1821.—The China ship *Duke of York* sails to-day, and I must just write to say that it is not at all unlikely that I may have the pleasure of seeing you ere long.

The reason for the change likely to take place I will not vouch for, as such profound secrecy is observed and enjoined on the occasion; but you will recollect, in several of my late letters, I have expressed my opinion that Napoleon has been declining for some time past, and the impression on my mind at this present moment is that he is now on his death-bed.

For the last fortnight he has been in a bad state, and for this last week he has taken to his bed, and has, I have reason to believe, been in a perfect state of stupor. Arnott is in constant attendance, but I have not been able to make out whether he has seen him. There are dragoons constantly passing backwards and forwards, and yesterday the Governor must have been sent for express, for a dragoon galloped past here, and the Governor returned with him in a very short time. He called here on his way home and wrote a note, but never said a syllable to me.

I find it impossible to get at the real state of the case, and what I have said must not go beyond Lady Bingham and yourself, as I merely say what I really believe to be the truth, that Napoleon is dying. The people about him have said so for some time.

I cannot reconcile it to myself why the Governor should keep the thing so close ; for, if my premises are correct, some of these days, or I may say hours, the death of Napoleon will be announced, when literally not a soul in the island knows even that he has been ill.

If I am wrong in the opinion I have formed (for what I have said is merely founded on opinion), there is no harm done ; but if it should happen, I have prepared you for the worst.

April 3rd.—My letter of the 31st of last month would naturally lead you to expect one from me very soon after, and I am glad now I can give you the real state of affairs, which information I gained this afternoon, and which may be relied on. The circumstances I am about to detail are curious, but as you know the character so well you will not be astonished at anything that might otherwise appear extraordinary. Whether this is a plot got up or not it is impossible to say, but a short time must discover. It appears, as I said in my last letter, that Napoleon has been very unwell for some days past, and had taken to his bed ; during the whole of which time Arnott has been in attendance. It comes out that Arnott had not seen Napoleon, but was frequently asked what he would do and how he would act under such and such circumstances, which is contrary, I believe, to the custom of medical men. Whether his advice was acted upon I know not, but the night before last he was sent for between ten and eleven to see the Emperor, who was very ill. When he arrived at the house he was told he was personally to visit him. He consequently proceeded to his apartment, but what was his astonishment, when the door was opened, to find the room was in a state of perfect darkness, for the candles were not only put out, but the window-shutters were also closed ! The doctor was led to the bedside, when an arm was stretched out which the doctor seized, and after having examined the pulse said—‘ Whosoever arm this is, the pulse indicates that the person is in a state of extreme debility, but I am not apprehensive of any serious consequences.’ The next morning Arnott was again introduced into the imperial presence, after which he pronounced that he was in a very debilitated state, but that he was better than when he left him the night before, and that his disorder proceeded more from the state of his mind than his body. He has seen him again this morning, and the report he makes is that he continues better. That he has been very ill there can be no doubt, as Arnott is

the first British medical officer that he has seen who has not signed his allegiance to him; but whether he will get over it, or whether it is only one of their schemes, I shall not decide till he is out of bed and going about again.

April 22nd.—I don't know what to think of the invalid, but I now begin to believe that it is all humbug. He still continues confined to his bed, but from what I can collect is considerably better. His new doctor, Arnott, attends him twice a day regularly, and he tells me he is the most extraordinary man he has ever had to deal with in his life, and the conviction on his mind is, that if he were told there was a 74 arrived to take him back to France, he would make the use of both his mental and bodily faculties.

May 2nd.—This morning, before I was dressed, Sir Thomas Reade came from the direction of Longwood, and stopped at my gate, to tell me that Bonaparte was then dying, and it is supposed he cannot live over to-morrow. . . . He has for the last two days refused all medicine or the slightest sustenance; . . . the probability is that he will have terminated his earthly career before I have closed this.

3rd.—Bonaparte is still alive. Sir Thomas Reade was with me during the whole night in momentary expectation of receiving intelligence of his death. . . . It appears that he has dozed for several hours, which has renovated him for a short time; but about three o'clock this morning he became speechless, and seemed not to hear any one.

Half-past 2 p.m.—The Governor has just passed, and told me that there is no great alteration. Montholon has consented that some medical people shall see him when he becomes insensible. There has just been a signal passed for the surgeon of the flag-ship, so I suppose the next report will be that he is no more.

Six o'clock p.m.—He is totally insensible, and his eyes are fixed, with every appearance of immediate dissolution.

4th. Ten o'clock a.m.—Bonaparte is still alive, and the symptoms are now more favourable. Yesterday afternoon, when in a state of insensibility, they put into his mouth a bit of soaked biscuit with ten grains of calomel, which he swallowed, and which had the desired effect. This has made such a change that the report this morning is that he is much better, but very weak. . . . The change has astonished all, but there are not the slightest hopes for his recovery.

One o'clock p.m.—Dr. Short, who has just passed, tells me that there is a wonderful change for the better; that he has taken some jelly and wine, and is more himself again. . . . What an extraordinary thing it would be should he get over this attack!

7th. I was so employed all yesterday and the day before that I could not continue my reports, having been at Longwood all day and part of the night.

The once great Napoleon Bonaparte departed this life, without the slightest struggle, on the evening of May 5, at ten minutes before six o'clock.

The Governor and staff were there, and we were going in to see the body, when Montholon requested we would not go near him for six hours, as it was the custom with them to devote that time to prayer after the departure of a friend. Then it was arranged that the Governor, Admiral, and Brigadier-General, and the French Commissioner, should assemble at daylight the following morning, when we all went in and beheld poor Napoleon's corpse; a sight which I cannot do justice to in describing; for instead of a horrible, ghastly appearance which I expected to have seen, there was an inexpressible something in his countenance that gave one an idea of everything serene and placid; and the strong and marked expression was really beautiful.

After we had had a sight of him, it was arranged that his body should be opened at two o'clock. The persons fixed upon to witness this operation were Sir Thomas Reade, the orderly officer, and myself, which was highly gratifying to me; and though it was a scene at which I had never before been present, I stood it as well, and was as anxious to see the seat of his disorder, as any one of the seven surgeons in attendance, though they were themselves in doubt as to the nature of the disease.

They commenced upon his lungs, which were declared to be as sound as any man's in the world. They then examined his heart, which was perfectly natural, and in an equally sound state. The part that was expected to be the most interesting, as it was supposed might be the seat of his disorder, was his liver, but to my astonishment it had the appearance of being as sound a liver as was ever seen. . . . The next part to be examined was the stomach, and at a moment's glance of even my eye it was evident the seat of his disorder was discovered. . . . He had a cancer in his stomach, of which disorder he had died, and which was not

the effect of the climate, but an hereditary disease, for it appears that his father died of the same thing.

He had fixed on the spot here where he wished to be buried, and the ceremony will take place the day after to-morrow. The workmen are now making the vault under the willow-tree at the bottom of Mr. Ibbetson's garden. . . . The body was dressed in full uniform by his own people, boots, spurs, cocked hat, &c., and laid out in state for two hours to be seen by any one who chose to go in and look at him.

From Colonel Gorrequer to Sir George Bingham.

St. Helena, May 6, 1821.—Bonaparte expired yesterday evening at ten minutes before six. Just at the very instant the sun sank below the horizon, he breathed his last sigh.

He had died in a manly, proper manner; no complaint, no murmur, no invective, no lamentation or remorse. Extreme unction was given to him before his death; and from six in the morning yesterday, till six at night, the whole of his attendants, from the highest to the lowest, surrounded his bed in deep silence . . . till the moment of his dissolution.

Some sketches were afterwards taken, but they are quite below the original. I never saw his face so *handsome* (and really you may use the term) as at that moment; . . . all the superfluous flesh and sallowness had disappeared, and left a well-proportioned countenance, such as he might have had some twelve or fourteen years ago. A dozen of those who saw him concurred in saying that he did not look at the utmost more than forty, and he certainly did not—even less, I think. His hair retained its natural dark brown, and not a wrinkle or the slightest contortion was on the face.

He is to be buried to-morrow with military honours, as a general of the highest rank, by the side of the spring near Torbett's house, below Mr. Ibbetson's at Hutt's Gate, under the shade of a cluster of weeping willows, which we have been looking at this forenoon; and I do not think a more appropriate spot could have been selected. He had fixed upon it himself in the event of being buried here. Montholon has requested the spot may be consecrated by our clergyman, and afterwards by their own priest, Vignali.

The night preceding his death, an old favourite gum-wood tree opposite Montholon's quarters fell down, broken from the roots.

The store-ship *Waterloo* arrived two days previous; and just before he expired his favourite little horse got the head-stall off, ran out of the stable, and was for a long time galloping about the house. These circumstances will by some be considered as presages of his fate.

Montholon has applied for his heart; it is not, however, to be given up now, but most probably will be enclosed in a leaden case and buried with the body. If Government should approve, it will later on be delivered up to his friends.

He has left a will, but the question is whether it is to be opened yet or not; his followers desire it.

At half past five o'clock yesterday morning he was speaking of his son, and knew every one about him. In his usual way the day before, he 'tutoyéd' the servants, and spoke French to some, Italian to others.

He has been long sinking, depend upon it; he has frequently said for some months past, '*Il n'y a plus d'huile dans la lampe,*' meaning he was wasting fast. The new house was just ready for him, and it was agreed to take down the railing round part of the lawn, of which he complained, calling it a cage. . . .

After the dissection had taken place, his attendants dressed him out in a new plain uniform of a colonel of Chasseurs, of the late Imperial Guards; sword buckled on, cocked hat, booted and spurred, &c., and a cape richly embroidered in silver spread under his body. This was the same that he wore at the battle of Marengo, and took with him in all his subsequent campaigns, though apparently little worn.

In this state all the officers, respectable inhabitants, and a great part of the men of the 20th were admitted to see him. Almost everybody who chose had in fact access to the room, both before and after the body was placed in the coffin. His followers appeared pleased at the concourse of persons that came there.

Some attempts at likenesses were made before and after he was dressed out; I have not seen any, however, really like. A cast of plaster of Paris was also taken of him, and a bust made from it, which is now in the possession of Madame Bertrand.

[The authenticity of this cast, which was taken by the disgraced Antommarchi and is now in England, has been called in question. It is satisfactory to have Colonel Gorrequer's testimony that it really was taken at the time.]

He had conceived, very justly, that the original instruction for the conveyance of his remains to Europe might be counter-ordered; and therefore selected that pretty spot I mentioned in my last letter, close to a fountain near Torbett's cottage, below Ibbetson's, under two weeping willows, in the event of his being interred at St. Helena; at the same time desiring his heart should be sent to his wife. His wishes on this point, however, it has not been thought proper to accede to, but the heart has nevertheless been enclosed in a small silver vase, preserved in spirits of wine, and soldered up. . . . and deposited in the coffin along with the body, so that the heart may still be got at, should the widow on deliberation at home be allowed to become the possessor of it.

On the 7th the body, in full uniform as above described, was put into a wooden coffin lined with tin, which was then placed in a leaden one, and then into a third made of mahogany. Within the interior shell were deposited along with the body twelve coins of the French Empire and Kingdom of Italy (eight gold and four silver), a silver plate, a silver-handled knife and fork, a silver ewer instead of a lamp, and a silver cup or small vase.

The 9th having been fixed upon for his burial with the honours due to a full general, all the troops in the island, marines from the flagship, St. Helena Volunteers, &c., assembled, and formed a line reaching from the crest of the hill above the road leading to Hutt's Gate, to the guardhouse at Longwood, close to which the right of the line extended.

A funeral car had been made from his old sociable or barouche, and was drawn up, with his four carriage-horses harnessed to it, at the foot of the garden in front of what was formerly the billiard-room in the old house. The coffin was then carried by a party of the grenadiers of the 20th from the room he died in (the drawing-room) and placed upon the car.

The procession was then formed as follows:—Priest Vignali led the van on foot, dressed in rich golden-embroidered canonicals with a *bénitier* of holy water in his hand. Next walked Henry Bertrand with an *encensoir*. Then followed the car with the body, and with the Marengo mantle and sword placed on the coffin, flanked by twelve grenadiers of the 20th—six on each side. Immediately behind the car was his favourite little horse, formerly Miss Charlotte Somerset's, then called 'King George,' but afterwards named 'Scheik' by Bonaparte. Doctors Antomarchi and Arnott followed next. Then succeeded Madame

Bertrand, with her daughter and youngest boy, in a phaeton ; and following them were all the rest of the attendants, with the two Counts, this group being the chief mourners. Then came the midshipmen of the men-of-war in harbour on foot, succeeded by a cavalcade of civil, naval, and military officers, closed by the French Commissioner, the Admiral, and the Governor.

This *cortège* proceeded slowly on along the front of the line, the whole resting on their arms reversed, and the bands playing a solemn dirge. When it reached the left, the troops filed off, joining the rear of the procession, until they arrived opposite Torbett's cottage, where the horsemen dismounted, and the coffin, having been removed from the car, was borne by detachments of grenadiers of the different corps. Bertrand and Marchand followed in the same order as before. The body was then deposited in the grave ; the troops having meantime extended to the right and left of the artillery, which halted opposite to the burying-place. Three rounds of eleven field-pieces were fired over it, and the troops were then withdrawn.

The grave was 12 ft. deep, and 5 ft. wide ; the sides and bottom of masonry 2 ft. thick. A kind of sarcophagus, composed of four large slabs of Portland stone taken from a platform of one of the batteries, with two smaller ones of the ends, supported by eight square stones 1 ft. high, placed at the bottom of the grave, finally received the body. The stones forming the sort of sarcophagus were united together with Roman cement, and immediately over this were placed two layers of island freestone, 2 ft. thick, which, besides being well cemented together, were connected with iron cramps. The upper part of the grave was then filled up with earth ; and lastly another large slab of Portland stone covered the mouth of it, with a border of masonry all round it. The grave has been enclosed with a railing, and an officer's guard mounted on it ever since. There is therefore no chance, as you may well suppose, that any clandestine removal can take place.

The weather was beautiful the day of the funeral, and the sides of the hills which surround the ravine being covered with the population of the island, with the ladies in their best attire, produced, together with the military ceremony, a very beautiful, imposing, and awful effect.

Extreme unction was administered to Napoleon before his

death. When he expired, a *chapelle ardente* was fitted up; mass and prayers were said frequently; everything, from his death to his funeral, was extremely well conducted, and the most perfect propriety marked the conduct of all.

Napoleon behaved with princely liberality to Dr. Arnott, who attended him from April 1 only—having at last admitted an English medical officer to see him, more however, I believe, to avoid being constrained to receive the visits of the orderly officer than from any expectation of being cured of his disease; for besides a rich gold snuffbox, the last he himself used, still half full of snuff, and upon the lid of which he had with his own hand engraved with a penknife the letter N., he caused him to be presented with six hundred napoleons;¹ and he has been given some little remembrance from the Bertrands.

Bonaparte has left to Lady Holland a beautiful gold snuff-box, with a very valuable antique cameo set in the lid, which had been one of the most admired in the collection of the Vatican, and made a present of to him by the Pope at the Peace of Tolentino in 1797, as a token of gratitude for some favourable articles introduced by him in the treaty. Inside the box on a card was written by Napoleon's own hand, 'L'Empereur Napoléon à Lady Holland; témoignage de satisfaction et d'estime.'

On April 16 he made a codicil to his will, wholly in his own handwriting, by which he left all he possessed on this island to be equally divided between Counts Bertrand, Montholon, and Marchand, excepting only three mahogany boxes, about as large as a common-sized dressing-case, principally containing snuff-boxes with antique cameos and medals set in the lids, and some with portraits of sovereigns and members of his family; others presented to him by crowned heads, cities, states, &c. These boxes he sealed up himself, and made four of his followers annex their seals to his own, desiring they should be delivered to his son when arrived at the age of sixteen.

Two days after the funeral, his rooms in the old house were laid out exactly as they were during his lifetime; his dressing-table and apparatus, beds, furniture, apparel, even to the most minute article, were each exhibited. All the effects he left behind him—plate, the beautiful set of porcelain presented to him on his marriage with Maria Louisa; his wardrobe, the coats and hats that he had worn at various battles; the old straw hat he used to

¹ Dr. Arnott also received a fee of 500*l.* from the English Government.

work in in the garden, &c.—all these were laid out very neatly in the billiard-room and drawing-room, and the whole house thrown open for three days to everybody who chose to go and look at the display; and I believe everybody went that could, except the lowest class.

We have many wild reports of the immense sums left by Napoleon to his followers; as one instance, to Montholon 1,000,000 sterling a year, and so on. We, however, saw nothing but a codicil. Whether the will itself was at home or concealed we can't tell; for my part I am impressed with an idea that all the jewels he has been said to possess, and the millions deposited in the various banks in Europe and America, as well as other immense resources at his disposal, will turn out in general to be a fallacy; though it is natural to suppose he secured enough to reward those who came out and stayed with him here.

He had very little plate indeed; and we certainly saw no article of particular value. The Sèvres china, presented to him by the city of Paris on his marriage, and the plate were probably the most valuable. The former only consisted of a few plates, cups and saucers, &c.

We were all surprised at the simplicity and plainness of his wardrobe and the few things of value left behind him; not a diamond or jewel of any kind. What he brought here with him was mostly part of his camp equipment, which was extremely compact and portable for the purpose of carrying on mules or bât-horses.

There has been great anxiety among some of the people here to obtain a little bit of his hair, and some have succeeded as they hoped through the means of his attendants. I did not try to get any, or I might have had it; I was satisfied with some of his handwriting.

[In 1840 the remains of Napoleon were disinterred and carried to Paris in the *Belle Poule* frigate, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, and laid in the Hôtel des Invalides. 'The pageant,' notes a contemporary writer, 'was of the most gorgeous character, and was attended by the royal family, ministers, and all the great functionaries of the kingdom. It seemed hardly to excite any political feeling whatever, and the Parisians looked upon the *cortège* as they would upon any other magnificent spectacle, amusing them for the hour, and then forgotten.'

In respect of Napoleon's will, he had no such vast wealth to

bequeath as had been rumoured. But he divided what he had with touching care among the companions of his captivity and his faithful servants. Unhappily the testament was stained by the addition of a codicil, of which the following is a translation :

5°. Item (10,000) ten thousand francs to *sous-officier* Cantillon, who has undergone trial on a charge of attempting to assassinate Lord Wellington, whereof he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate this oligarch as this man had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, sought to justify it on the ground of the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had really assassinated the lord, might have screened himself behind and been justified by the same excuse, namely, the interest of France, for making away with a general who had already violated the Capitulation of Paris, and thereby rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs Ney, La Bédoyère, &c., &c., and for the crime of having despoiled the galleries in contravention of the text of the treaties.]

THE SCRUPULOUS FATHER.¹

It was market day in the little town ; at one o'clock a rustic company besieged the table of the Greyhound, lured by savoury odours and the frothing of amber ale. Apart from three frequenters of the ordinary, in a small room prepared for overflow, sat two persons of a different stamp—a middle-aged man, bald, meagre, unimpressive, but wholly respectable in bearing and apparel, and a girl, evidently his daughter, who had the look of the latter twenties, her plain dress harmonising with a subdued charm of feature and a timidity of manner not ungraceful. Whilst waiting for their meal they conversed in an undertone ; their brief remarks and ejaculations told of a long morning's ramble from the seaside resort some miles away ; in their quiet fashion they seemed to have enjoyed themselves, and dinner at an inn evidently struck them as something of an escapade. Rather awkwardly the girl arranged a handful of wild flowers which she had gathered, and put them for refreshment into a tumbler of water ; when a woman entered with viands, silence fell upon the two ; after hesitations and mutual glances, they began to eat with nervous appetite.

Scarcely was their modest confidence restored, when in the doorway sounded a virile voice, gaily humming, and they became aware of a tall young man, red-headed, anything but handsome, flushed and perspiring from the sunny road ; his open jacket showed a blue cotton shirt without waistcoat, in his hand was a shabby straw hat, and thick dust covered his boots. One would have judged him a tourist of the noisier class, and his rather loud 'Good morning !' as he entered the room seemed a serious menace to privacy ; on the other hand, the rapid buttoning of his coat, and the quiet choice of a seat as far as possible from the two guests whom his arrival disturbed, indicated a certain tact. His greeting had met with the merest murmur of reply ; their eyes on their plates, father and daughter resolutely disregarded him ; yet he ventured to speak again.

'They're busy here to-day. Not a seat to be had in the other room.'

¹ Copyright in the United States of America by George Gissing, 1901,

It was apologetic in intention, and not rudely spoken. After a moment's delay, the bald, respectable man made a curt response.

'This room is public, I believe.'

The intruder held his peace. But more than once he glanced at the girl, and, after each furtive scrutiny, his plain visage manifested some disturbance, a troubled thoughtfulness. His one look at the mute parent was from beneath contemptuous eyebrows.

Very soon another guest appeared, a massive agricultural man, who descended upon a creaking chair and growled a remark about the hot weather. With him the red-haired pedestrian struck into talk. Their topic was beer. Uncommonly good, they agreed, the local brew, and each called for a second pint. What, they asked in concert, would England be without her ale? Shame on the base traffickers who enfeebled or poisoned this noble liquor! And how cool it was—ah! The right sort of cellar! He of the red hair hinted at a third pewter.

These two were still but midway in their stout attack on meat and drink, when father and daughter, having exchanged a few whispers, rose to depart. After leaving the room, the girl remembered that she had left her flowers behind; she durst not return for them, and, knowing her father would dislike to do so, said nothing about the matter.

'A pity!' exclaimed Mr. Whiston (that was his respectable name) as they strolled away. 'It looked at first as if we should have such a nice quiet dinner.'

'I enjoyed it all the same,' replied his companion, whose name was Rose.

'That abominable habit of drinking!' added Mr. Whiston austerely. He himself had quaffed water, as always. 'Their ale, indeed! See the coarse, gross creatures it produces!'

He shuddered. Rose, however, seemed less consentient than usual. Her eyes were on the ground; her lips were closed with a certain firmness. When she spoke, it was on quite another subject.

They were Londoners. Mr. Whiston held the position of draughtsman in the office of a geographical publisher; though his income was small, he had always practised a rigid economy, and the possession of a modest private capital put him beyond fear of reverses. Profoundly conscious of social limits, he felt it a subject for gratitude that there was nothing to be ashamed of

in his calling, which he might fairly regard as a profession, and he nursed this sense of respectability as much on his daughter's behalf as on his own. Rose was an only child; her mother had been dead for years; her kinsfolk on both sides laid claim to the title of gentfolk, but supported it on the narrowest margin of independence. The girl had grown up in an atmosphere unfavourable to mental development, but she had received a fairly good education, and nature had dowered her with intelligence. A sense of her father's conscientiousness and of his true affection forbade her to criticise openly the principles on which he had directed her life; hence a habit of solitary meditation, which half fostered, yet half opposed, the gentle diffidence of Rose's character. Mr. Whiston shrank from society, ceaselessly afraid of receiving less than his due; privately, meanwhile, he deplored the narrowness of the social opportunities granted to his daughter, and was for ever forming schemes for her advantage—schemes which never passed beyond the stage of nervous speculation. They inhabited a little house in a western suburb, a house illumined with every domestic virtue; but scarcely a dozen persons crossed the threshold within a twelvemonth. Rose's two or three friends were, like herself, mistrustful of the world. One of them had lately married after a very long engagement, and Rose still trembled from the excitement of that occasion, still debated fearfully with herself on the bride's chances of happiness. Her own marriage was an event so inconceivable that merely to glance at the thought appeared half immodest and wholly irrational.

Every winter Mr. Whiston talked of new places which he and Rose would visit when the holidays came round; every summer he shrank from the thought of adventurous novelty, and ended by proposing a return to the same western seaside, to the familiar lodgings. The climate suited neither him nor his daughter, who both needed physical as well as moral bracing; but they only thought of this on finding themselves at home again, with another long year of monotony before them. And it was so good to feel welcome, respected; to receive the smiling reverences of tradesfolk; to talk with just a little well-bred condescension, sure that it would be appreciated. Mr. Whiston savoured these things, and Rose in this respect was not wholly unlike him.

To-day was the last of their vacation. The weather had been magnificent throughout; Rose's cheeks were more than touched by the sun, greatly to the advantage of her unpretending comeli-

ness. She was a typical English maiden, rather tall, shapely rather than graceful, her head generally bent, her movements always betraying the diffidence of solitary habit. The lips were her finest feature, their perfect outline indicating sweetness without feebleness of character. Such a girl is at her best towards the stroke of thirty. Rose had begun to know herself; she needed only opportunity to act upon her knowledge.

A train would take them back to the seaside. At the railway station Rose seated herself on a shaded part of the platform, whilst her father, who was exceedingly short of sight, peered over publications on the bookstall. Rather tired after her walk, the girl was dreamily tracing a pattern with the point of her parasol, when some one advanced and stood immediately in front of her. Startled, she looked up, and recognised the red-haired stranger of the inn.

‘You left these flowers in a glass of water on the table. I hope I’m not doing a rude thing in asking whether they were left by accident.’

He had the flowers in his hand, their stems carefully protected by a piece of paper. For a moment Rose was incapable of replying; she looked at the speaker; she felt her cheeks burn; in utter embarrassment she said she knew not what.

‘Oh!—thank you! I forgot them. It’s very kind.’

Her hand touched his as she took the bouquet from him. Without another word, the man turned and strode away.

Mr. Whiston had seen nothing of this. When he approached, Rose held up the flowers with a laugh.

‘Wasn’t it kind? I forgot them, you know, and some one from the inn came looking for me.’

‘Very good of them, very,’ replied her father graciously. ‘A very nice inn, that. We’ll go again—some day. One likes to encourage such civility; it’s rare nowadays.’

He of the red hair travelled by the same train, though not in the same carriage. Rose caught sight of him at the seaside station. She was vexed with herself for having so scantily acknowledged his kindness; it seemed to her that she had not really thanked him at all; how absurd, at her age, to be incapable of common self-command! At the same time she kept thinking of her father’s phrase, ‘coarse, gross creatures,’ and it vexed her even more than her own ill behaviour. The stranger was certainly not coarse, far from gross. Even his talk about beer (she remem-

bered every word of it) had been amusing rather than offensive. Was he a 'gentleman'? The question agitated her; it involved so technical a definition, and she felt so doubtful as to the reply. Beyond doubt he had acted in a gentlemanly way; but his voice lacked something. Coarse? Gross? No, no, no! Really, her father was very severe, not to say uncharitable. But perhaps he was thinking of the heavy agricultural man; oh, he must have been!

Of a sudden she felt very weary. At the lodgings she sat down in her bedroom, and gazed through the open window at the sea. A sense of discouragement, hitherto scarcely known, had fallen upon her; it spoilt the blue sky and the soft horizon. She thought rather drearily of the townward journey to-morrow, of her home in the suburbs, of the endless monotony that awaited her. The flowers lay on her lap; she smelt them, dreamed over them. And then—strange incongruity—she thought of beer!

Between tea and supper she and her father rested on the beach. Mr. Whiston was reading. Rose pretended to turn the leaves of a book. Of a sudden, as unexpectedly to herself as to her companion, she broke silence.

'Don't you think, father, that we are too much afraid of talking with strangers?'

'Too much afraid?'

Mr. Whiston was puzzled. He had forgotten all about the incident at the dinner table.

'I mean—what harm is there in having a little conversation when one is away from home? At the inn to-day, you know, I can't help thinking we were rather—perhaps a little too silent.'

'My dear Rose, did you want to talk about beer?'

She reddened, but answered all the more emphatically.

'Of course not. But, when the first gentleman came in, wouldn't it have been natural to exchange a few friendly words? I'm sure he wouldn't have talked of beer to *us*.'

'The *gentleman*? I saw no gentleman, my dear. I suppose he was a small clerk, or something of the sort, and he had no business whatever to address us.'

'Oh, but he only said good morning, and apologised for sitting at our table. He needn't have apologised at all.'

'Precisely. That is just what I mean,' said Mr. Whiston with self-satisfaction. 'My dear Rose, if I had been alone, I

might perhaps have talked a little, but with you it was impossible. One cannot be too careful. A man like that will take all sorts of liberties. One has to keep such people at a distance.'

A moment's pause, then Rose spoke with unusual decision :

'I feel quite sure, father, that he would not have taken liberties. It seems to me that he knew quite well how to behave himself.'

Mr. Whiston grew still more puzzled. He closed his book to meditate this new problem.

'One has to lay down rules,' fell from him at length, sententiously. 'Our position, Rose, as I have often explained, is a delicate one. A lady in circumstances such as yours cannot exercise too much caution. Your natural associates are in the world of wealth; unhappily I cannot make you wealthy. We have to guard our self-respect, my dear child. Really, it is not *safe* to talk with strangers—least of all at an inn. And you have only to remember that disgusting conversation about beer!'

Rose said no more. Her father pondered a little, felt that he had delivered his soul, and resumed the book.

The next morning they were early at the station to secure good places for the long journey to London. Up to almost the last moment it seemed that they would have a carriage to themselves. Then the door suddenly opened, a bag was flung on to the seat, and after it came a hot, panting man, a red-haired man, recognised immediately by both the travellers.

'I thought I'd missed it!' ejaculated the intruder merrily.

Mr. Whiston turned his head away, disgust transforming his countenance. Rose sat motionless, her eyes cast down. And the stranger mopped his forehead in silence.

He glanced at her; he glanced again and again; and Rose was aware of every look. It did not occur to her to feel offended. On the contrary, she fell into a mood of tremulous pleasure, enhanced by every turn of the stranger's eyes in her direction. At him she did not look, yet she saw him. Was it a coarse face? she asked herself. Plain perhaps, but not, decidedly not vulgar. The red hair, she thought, was not disagreeably red; she didn't dislike that shade of colour. He was humming a tune; it seemed to be his habit, and it argued healthy cheerfulness. Meanwhile, Mr. Whiston sat stiffly in his corner, staring at the landscape, a model of respectable muteness.

At the first stop another man entered. This time, unmis-

takably, a commercial traveller. At once a dialogue began between him and Rufus. The traveller complained that all the smoking compartments were full.

'Why,' exclaimed Rufus, with a laugh, 'that reminds me that I wanted a smoke. I never thought about it till now; jumped in here in a hurry.'

The traveller's 'line' was tobacco; they talked tobacco—Rufus with much gusto. Presently the conversation took a wider scope.

'I envy you,' cried Rufus, 'always travelling about. I'm in a beastly office, and get only a fortnight off once a year. I enjoy it, I can tell you! Time's up to-day, worse luck! I've a good mind to emigrate. Can you give me a tip about the Colonies?'

He talked of how he had spent his holiday. Rose missed not a word, and her blood pulsed in sympathy with the joy of freedom which he expressed. She did not mind his occasional slang; the tone was manly and right-hearted; it evinced a certain simplicity of feeling by no means common in men, whether gentle or other. At a certain moment the girl was impelled to steal a glimpse of his face. After all, was it really so plain? The features seemed to her to have a certain refinement which she had not noticed before.

'I'm going to try for a smoker,' said the man of commerce, as the train slackened into a busy station.

Rufus hesitated. His eye wandered.

'I think I shall stay where I am,' he ended by saying.

In that same moment, for the first time, Rose met his glance. She saw that his eyes did not at once avert themselves; they had a singular expression, a smile which pleaded pardon for its audacity. And Rose, even whilst turning away, smiled in response.

The train stopped. The commercial traveller alighted. Rose, leaning towards her father, whispered that she was thirsty; would he get her a glass of milk or of lemonade? Though little disposed to rush on such errands, Mr. Whiston had no choice but to comply; he sped at once for the refreshment-room.

And Rose knew what would happen; she knew perfectly. Sitting rigid, her eyes on vacancy, she felt the approach of the young man who for the moment was alone with her. She saw him at her side; she heard his voice.

'I can't help it. I want to speak to you. May I?'

Rose faltered a reply.

‘It was so kind to bring the flowers. I didn’t thank you properly.’

‘It’s now or never,’ pursued the young man in rapid, excited tones. ‘Will you let me tell you my name? Will you tell me yours?’

Rose’s silence consented. The daring Rufus rent a page from a pocket-book, scribbled his name and address, gave it to Rose. He rent out another page, offered it to Rose with the pencil, and in a moment had secured the precious scrap of paper in his pocket. Scarce was the transaction completed when a stranger jumped in. The young man bounded to his own corner, just in time to see the return of Mr. Whiston, glass in hand.

During the rest of the journey Rose was in the strangest state of mind. She did not feel in the least ashamed of herself. It seemed to her that what had happened was wholly natural and simple. The extraordinary thing was that she must sit silent and with cold countenance at the distance of a few feet from a person with whom she ardently desired to converse. Sudden illumination had wholly changed the aspect of life. She seemed to be playing a part in a grotesque comedy rather than living in a world of grave realities. Her father’s dignified silence struck her as intolerably absurd. She could have burst into laughter; at moments she was indignant, irritated, tremulous with the spirit of revolt. She detected a glance of frigid superiority with which Mr. Whiston chanced to survey the other occupants of the compartment. It amazed her. Never had she seen her father in such an alien light. He bent forward and addressed to her some commonplace remark; she barely deigned a reply. Her views of conduct, of character, had undergone an abrupt and extraordinary change. Having justified without shadow of argument her own incredible proceeding, she judged everything and everybody by some new standard, mysteriously attained. She was no longer the Rose Whiston of yesterday. Her old self seemed an object of compassion. She felt an unspeakable happiness, and at the same time an encroaching fear.

The fear predominated; when she grew aware of the streets of London looming on either hand it became a torment, an anguish. Small-folded, crushed within her palm, the piece of paper with its still unread inscription seemed to burn her. Once, twice, thrice she met the look of her friend. He smiled cheerily, bravely, with evident purpose of encouragement. She

knew his face better than that of any oldest acquaintance; she saw in it a manly beauty. Only by a great effort of self-control could she refrain from turning aside to unfold and read what he had written. The train slackened speed, stopped. Yes, it was London. She must arise and go. Once more their eyes met. Then, without recollection of any interval, she was on the Metropolitan Railway, moving towards her suburban home.

A severe headache sent her early to bed. Beneath her pillow lay a scrap of paper with a name and address she was not likely to forget. And through the night of broken slumbers Rose suffered a martyrdom. No more self-glorification! All her courage gone, all her new vitality! She saw herself with the old eyes, and was shame-stricken to the very heart.

Whose the fault? Towards dawn she argued it with the bitterness of misery. What a life was hers in this little world of choking respectabilities! Forbidden this, forbidden that; permitted—the pride of ladyhood. And she was not a lady, after all. What lady would have permitted herself to exchange names and addresses with a strange man in a railway carriage—furtively, too, escaping her father's observation? If not a lady, what *was* she? It meant the utter failure of her breeding and education. The sole end for which she had lived was frustrate. A common, vulgar young woman—well mated, doubtless, with an impudent clerk, whose noisy talk was of beer and tobacco!

This arrested her. Stung to the defence of her friend, who, clerk though he might be, was neither impudent nor vulgar, she found herself driven back upon self-respect. The battle went on for hours; it exhausted her; it undid all the good effects of sun and sea, and left her flaccid, pale.

‘I’m afraid the journey yesterday was too much for you,’ remarked Mr. Whiston, after observing her as she sat mute the next evening.

‘I shall soon recover,’ Rose answered coldly.

The father meditated with some uneasiness. He had not forgotten Rose’s singular expression of opinion after their dinner at the inn. His affection made him sensitive to changes in the girl’s demeanour. Next summer they must really find a more bracing resort. Yes, yes; clearly Rose needed bracing. But she was always better when the cool days came round.

On the morrow it was his daughter’s turn to feel anxious. Mr. Whiston all at once wore a face of indignant severity. He

was absent-minded; he sat at table with scarce a word; he had little nervous movements, and subdued mutterings as of wrath. This continued on a second day, and Rose began to suffer an intolerable agitation. She could not help connecting her father's strange behaviour with the secret which tormented her heart.

Had something happened? Had her friend seen Mr. Whiston, or written to him?

She had awaited with tremors every arrival of the post. It was probable—more than probable—that *he* would write to her; but as yet no letter came. A week passed, and no letter came. Her father was himself again; plainly she had mistaken the cause of his perturbation. Ten days, and no letter came.

It was Saturday afternoon. Mr. Whiston reached home at tea-time. The first glance showed his daughter that trouble and anger once more beset him. She trembled, and all but wept, for suspense had overwrought her nerves.

‘I find myself obliged to speak to you on a very disagreeable subject’—thus began Mr. Whiston over the teacups—‘a very unpleasant subject indeed. My one consolation is that it will probably settle a little argument we had down at the seaside.’

As his habit was when expressing grave opinions (and Mr. Whiston seldom expressed any other), he made a long pause and ran his fingers through his thin beard. The delay irritated Rose to the last point of endurance.

‘The fact is,’ he proceeded at length, ‘a week ago I received a most extraordinary letter—the most impudent letter I ever read in my life. It came from that noisy, beer-drinking man who intruded upon us at the inn—you remember. He began by explaining who he was, and—if you can believe it—had the impertinence to say that he wished to make my acquaintance! An amazing letter! Naturally, I left it unanswered—the only dignified thing to do. But the fellow wrote again, asking if I had received his proposal. I now replied, briefly and severely, asking him, first, how he came to know my name; secondly, what reason I had given him for supposing that I desired to meet him again. His answer to this was even more outrageous than the first offence. He bluntly informed me that in order to discover my name and address he had followed us home that day from Paddington Station! As if this was not bad enough, he went on to—really, Rose, I feel I must apologise to you, but the fact is I seem to have no choice but to tell you what he said. The

fellow tells me, really, that he wants to know *me* only that he may come to know *you*! My first idea was to go with this letter to the police. I am not sure that I shan't do so even yet; most certainly I shall if he writes again. The man may be crazy—he may be dangerous. Who knows but he may come lurking about the house? I felt obliged to warn you of this unpleasant possibility.'

Rose was stirring her tea; also she was smiling. She continued to stir and to smile, without consciousness of either performance.

'You make light of it?' exclaimed her father solemnly.

'Oh, father, of course I am sorry you have had this annoyance.'

So little was there of manifest sorrow in the girl's tone and countenance that Mr. Whiston gazed at her rather indignantly. His pregnant pause gave birth to one of those admonitory axioms which had hitherto ruled his daughter's life.

'My dear, I advise you never to trifle with questions of propriety. Could there possibly be a better illustration of what I have so often said—that in self-defence we are bound to keep strangers at a distance?'

'Father——'

Rose began firmly, but her voice failed.

'You were going to say, Rose?'

She took her courage in both hands.

'Will you allow me to see the letters?'

'Certainly. There can be no objection to that.'

He drew from his pocket the three envelopes, held them to his daughter. With shaking hand Rose unfolded the first letter; it was written in clear commercial character, and was signed 'Charles James Burroughs.' When she had read all, the girl said quietly:

'Are you quite sure, father, that these letters are impertinent?'

Mr. Whiston stopped in the act of finger-combing his beard.

'What doubt can there be of it?'

'They seem to me,' proceeded Rose nervously, 'to be very respectful and very honest.'

'My dear, you astound me! Is it respectful to force one's acquaintance upon an unwilling stranger? I really don't understand you. Where is your sense of propriety, Rose? A vulgar, noisy fellow, who talks of beer and tobacco—a petty clerk! And

he has the audacity to write to me that he wants to—to make friends with my daughter! Respectful? Honest? Really!’

When Mr. Whiston became sufficiently agitated to lose his decorous gravity, he began to splutter, and at such moments he was not impressive. Rose kept her eyes cast down. She felt her strength once more, the strength of a wholly reasonable and half-passionate revolt against that tyrannous propriety which Mr. Whiston worshipped.

‘Father——’

‘Well, my dear?’

‘There is only one thing I dislike in these letters—and that is a falsehood.’

‘I don’t understand.’

Rose was flushing. Her nerves grew tense; she had wrought herself to a simple audacity which overcame small embarrassments.

‘Mr. Burroughs says that he followed us home from Paddington to discover our address. That is not true. He asked me for my name and address in the train, and gave me his.’

The father gasped.

‘He *asked*——? You *gave*——?’

‘It was whilst you were away in the refreshment-room,’ proceeded the girl, with singular self-control, in a voice almost matter-of-fact. ‘I ought to tell you, at the same time, that it was Mr. Burroughs who brought me the flowers from the inn, when I forgot them. You didn’t see him give them to me in the station.’

The father stared.

‘But, Rose, what does all this mean? You—you overwhelm me! Go on, please. What next?’

‘Nothing, father.’

And of a sudden the girl was so beset with confusing emotions that she hurriedly quitted her chair and vanished from the room.

Before Mr. Whiston returned to his geographical drawing on Monday morning, he had held long conversations with Rose, and still longer with himself. Not easily could he perceive the justice of his daughter’s quarrel with propriety; many days were to pass, indeed, before he would consent to do more than make inquiries about Charles James Burroughs, and to permit that aggressive young man to give a fuller account of himself in writing. It was by silence that Rose prevailed. Having defended herself against

the charge of immodesty, she declined to urge her own inclination or the rights of Mr. Burroughs ; her mute patience did not lack its effect with the scrupulous but tender parent.

‘I am willing to admit, my dear,’ said Mr. Whiston one evening, *à propos* of nothing at all, ‘that the falsehood in that young man’s letter gave proof of a certain delicacy.’

‘Thank you, father,’ replied Rose, very quietly and simply.

It was next morning that the father posted a formal, proper, self-respecting note of invitation, which bore results.

GEORGE GISSING.

LAWFUL PLEASURES.¹

BY GEORGE M. SMITH.

To most men few things are more disagreeable than litigation, and from litigation of the ordinary kind I am as averse as other people. Indeed, I am able to understand and sympathise with a well-known broker of Mincing Lane who, whenever threatened with litigation, is said to produce his cheque-book and ask how much there is to pay. There is only one form of litigation in which I have been engaged, and that is in the defence of actions for libel, and I must confess to looking back on my experience of the courts of law as having been interesting and even enjoyable. There is a certain pleasurable excitement in being defendant in such actions, it being granted that the libeller conscientiously believes that the libel is true in substance and in fact, and that he has done a public service by its publication.

There are other kinds of libel; for instance, the innocent libel—where there has been no intention on the part of the writer of libelling any one; and the accidental libel, arising from a slip of the pen. An example of the first kind of libel is to be found in '*Plantagenet Harrison v. Smith, Elder, & Co.*,' and of the second in the peril in which I stood by the accidental insertion in the '*Pall Mall Gazette*' of the name of the *Crédit Foncier* for that of another company. The first afforded me no pleasure: on the contrary, I wrote a cheque for the damages and costs with '*most igstreme disgust*;' and the second gave me a bad quarter of an hour.

When I was proprietor of the '*Pall Mall Gazette*' I had to defend in Court three actions for libel, and my publisher had once to appear before the magistrate at Great Marlborough Street Police Court: as proprietor of the *CORNHILL MAGAZINE* I have had to defend one action. As to the number of actions with which I have been threatened, some of them being carried nearly to the doors of the law courts, my memory does not serve me. But I remember that I invariably suffered genuine disappointment when I was informed by my solicitor that a plaintiff had withdrawn from proceedings.

¹ Copyright, 1901, by George M. Smith, in the United States of America.

The first and most important libel action which I was called upon to defend was that of Hunter *v.* Sharpe (Sharpe being the publisher of the 'Pall Mall Gazette') in the autumn of 1866. It is still interesting as an illustration of the functions and perils of a newspaper. There was a certain Dr. Hunter, who appended M.D. to his name—though he only had an American degree—and who advertised to an enormous extent in the newspapers a 'cure for consumption.' The advertisements were most skilfully worded, and might well impose upon the credulity of any one with a limited medical knowledge. My attention was first directed to Hunter's advertisements by the circumstance that one of my sisters had died of consumption, and that my mother, who was now aged, suffered remorse for not having taken her daughter to this quack. Nothing I could say seemed to relieve her morbid condition of mind. I asked a friend, an eminent physician, to have a talk with her; but he was not more successful than myself. Hunter's plausible statements were transparent enough to me, and I felt wrathful with him for the unhappiness he caused my mother. My anger with the man was increased by my knowledge of the case of a poor girl who lived in my mother's neighbourhood in the country, and earned a scanty living as a governess. She suffered from consumption, and had sold all her small valuables in order to pay the fees of an ignorant pretender who was Dr. Hunter's assistant or partner, and who had been sent down from London to treat her. The local practitioner, a perfectly competent man, assured me that nothing could have been done for the poor girl, and that the repeated visits and large fees of Hunter's assistant were a cruel imposition.

While I was in this frame of mind Dr. Hunter was summoned to a police-court on the charge of having grossly insulted one of his patients. This again called my attention to his proceedings, and I arranged with the editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' for a strong article about Hunter's practices. It happened, just at that time, that I was making special arrangements to ensure the paper going to press in good time. I made the manager of the printing department responsible for the appearance of the paper at a fixed hour, and instructed him to send a formal notice to the editors' room every afternoon, stating the time at which the last proof *must* be returned for press.

When the proof of the article concerning Dr. Hunter, which was written by Mr. J. M. Capes, came down to the editor's room, there

were present, with Mr. Greenwood (the editor) and myself, Mr. Matthew Higgins and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. I read the article aloud. 'Well,' said Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, 'if you are going to print *that* article you will hear of it!' 'At all events,' said Mr. Higgins, 'let me take some of the worst of the libel out.' He was a past master in that kind of work, and was supposed to be able to write nearer libel, without actually committing it, than any other man in London.

Higgins commenced his alterations; but before he had gone through many lines down came the formal notice from the manager of the printing office. We looked at each other rather blankly; then I said, 'Hang it, let it go!' I did not quite realise what would result from my words, but I cannot say that I regret them. In the course of a few days we were served with a writ, and were in the hands of the lawyers.

We decided on a plea of justification, and had to seek our evidence. It was, of course, almost entirely medical evidence that was required, and the work of getting it together largely fell upon me. I found many of the leading doctors reluctant to appear as witnesses in a court of law, and I had a great deal of trouble in getting the evidence together. I used to spend the greater part of my mornings in the waiting-room of one doctor or another.

At length the case came on; it was tried before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn; it lasted five days and excited great interest. Nearly every newspaper in the kingdom reported it at length. My counsel were Mr. John Karslake, Q.C., Mr. Fitzjames Stephen and Mr. Quain; Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., Serjeant Parry, Mr. Hume Williams, and Mr. Cashel Hoey appeared for the plaintiff. We had a long array of distinguished doctors as witnesses: among others Dr. Charles J. B. Williams, Dr. Risdon Bennett, Dr. James Cotton, Dr. Alexander Markham, Dr. George Johnson, Dr. Quain, and Dr. William Odling, and I may offer a tribute to the generosity of the profession by stating that all my medical witnesses, with one exception, returned the fee sent to them by my solicitor. Notwithstanding this generous conduct on the part of my professional witnesses, my legal expenses were about 1,400*l*. The money was not entirely thrown away, for the result was a brilliant triumph for the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

It need hardly be said that I listened to the evidence with the most anxious interest, being aware, as I was, of our weak as well as of our strong points. A doctor of great eminence in his profes-

sion had in the earlier editions of an important medical work referred to the possible advantages of a treatment for consumption which by the ingenuity of counsel might be made to seem a cognate treatment to that employed by Dr. Hunter. When Mr. Coleridge took the book in his hand in the course of his cross-examination of one of our witnesses, my heart was in my boots; and when the witness left the box without any allusion having been made to the dreaded passage which might have been used with damaging effect to our cause, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Thank God! he has missed it!' I was sitting in the reporters' box, and beside me was a gentleman, who was evidently much interested in the trial, whom I did not recognise and whom I was afraid of addressing for fear of his being a hostile witness. When I uttered the above expression he turned to me and said, 'Oh! you are on our side.' I said, 'I am the defendant;' on which he introduced himself as one of my witnesses and shook me warmly by the hand.

Dr. Williams, who was in the forefront of our phalanx of witnesses, was the medical adviser of the Lord Chief Justice, who suffered from bronchitis, and it was amusing to watch his enjoyment in questioning his own doctor, many of the questions being somewhat irrelevant to the case. The cross-examination of Dr. Hunter's two aides-de-camp, Dr. Melville and Dr. McGregor, was very severe, and one could hardly help enjoying their torture.

Among the witnesses on our side Dr. William Odling distinguished himself by the clearness and perspicuity of his exposition of abstruse scientific facts which he made quite intelligible to the jury, and under cross-examination he was a match for all Mr. Coleridge's dexterity.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn summed up at great length. In his charge to the jury, he said the article was unquestionably marked by great severity. Language had been used of the very strongest character. But, he added, if the facts upon which the substance of the article was based were true, and it was proved that the treatment was intentionally and distinctly put forward to delude patients, and to make them Hunter's victims in purse if not in person, the libel was justifiable. 'Under such circumstances no language too strong could be employed; and to describe such a man as an impostor and a scoundrel was not an improper use of the English language.' Though Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's summing-up was marked by the usual judicial impartiality, it was soon apparent to which side his opinion tended, and with the more

serious matter were introduced remarks in a lighter vein which were not calculated to give the jury a favourable impression of the plaintiff. He startled them by remarking that, according to Dr. Hunter's theory, of every four people we meet one is consumptive in either the incipient or the advanced stage; therefore three of the jury must be in that condition. But he added, in a reassuring manner, that he should have great difficulty in selecting the three, and he hoped, therefore, that the jury were an exception to the rule.

'Again, he said, quoting Dr. Hunter, "if you have a hacking cough, if you have shortness of breath, if your pulse is accelerated ten or fifteen beats beyond its normal pulsation, these are infallible signs of consumption." I do not know, gentlemen, whether some of you are, like myself, getting on in the vale of years, but I do not find that I can walk up the side of a hill as I used to do. Then there is another thing: he says that "losing flesh is a sign of consumption; so is gaining flesh." You sometimes see nice rosy plump-looking young girls, the very picture of health, but he deals with them in the same way. That is nothing to the purpose: they have consumption. Especially if you change now and then, if you add to your weight at one time and lose it at another, it is consumption—consumption.'

I think if I had had no personal interest in the case I should still have listened with the keenest pleasure to the lucid and vigorous charge of the Chief Justice, given in that musical voice for which he was famed. Fitzjames Stephen, who naturally felt a strong interest in the case, fairly beamed. He wrote on a piece of paper and passed to me the nursery rhyme:

Take him by the right leg,
Take him by the left leg,
Take him by both legs
And fling him downstairs!

The quotation was not erudite nor classical, but it adequately expressed Fitzjames Stephen's emotions. I answered him by a familiar Latin quotation, but as it is to be found in the 'Eton Latin Grammar,' I forbear to record it.

During the summing-up Hunter, who was sitting in the well of the court, was very much excited and poured indignant comments into the ears of his counsel, until Mr. Coleridge moved away in evident disgust.

After an absence of two hours the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing. The 'damages' were awarded, not for anything that was said about Dr. Hunter's medical practices, but for a remark upon the proceedings against him in the police-court which we were not able technically to justify. This was really a most satisfactory verdict for us—for to Hunter the matter was one almost of life or death, and if he could have shown any ground for appeal we should certainly have had to fight the case over again. But, having gained his cause, he could not, of course, appeal against the verdict, and in an action for libel the jury are the sole judges of the amount of damages. When excessive damages have been given the Court of Appeal has sometimes reduced them, but I believe that in no case have the damages been increased.

On the day after the verdict there were leading articles of a congratulatory character in most of the leading journals. The 'Times' described the action as one of equal importance to the press and to the medical profession, and said: 'We should fail in our duty if we did not express our conviction that our contemporary is entitled to the thanks of the public for a courageous attempt to protect their interests.'

Shortly after the trial, I was presented with a very handsome silver vase and a salver accompanied by an address with 181 signatures which by their distinction and authority made the address very gratifying. The testimonial was presented 'in recognition of the important service rendered to the community by the "Pall Mall Gazette" in successfully defending the action *Hunter v. Sharpe*, whereby the freedom of the press was once more vindicated and the right of courageous and honest criticism affirmed.'

Public sympathy with me took other forms. I found on my table at my office, the morning after the trial, several envelopes, each one containing a farthing, and I received numerous letters of congratulation, many of them from entire strangers. On the whole, we emerged from the action triumphantly. Hunter published a volume defending himself, and abusing everybody on our side. I believe that he made some attempt to bring an appeal, but abandoned it; in the end he left the country, and England was afflicted with one quack the less. Hunter was reaping a rich harvest from his dupes; his income at the time that the libel appeared was said to be between 12,000*l.* and 14,000*l.* a year. The trial at all events relieved me from one trouble, my anxiety

about my mother. As soon as Hunter was in a hostile position towards me, she naturally became a keen partisan of her son: no words were strong enough to express her indignation with the impostor.

The next 'Pall Mall Gazette' libel suit was one of much literary interest. It was brought by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in November 1872. Hepworth Dixon had been announced as the chairman of the London Centenary Festival of Sir Walter Scott. A contributor to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' who was acquainted with Hepworth Dixon's writings, wrote an 'Occasional Note' for the paper, objecting to the appointment to such a position of 'a man who was best known as a writer of indecent literature.' The word *best* was a very unhappy superlative; but there was nothing for it but a plea of justification. The difficulty in which we were placed by the incautious use of that word 'best' will be easily understood; a milder adjective would have been quite as effective for the writer's purpose, and justification would have been comparatively easy. We addressed ourselves chiefly to showing what kind of literature Mr. Hepworth Dixon had produced; but the only method of justifying the unhappy expression '*best* known' was by attempting to show that the most indecent of Dixon's writings had had the largest sale. We did not make much of that contention.

It could not be expected that our counsel or solicitor would wade through Mr. Hepworth Dixon's books, and I had to set to work upon that unpleasant task myself, in order to extract materials for our brief. I got from America pamphlets and newspapers about the various societies of doubtful tendency which Mr. Hepworth Dixon had described in his books—'New America' and 'Spiritual Wives.' It was only by connecting passages, divided by many pages, and elucidating them by means of the material received from America, that one could detect the real grossness of the works. He was a man of considerable ability, and had wrapped up his indelicacy with great skill.

The case, which lasted three days, was tried before Mr. Justice Brett; the counsel for the plaintiff were Serjeant Parry, Mr. Day, Q.C., and Mr. Gadstone; and we were represented by Sir John Karslake, Q.C., Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C., and Mr. Murphy. In addition to the 'Occasional Note' the plaintiff included in the declaration of his cause of action an article on the work called 'Free Russia,' which appeared in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' more

than a year previously, and which imputed to him the publication of books which were 'obscene, inaccurate, or both.' But of this earlier article we should probably have heard nothing but for the appearance of the 'Occasional Note.'

Mr. Hepworth Dixon went into the box and volunteered the statement that he was 'an old friend' of mine, and that he was 'surprised at my doing him an injury.' The 'old friendship' consisted in my having once met him at dinner at the house of Mr. E. B. Eastwick; and as to my personally 'doing him an injury,' I did not see the 'Occasional Note' until after the paper had been printed. Sir John Karslake severely commented upon Mr. Dixon's violation of the privileges of the press by insisting on proceeding against me, as proprietor, instead of against the publisher of the paper; but he added, as was true, that, as it happened, I did not care about the disclosure of my name.

We had a consultation before going into court: Karslake told me he did not think we had any chance, and scolded me for the 'Occasional Note' as if I had written it myself! Once in court, however, he fought zealously and gallantly. His speech for the defence was as fine a piece of forensic eloquence as I have ever heard. It is many years since, but even now I can remember the peroration of his speech. During the trial there had been much discussion as to the exact meaning of the word '*Mucker*,' which had been used by Hepworth Dixon, and it came generally to this, that a '*Mucker*' meant a hypocrite and impostor. Karslake in his peroration said, 'And *this* is the man who, with his pen almost wet from writing these works, so filthy and so obscene, officiated as Chairman of the Centenary Festival of Sir Walter Scott. As he took his place at the head of the table I can fancy the wraith of that noble writer, who never soiled his pen by a word that would bring a blush to the cheek of the most innocent maiden, rising before the unworthy Chairman, and with uplifted arm pointing at him with his finger, and uttering the word "MUCKER"!'

In delivering these words Karslake drew himself up to the full height of his grand presence, and, stretching forth his arm, pointed his finger at Hepworth Dixon with an expression of the utmost scorn.

The verdict was for the plaintiff, with damages of one farthing. That poor farthing was a more cruel reflection on Mr. Hepworth Dixon than the 'Occasional Note' itself.

A very amusing action for libel was that brought against the 'Pall Mall Gazette' by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, in 1873. A letter appeared in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' signed 'Amuetos,' taking exception to certain passages in a play by Mr. Gilbert then being acted at the Haymarket Theatre, entitled 'The Wicked World.' The criticism was not very severe in character, but Mr. W. S. Gilbert thought fit to bring an action for libel, and proceedings were at once instituted against us.

Mr. Gilbert also complained that the 'Pall Mall Gazette' had 'never treated him with fairness or impartiality,' and referred to many previous criticisms of his plays.

The Judge was again Mr. Justice Brett, the counsel for the plaintiff being the Attorney-General, Mr. J. C. Mathew, and Mr. Montagu Williams; and for the 'Pall Mall Gazette' Sir John Karslake, Q.C., and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C.

I doubt if many more amusing cases have been tried in a court of justice. Among the witnesses for the plaintiff were Mr. Buckstone, the actor, in whose part some of the criticised passages occurred, Mr. (now Sir Squire) Bancroft, and several theatrical critics. When Mr. Buckstone went into the box there was a broad grin on the face of every one in the court. Buckstone was a humourist of the first water; his very face was sufficient to kindle laughter; it was wellnigh impossible to look at him without smiling, and if he looked at you, you were instantly vanquished and laughed in spite of yourself.

When this well-known and inimitable visage appeared in the witness-box the court surrendered itself to mirth. Counsel, solicitors, witnesses—the very police—all grinned; and though I wish to speak with great respect of the bench, I am afraid that Mr. Justice Brett shared the universal emotion. Karslake, in his most suave manner, invited Mr. Buckstone to repeat the lines which had been complained of. He did so with a perfect mimicry of a schoolboy stammering through his lesson. 'No, no!' said Karslake. 'This won't do, Mr Buckstone; we want you to repeat these lines as you do at the Haymarket Theatre.' Buckstone fixed his eye upon the counsel, and Karslake bit his lip hard to retain his gravity. The witness then turned to the jury, and brought his irresistible look to bear on each man in succession, and each in turn succumbed. Then he looked at the judge, who grasped his desk with both hands and sustained Buckstone's glance, doubtless upheld by a sense of judicial responsibility.

Buckstone then turned to Karslake again, and, in a sort of stage aside, said: 'I can't, sir! I'm *too shy*!' Every one in the court was convulsed. The judge concealed his features by putting his face down upon his notes, but his back was eloquent.

Mr. Bancroft went into the box. He was asked did he regard the lines criticised as immodest. 'No,' he said, in his finest manner, 'neither immodest nor indelicate.' This gave Karslake the chance of asking one of those unanswerable questions of which counsel are fond. 'Well, Mr. Bancroft,' he said, 'will you be so good as to give the jury your definition of modesty and delicacy?' The witness surveyed the counsel, the judge, the ceiling, the floor, and finally his own well-brushed hat, and he hummed and hawed, but that definition was never extracted.

The result of the trial was a verdict for the defendant.

There was one incident of this trial which, though it did not seem important at the time, one looks back upon with painful interest. It was a very dull day, and during the afternoon, while Sir John Karslake was reading with fine dramatic effect some of Gilbert's lines, candles were sent for. Sir John took one into his hands and endeavoured to continue reading, but his sight appeared to fail, and he had to hand the papers to Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. This was, I believe, the first public symptom of that illness which shortly afterwards obliged Sir John Karslake to retire from his profession, and deprived the Bar of one of its greatest ornaments and most successful advocates.

The most anxious half-hour I had in relation to a libel during my proprietorship of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' was in connection with the late Baron Grant. On arriving one morning at my office my clerk said as I went upstairs: 'There is a gentleman waiting to see you, sir, who has come from Baron Grant.' I found a tall, good-looking gentleman, in a state of great excitement. 'Are you Mr. Smith?' he demanded. I bowed. 'Are you the proprietor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"?' Another bow. 'Do you know what you have done?' 'What have I done?' 'Look here, sir,' he said, producing a paper; 'do you know what has been the effect of this paragraph?' 'No,' I said. 'It has occasioned the greatest alarm among our shareholders and caused a fall in the price of our shares.' 'Well,' I asked, 'isn't the paragraph true?' 'No, sir, not a word of it!'

I examined the guilty paragraph, and it was soon apparent to me that, by an unfortunate blunder, a mere accidental slip of

the pen, the *Crédit Foncier*, of which Baron Grant was chairman and manager, had been inserted in place of the name of another company and was described as being in liquidation. I at once saw that this was a serious matter which might involve heavy damages.

I said, 'Where is Baron Grant?' 'He is in the City trying to answer the many inquiries your paragraph has occasioned.' 'Are you going to the City?' I asked. 'Yes.' 'Then I will go with you.'

We went together and I was introduced to Baron Grant. He complained with bitterness, in which perhaps he was justified, of the paragraph. I said no one could regret the blunder more than I did; it was a pure accident, the mistake of a subordinate in the office. Anything I could do to put the matter right should be done. Baron Grant produced a handful of letters from alarmed shareholders: 'Look here, sir,' he said, 'this is what you have brought on us,' and he proceeded to pour on me much angry rhetoric. I was conscious that, in a legal sense, I was responsible, and I answered him with soft and apologetic words. My meekness seemed to make him still more violent. He began at last to talk to me as if I had committed a crime. At length I felt a little afraid of myself, and even more afraid of what might happen to Baron Grant. I stepped closer to the table, and brought my fist down upon it in a manner which made the ink-glass jump. I said, 'We have had enough of this, Mr. Gottheimer. I am not going to submit to this kind of talk any longer. I will give you the name of my solicitors, and you may communicate with them!' I was not in the humour to be amused, for I was very angry; but I think a looker-on would have found something entertaining in Baron Grant's sudden change of front; he was almost *too* apologetic. I suspect that, owing to my addressing him by his real name, he thought I knew more about him than I did, and he probably did not desire to have poured upon himself and his enterprises the harsh light of a court of law.

My one police court experience was when, on February 12, 1870, Mr. Dion Boucicault's counsel applied to Mr. Knox, the magistrate at Marlborough Street Police Court, for a summons against the publisher of the '*Pall Mall Gazette*' for a libel contained in a letter signed Azamat-Batuk, respecting a play called '*Formosa*' which was being performed at the Princess's Theatre, a letter which he said reflected on Mr. Boucicault's private character. A summons was granted, and the parties attended at

Marlborough Street on February 21. Mr. Montagu Williams, Mr. Boucicault's counsel, said that if the writer of the article would state that he did not mean to attack Mr. Boucicault's private character the avowal would be deemed satisfactory; our counsel replied that he would readily declare on behalf of the publisher of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' that no prejudice to private character was intended. Mr. Williams demanded the name of the writer, but on the interposition of the magistrate, who pointed out that it was not usual for newspapers to disclose the names of writers and that such a demand rendered an arrangement impossible, this claim was withdrawn. The avowal was accordingly made, and the case happily came to an end.

The only libel suit in which I have been involved which has cost me more than one farthing in the way of damages was brought in June 1869 by a gentleman calling himself 'General George Henry De Strabolgie Neville Plantagenet Harrison,' who stated that he derived his title of General from one of the South American states. An article had appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE of April 1868 under the title of 'Don Ricardo.' It was a pleasant little gossip article, giving an account of a visit to Spain, describing a bull-fight, a fight between a tiger and a bull, and between a bulldog and a donkey, with many quaint stories told to the writer by an Englishman resident in Madrid who was generally known as 'Don Ricardo.' One of these stories described the amusing adventures of a 'General Plantagenet Harrison' and his swindling transactions. The editor of the CORNHILL naturally supposed that such a name, introduced into an article of this kind, was entirely fictitious—a mere humorous invention of the writer. But 'General Plantagenet Harrison' presently turned up in person, in a very angry mood, and straightway commenced an action for libel. He had been accustomed to read for literary purposes in the Public Record Office. This article had drawn attention to him, and, as a result, some difficulty had been made as to his researches at the Record Office being allowed to continue. This constituted his claim for damages.

I wished to insert in the next number of the CORNHILL a brief explanation, with an expression of regret; but Sir John Coleridge, our counsel (Sir John Karslake being, unfortunately for me, unable to undertake the case), who had seen some correspondence between the General's solicitors and our own, in which General Plantagenet Harrison's strange pretensions were avowed,

insisted that the whole business was a farce, and that nothing need be done. When the General went into the witness-box his examination and cross-examination were really very amusing. In his evidence he admitted that he had been in some trouble in Spain about a bill which he had left at a bank for collection; that he had been escorted out of Spain and imprisoned at Gibraltar; that, rightly or wrongly, he believed himself to be descended from the Earl of Westmoreland and the Plantagenets. His cross-examination by the Solicitor-General, as reported in the 'Times,' revealed still more extraordinary claims.

You really believe, I understand, that you are the heir-general of Henry VI. ? Yes, I do.

And that you are rightful Duke of Lancaster, Normandy, and Aquitaine ? Yes, I am.

And that your title has been recognised by the Queen under the Great Seal ? Yes, in a licence to Sir F. Thesiger as Queen's Counsel to plead for me.

Her Majesty has not recognised your title in any more formal document ? No.

It would be rather awkward for Her Majesty if she had, would it not ? Well, I don't know.

Pray, have you asserted that you are Count of Angoulême, Flanders, Anjou, Alsace, and Champagne ? Yes.

And of Kent ? Yes; but that was some years ago.

In re-examination his counsel asked,

You have worked out your pedigree ? Yes ; I have.

And you believe it ? Yes ; and I can prove it.

After this evidence I thought we were safe, for I supposed that a crank of this quality must fare ill with the jury.

The writer of the article, Mr. G. H. B. Young, went into the witness-box and said that the story, or the materials for it, was told him in 1851, when he was at Madrid, by an English gentleman who was generally known as 'Don Ricardo.' The name of 'Plantagenet Harrison' was mentioned to him as that of a man travelling under that name. At that time he believed the name to be fictitious. He so believed until the plaintiff made his complaint, and down to that time he had never heard of such a person as General Plantagenet Harrison, nor did he suppose at the time he wrote the article that it would apply to any living person of the name.

Mr. Justice Lush, in summing up, told the jury that even although the writer of the article was not aware of the existence of the plaintiff, yet, as he had in fact named him and had attached these imputations to his name and character, he was legally liable.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at 50*l*. I must confess the verdict took me by surprise, and I can only suppose that Sir John Coleridge's attempt to scornfully laugh the case out of court irritated the jury.

This action is a striking example of what I may call an innocent libel on the part of the writer, and I think even a publisher may claim some sympathy for the result. It is difficult to see how the editor of a periodical can protect the publisher from an action of this description. It would be clearly impossible for him to examine a writer of such an article as the one in question as to the existence of persons who were named in it; and in this particular instance it will be noticed that the writer himself believed that the name of 'Plantagenet Harrison' was fictitious.

*OF SOME OF THE CONCLUSIONS WHICH MAY BE
DRAWN FROM THE SIEGE OF THE FOREIGN
LEGATIONS IN PEKING.*

BY THE REV. ROLAND ALLEN,
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSION, PEKING.

THAT a memorable siege like that of the foreign Legations in Peking cannot pass without throwing valuable light upon the character of the people who engaged in it, the nature of the causes which led up to it, and the results which may be likely to grow out of it, is obvious; but it may seem premature at this season to attempt to estimate what conclusions may justly be drawn. Nevertheless it would appear that a few of them are sufficiently clear to deserve consideration, even if the maturer knowledge of later days should modify or annul some of them. They may be briefly stated under six heads, as touching the condition of the capital, the advance of Russia, the retirement of the Court to Sian-fu, the Chinese attitude towards foreigners, the Chinese method of resistance, and the influence of Christian missions.

1. The city of Peking has been desecrated, despoiled, ruined, depopulated. This is in itself no light thing. The Chinese recognise no more terrible humiliation than the occupation of a capital by an enemy. This has been for centuries the last insult which a ruler can receive, only less terrible than absolute extinction. In that most entertaining and instructive history, the Tso Chüan, a State which, beset by foes, could find no means of escape other than unconditional surrender, was by the courtesy of nations nearly always entitled to demand, and generally received, the concession that the enemy should retire thirty miles and there negotiate, and the statement that terms were dictated beneath the walls is made always with the most decent brevity and with a sense of pity even for the most wicked of men reduced to such misery and degradation. But the foreigner in Peking not only dictates terms beneath the walls, he passes in triumph through the palace itself, and is hardly restrained from destroying it. After

such desecration it becomes a serious question whether the Chinese Government can and will return to Peking, and will not rather prefer to establish a new capital, or rather re-establish an old one, in order to represent their action as a free and deliberate movement. State considerations have often led the Emperor to such a course before; there would be no 'loss of face' in such a course of action now. But if the Court were induced to return what course could it take but to publish the story that the city had been sacked during a temporary absence of the Emperor by brigands or pirates from foreign lands, and that upon the return of his Majesty they had been driven out? The same tale was told in 1861, such an account was current amongst the people about Peking of the sacking of the Summer Palace, such a tale is already passing current in Peking itself. In the 'Standard' of November 27 Sir Robert Hart is quoted as having written to a friend a conversation with a native banker of considerable position in the city, in the course of which the Chinese asked, 'What are all these foreign troops doing in Peking? Have they just come here to make a raid on the capital?' He evidently regarded the whole expedition as having no higher object than loot. The conclusion is that the foreign Powers will be forced either to allow and so tacitly acknowledge that account of the present occupation, or else, by insisting upon their present demands for a fortified, armed, permanent settlement, to render the capital impossible as a future seat of government. To move to Sian-fu, and to 'save face,' is possible; to return to Peking whilst the allies are there with an armed force, and to admit the compulsion, to acknowledge defeat, to reside in a city which is held, so to speak, by the enemy, and to 'save face,' are impossible. The Chinese must 'save face,' or perish.

But the city is not only desecrated; it is despoiled, ruined, depopulated. Peking is a city like Nineveh, artificially created by the presence of the Court. It is not a natural centre of trade; it is not situated on any great river or any great trade route. It is not even the capital of the province. Neither is it a place of strategic importance from a military point of view. Its merchants, its princes, its generals, its army of soldiers and hangers-on are all dependent upon the Court—simply a heterogeneous collection of units drawn together by the single object of ministering to the Court, and supplying the multitude of wants, necessities and luxuries, which a Court demands. If the

Court were removed elsewhere the whole would break up and vanish away. It would be as if a multitude of waters artificially forced into a reservoir were suddenly released. Each stream would revert to its natural bed, and a few drops only remain in the bottom of the great cistern. The history of Nineveh would be repeated; Peking would cease to be a city and sink into the condition of a second-class market town. But what would have happened in the natural course of events more slowly if the Court had simply, by the free will of the Emperor, migrated elsewhere, has been hastened artificially in this case by the inroad of the foreigner. It is not merely that the pumps which had hitherto filled the reservoir have ceased to work: other pumps have been used to empty it, and drive out the water which might otherwise have found its way thither. Peking is demolished, depopulated. After the siege I was at some pains to inquire of those who were best able to judge what proportion of the population was left in the city. Mr. Pethick, Li Hung Chang's well-known foreign adviser, gave the highest estimate when he said two-thirds still remained, but his estimate was confessedly based upon very inadequate observation. The lowest estimate was one-twelfth, most men varied between one-third and one-quarter, and probably one-quarter is nearest to the truth.

Moreover, the city is not only depopulated: much of it is destroyed. On June 13 the Boxers began burning inside the Tartar city, and the fires extended over an enormous area through the eastern city. On June 14 and 15 there were large fires in the western city; on June 16 the whole of the great and populous trading quarter outside the Chien mên, the central gate of the south Tartar wall, was destroyed, and the silver market, one of the richest parts in the city, reduced to ashes. On June 22 Mr. Bredon told me that Sir Robert Hart, the manager of the Russian Bank, M. Pokotiloff, and himself had separately estimated the loss of property by fire during the past few days and had all reached the same conclusion, that it was about 1,500,000l.; but many people laughed such an estimate to scorn as ridiculously below the real value. But this was not all. During the course of the siege a vast amount of destruction was wrought in the city: the Legation Street from the Chien mên to the American Legation was razed to the ground, and countless shops and houses destroyed, and where the buildings were not wrecked they were pillaged. The city was looted by the Boxers,

the imperial troops, and the foreigners. 'That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten, and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten, and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.' Nor are even the great walls, the pride of the city, left. The Boxers burnt the outside gate of the Chien mên, the invaders burnt the Sha Huo mên, the Ha ta mên, the Chi Hua mên, the Tung Chih mên, the Hou mên; the inner tower of the Chien mên was later accidentally burnt by the Americans. When I left the city on August 23 it was, in comparison with its former busy prosperity and multitudinous traffic, a desert. Of old it was one of the finest sights in Peking to stand on the Chien mên and watch the ceaseless procession of carts, wagons, wheelbarrows, donkeys, mules, horses and men, magistrates and coolies. All the stir of the city, all the poetry of life was there. Country folk visiting the place for the first time were struck dumb with astonishment. 'I suppose there is a great fair to-day,' they would say. Now the great enceinte of this gate is a waste of bare open flagstones, across which a solitary coolie, or a commissariat cart, or a small band of foreign soldiers occasionally passes. The Chien mên is a true type of the city into which it leads. What it is, that the stranger who enters by its gates may expect to find within. If the Chien mên is brimming with life and bustle the city is prosperous, trade good, life joyous; if the Chien mên is dull the city is dull; if the Chien mên is desolate the city is desolate also.

It would be hard to guess how long it would take even in times of peace and security, under good government, good guidance, to restore the wreck; it is almost impossible to believe that even if the Court returned to-day the city could for many years recover its wonted vigorous activity. Latest reports from Peking add another horror to the scene. The refuse of this huge hive of men is usually removed, in part at least, by a vast army of scavengers who, aided by the kites and crows, preserve from pestilence a population which heaps all its filth at its doors. For four months now that army has been scattered. The houses, deserted, are full of the accumulated horrors of months of neglect; in many the dead bodies of the inhabitants rot. The winter cold may seal it all up for a few months, and then the spring will come, and who can tell what woes the warmth may let loose? It is never a very pleasant duty to walk the streets in the early spring; it may chance that next spring it will be death to walk the streets at all.

Nor is the city alone worthy of consideration. The misery which the present disturbances have caused in the whole district round Peking is incalculable. When we came away we saw villages in flames, we saw villages still standing, we saw good crops; but we saw no husbandmen. At a time when, in other years, the fields are full of busy workers, when every crop has its watcher's booth to ward off thieves, when carts go to and fro laden with fruit and grain, when threshing-floors are busy and every man, woman, and child is called out to labour, there was everywhere the same dull stillness. We went into houses and farmsteads; broken cups and plates lay about on the floor, an evil stench warned the visitor from corners, the water from the wells had a peculiar and ominous taste suggestive of disease and death. 'Where can all the people be?' we asked, but no one could answer. They were not all dead. Many were, perhaps, hiding in the rich crops for want of which they will now perish of hunger. Since then foreign troops have pushed their way in and out through many villages. Wherever they went the same signs followed. The fear of the invader was stronger than the fear of starvation, and the crops were deserted. Now during this winter the price must be paid. The harvest is past, the cold has set in, and the poor people are naked and destitute. What a land into which to invite a sovereign who must call the sorrows of his people the punishment of his own sins!

2. Of all the Powers which have been the instruments of such misery Russia alone has gained any material advantage. Russia has undertaken to 'pacify' Manchuria, and doubtless after her own fashion will succeed in 'pacifying' it. She has got all that she wants. She will be fully employed for the next few years in restoring and enlarging the Manchurian railway system, making good her hold upon the new territory, and preparing for the next step. She can afford to pose as the friend of China, urging lenient measures, anxious to pass over past misrule and to make things easy for the present Government to return to Peking. By so doing she not only secures what she has already gained, she not only takes up an apparently gentle and friendly attitude towards the Chinese, which will deceive them into yielding more and more easily to her influence, but she avoids the one great danger to her future progress which would be raised in the establishment of a strong, progressive Chinese Government, able to defend its own territory in the future. The danger to the West,

the real Yellow Peril, is not the Chinese alone, or even the Chinese allied with the Japanese, but the Chinese led by the Russians. Thus the present disturbances in China have been a gain to Russia in every way. The Boxer movement and the siege of the Legations have opened the way for her obtaining all that she at present desires ; the present disunion amongst the allies in China, the daily increasing tendency to follow the ill-advised philanthropy of America, and avoid present difficulties rather than overcome them, promise the success of her designs in the future. The other Powers have thus far gained nothing whatever, and by their mutual jealousies, disunion, and vacillation display to the world their hopeless incapacity for dealing with the situation, convince the Chinese of the vanity of their pretensions and the emptiness of their threatenings, and prepare the way for a renewal of the disturbances and the further success of Russian encroachment. It would be vain to expect that the European Powers should take any *strong* line and carry it out to its fulfilment, but it is none the less painful to see the inevitable result of weakness growing daily nearer. If the first result of the siege, the ruin of a great city and the desolation of a fair province, is a consideration to make one weep, this second result is a consideration to make one alarmed for the future progress and peace of the world.

3. The present crisis has revealed an unexpected strength in the Chinese Government. It would appear that the Court has only to retire to some inaccessible city to render all Europe helpless. At Sian-fu the Emperor has only to wait until the times are changed, and the foreigners are forced by mutual disagreements to pray for his return. The country generally has shown no desire to seize this opportunity to rise and dethrone him. All the bitterness of the people is poured out upon the invader. No viceroy has repudiated his allegiance, no province has risen. Never have the people seemed so united. It is true that none obey his orders so implicitly as to draw down upon themselves the fury of the allied Powers ; but none side with the allies or endeavour by their aid to set up an independent throne. Before the outbreak we heard frequent rumours that such was the design of Yuan Shih Kai in Shantung ; since the outbreak such rumours have ceased. Before the outbreak there were continual insurrections against the Government in all parts of the country ; since the outbreak the only risings have been those of men eager

to force the viceroys into active opposition to foreign invasion. It is true that at one time we heard of a Ming dynasty pretender in the south, but so little has he succeeded that his name is scarcely mentioned and is generally unknown. The Chinese Government has, therefore, managed to take up an almost impregnable position. The wrong which it has done cannot be avenged. The desecration of Peking, the desolation or even the depopulation of the whole province of Chihli are insults indeed, but not irrecoverable disasters. Cities have been sacked before in China, provinces have been wasted. With the proper official explanations the Chinese Government can return, if the way is made sufficiently easy, and prepare at its leisure for a new and more successful attempt.

4. The strength of the present Government is due, as we have seen, to the attachment of the people. But by nature the people dislike and writhe under the Manchu tyranny. That they have not seized this opportunity to cast off the yoke is due to the fact that for once Government and people are at one in a common hatred of the foreigner. If the siege of Peking had proved nothing else, it would have proved effectually that rulers and ruled are united in this one feeling and purpose. This hatred is due, not to any general dislike for strangers, from which the Chinese, as a rule, are singularly free, but, as I tried to point out in the November CORNHILL, to the deep-rooted conviction that the European intruders are men possessed of might, but destitute of any true sense of right, that their objects are not honest, nor their means praiseworthy. That the Powers, as a body, have not given the Chinese much reason to think otherwise, no one can deny. What, then, is the natural conclusion to be drawn from the siege, and the consequent action of the Powers? Have the allied forces given the Chinese any good reason to think that they are actuated by any better motives than they have displayed in the past? It is hard to believe that the better-class, sober-minded, industrious Chinese will be converted by the conduct of the campaign into the belief that after all these European Christians are guided solely by principles of benevolence, justice, sincerity, truth. It is hard to believe that the Chinese will hate them the less if they find at the end of a long and ghastly war that they are no better off than before, but have simply heavier burdens laid upon them by force of arms. But it is a matter of crucial importance that this hatred should be overcome. In dealing with

the South African problem no one fails to remember the necessity of using all possible means to overcome or weaken racial prejudices and ill-will. Surely, in dealing with the Chinese, this element in the problem cannot be disregarded. It is not enough to make peace anyhow, by mere brute force, or even by untimely concessions. It is absolutely necessary that the European Powers should keep ever in view the truth that peace enforced by fear alone is not good peace. It may be necessary for the moment to restrain the fierce outbreaks of hatred by force, but it is wiser and in the end better policy to devise means by which the causes of hatred may be gradually removed, and that can only be done by convincing the Chinese that the foreigner is guided by other motives than those of commercial and territorial greed.

5. The late disturbances have thrown singular and most instructive light upon the Chinese methods of action. The foreigners themselves prepared the way for the present miserable condition of affairs by stirring the hearts of the whole nation against them. But few, if any, of the foreigners understood what good use the Chinese Government could make of the material which they so light-heartedly supplied. No one, I suppose, had any idea of the skill and secrecy with which the Government could foster and employ the rising force of the Chinese feeling. A few, no doubt, did prophesy that this feeling amongst the common people was fast coming to the point at which a second Tai Ping rising might be expected; but no one knew what careful measures the Court had taken to use that rising for its own ends. It was certainly a surprise to our military officers to find the whole country stocked with arms and ammunition sufficient to equip a countless host of volunteers. Yet such was the case. The European Powers were prepared to meet the regular army of the State; they were utterly unprepared to meet the nation in arms. It is one thing to fight the Chinese Government when it thrusts into the field its host of soldiers, ill-armed, ill-fed, unled. The Japanese did that, and the world knows the result. It is quite another thing to meet the nation, armed indeed by the Government, but urged into action, not from above, but from below, not by arbitrary command from headquarters in a cause for which the fighting men care nothing, but by an internal natural impulse in a cause which every man understands and holds his own. Henceforward, as Sir Robert Hart has pointed out, the dread of the foreigner will not be the Government but the people, not the

paid army but the volunteers. Before that army European forces are useless. Against the Government, to win victories is to win the campaign; against the people, to win victories is to win nothing, unless victories are followed either by armed occupation or conversion. For then the moment the armed force retires the people rise again. I am not speaking, of course, of imaginary invasions of the West by hordes of Chinese, but of the peaceful pursuit by foreigners of commercial and other more or less useful projects in China. Few people in England understand at all the power of the Chinese democracy. The Government in China must have behind it the goodwill or the acquiescence of the people or it fails. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, in his 'Transformation of China,' pointed this out with sufficient clearness. Now at the present moment the allied forces have to deal not only with the Government but with the people. They may be able to coerce the Government. How can they coerce the people? The Government has shown that it follows, and by following leads, the people. It must either follow, and so lead, or perish. In the future it will act, as it has ever done, with the most consummate skill in combining the forces of autocracy with those of democracy. The past few months have shown plainly enough what will be the inevitable result and the means by which it will be pursued.

6. The only hope for the future lies, then, in one of two courses. Sir Robert Hart is perfectly right when he argues that the only choice lies between the partition and the Christianisation of China. Partition seems to be out of the question; the Christianisation of China, Sir Robert Hart says, lies outside the limits of practical propagandism. It is doubtless true that there is no hope of such a miraculous spread of Christianity as 'to convert China into the friendliest of friendly Powers, and the foremost patron of all that makes for peace and goodwill.' Yet on this question, wherein lies truly the only hope of the future, the late siege has thrown much light. If there seems no hope of the progress of Christianity removing the peril which threatens European intercourse with China, there does seem good hope that the spread of Christian missions may greatly mitigate its horrors. In Peking the Europeans were saved by the native Christians. Few people outside the small circle of students of missionary annals had any idea that there were such numbers of Christians in Peking; the foreign Ministers themselves seem to have regarded their presence as likely rather to increase than to lighten the danger of the besieged.

The event proved here the truth which the history of European wars all over the East and in Africa has abundantly proved elsewhere, that Christian natives are the strongest support which the European can find in the event of any trouble with heathen races. In other words, Christian stands by Christian, racial instincts give way to religious. Thus in the present problem these two facts stand out clearly as of the first importance : (1) the advance of Christianity is generally, by politicians, largely underrated ; (2) the conduct of the native Christians shows the power of this motive to make men stand by those from whom they have received spiritual benefits. In Chinese language, the Christian becomes infected with a poison which does eradicate from his heart that hatred for the foreign devil which the heathen regards as natural, proper, and patriotic. Furthermore, the influence of Christianity in China or in any other place is not to be gauged by the number of baptised converts. I heard, while actually writing these lines, that a year ago the British Consul in Pakhoi warned a medical missionary from setting foot in a village not more than three miles from the city, because of the known hostility of the people. In that village there are to-day only six baptised Christians, of whom two or three are children ; yet the state of public opinion has been so altered that the villagers will not suffer even the children in the streets to shout after a foreigner the mild abuse of ' foreign devil ' without visiting the offence with a sound thrashing. In the article in the ' Standard ' from which I quoted above the conversation between Sir Robert Hart and the Peking banker as illustrating the ignorance of the people in things political, the author adds : ' The only people who can and do gradually correct these notions, and give the people an inkling of the truth, are the despised missionaries.' Where go the missionaries, there go the influences which tend to remove racial prejudice and increase sound knowledge.

Any one who takes the trouble to read carefully Mr. Michie's pamphlet ' Christianity in China,' or the chapter in Lord Curzon's ' Problems of the Far East ' which deals with the missionary question, may easily gain a view of the vast difficulties with which Christianity, as it is at present propagated, has to contend. But he may get only a one-sided and distorted view. The real truth lies here : If Christianity, burdened with all these disadvantages, has yet been able to accomplish and is accomplishing so much, how great would be its success if it were taught rationally and

consistently by a properly equipped body of men! If, as the result of the present trouble, people in England and elsewhere would begin to take a sincere and thoughtful interest in the great problem before us; if they would discourage the wild and dangerous projects of visionaries and free lances; if, instead of trying to force upon the Chinese all the contradictory and conflicting systems of Western denominationalism, and the arbitrary dictates of autocratic church governments, they would try to learn how best to graft the fundamental principles of the Christian religion upon the sound stock of Confucian morality; if they would diligently seek to uproot the vicious semi-political interference with Chinese government, central and provincial; if they would insist that foreign influence should *never* be used to bend the course of justice in the courts, in a few years the efforts of Christian missions would appear in a changed attitude towards foreigners on the part of the people; and what the people decree is the main concern. As it is, the missionaries represent to the Chinese the only practical illustration of the doctrines of benevolence and sincerity which they are taught to believe are the guiding principles of Christian nations. Under happier auspices, the self-denial of these agents of the Churches, brought home to every province and shire of the great Empire by the visible proof of hospitals and other countless works of charity and mercy, would effect strange things, and might even, if time were allowed, work that miracle which Sir Robert Hart and all other sane men under present circumstances regard as impossible.

ON THE PLEASURES OF TEXTURE.

A FOOLISH mathematician has pointed out that melody is finite. Without agreeing with the corollary, that music must be a vanishing art, the proposition involuntarily starts us on the search for fresh materials from which we may construct artistic pleasure.

The cultivation of the olfactory nerve has already been frequently suggested, and if the expression be permissible, a 'concert of smells' at once opens up an infinite vista of future enjoyment. The necessary instrument which would 'throw' the different odours into the hall, in succession or simultaneously, in obedience to a keyboard of the customary pattern, is easily conceived. As easily can we imagine a discord of, say, 'garlic and boot-polish,' or 'turpentine and rose-oil' dissolved in the enchanting harmony of 'lemon-peel and Moselle-soaked woodruff,' and the great pleasure to be derived therefrom. A melody of flower-scents in quick succession, accompanied by booming chords of vintage clarets and burgundies, would also be delightful. In fact, examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

The many objections to a scheme of this kind are obvious but pertinent. I will mention but two.

The first and most important one is no doubt to be found in the climate of our northern countries, which renders the necessary development of the sense of smell practically impossible.

The second, which would tend to prevent the popularisation of this art, and therefore threaten its extinction sooner or later if it had any existence, is the impossibility of exercising it privately in an adequate manner. The necessarily cumbersome machinery, the great expense of providing the materials where quantity is as essential as quality, put this beyond question; and where there are no amateurs there can be no artists.

For the first requisite, in the proper development of any art, is a large intimacy and growing proficiency in those practising it for pleasure, and the consequently increased activity of those following it professionally.

If I cannot read my score at home, or imitate the long-haired lion on my own fiddle or piano, I shall cease to visit opera house

and concert hall; if I cannot have my portfolio of etchings or prints, and have no picture to hang over my sideboard, I shall no longer take a duly appreciative interest in the public galleries; and if I cannot read my poet at home, I will never go and hear him recite his verses at the town hall.

The while many people have turned their attention to the nose as a possible art-factor in the future, the importance of the touch-sense as a means of conscious pleasure seems to have been entirely overlooked.

The sense of touch is already much keener than that of smell, and even without any preliminary training can minister to the greatest sensuous pleasure, while it is astounding to what an extent a short period of deliberate exercise augments its power. It is moreover possessed by every part of the body, and the gradations of intensity engendered by a successive application of the producing medium based on this fact are not the least pleasure of its perception.

Before proceeding to the practical exposition of my subject, it is necessary to investigate its artistic bearings, and the first question to be answered is: 'What is artistic enjoyment?' We look at a good picture or hear a fine symphony; the eye or ear receives an impression, which it transmits to the brain; the brain reacts on the perceptions of the eye or ear, and thus (the matter coming by the senses, the form from the mind) the elaborate artistic pleasure is constructed. The nearer an art is to its origin, the more must its enjoyment be sensuous and the less intellectual. Every art must necessarily pass through a long period of development before it can properly be so designated; in fact, art is merely a deliberate and elaborated exercise of the various senses. It originates in the simplest employment of the receivers of personal or extraneous productions, taking no count of any resultant reaction of the mind on the notices of these senses. When this is perceived the first step towards expansion of such notices into a means of artistic and intellectual enjoyment is taken.

It is at this point that we now stand with regard to the art of exciting the brain consciously by an impression conveyed through the sense of touch, and starting from which we must go forward to its perfection. It will be said that any further development is an impossibility, that the idea of intellectual form in connection with texture is madness; and at present proof in contravention of

such objections can, of course, be only inferential. Did the prehistoric scratcher on bones dream of Raphael or Titian? Can the chanting savage and gong-beating cannibal imagine a Brahms?

The simultaneous enjoyment of many textures will be the first step forward, for although we can notice various touchings on different parts of the body at the same moment, the brain is not yet capable of assimilating these impressions into one organic whole. The careful observer will discover either that the mind receives these in quick succession, or that one single impression predominates to the exclusion of all others. Even should the mass be dimly perceived as a homogeneous superstructure, it argues the certainty of future success rather than present capability of proper enjoyment.

Having thus defined the goal towards which we must advance, I come to my subject proper: to show how far the present power of the touch sense for recording impressions on the brain can minister to sensuous pleasure.

I shall develop the idea by practical hints only, and, although the degree of enjoyment will naturally vary with the individual, the fundamental truth of what I shall put forward will be acknowledged by all.

The æsthetics of texture present as yet no pressing questions, and must, for the time, 'stand over.'

I have noticed above that the sense of touch is, although in different degrees, vested in every part of the body, but for the present purpose of illustration I shall select three only, which seem to me to be the most intimate in their relations with the brain. These are:

1. The mouth (lips, palate, tongue, teeth).
2. The tips of the fingers.
3. The sole of the foot.

The ever-fascinating subject of food and the delights of the table has formed the subject of innumerable volumes, but to my knowledge it has never been pointed out how much our pleasure in many dishes is due to the sense of touch. The 'feel' of a delicate substance between the lips, between the teeth, or between the tongue and roof of the mouth, contributes as much to the enjoyment of a good meal as the 'taste' of the food consumed. Almost every kind of edible has this property of agreeably stimulating the brain through the sense of touch, and requires only conscious exercise to add an entirely fresh feeling of eager anti-

cipation and subsequent happiness to the feelings of the diner. In some cases indeed the pleasures of touch far outweigh those of taste; notably in the case of the apple, where the action of biting contributes at least seventy-five per cent. of the joy in eating, and has endowed this fruit with an entirely undeserved fame for flavour. The meeting of the teeth in the juicy flesh of an apple in perfect condition communicates a thrill of ecstasy through the whole system which is unsurpassed by any other fruit.

In much the same case is the fresh truffle, although the proportion of taste and touch in making up the total of bliss in eating it is perhaps more nearly equal.

The acknowledgment of these facts will not in the least lessen the pleasures of the palate, for touch and taste can live in perfect harmony side by side. It will, on the contrary, increase immensely the delights of the table, for in proportion to the knowledge of why we enjoy does our capacity for such enjoyment increase.

I think this part of the subject can now be left to the discriminating investigator for further individual development, but before proceeding I should like to note that what I have said about food applies equally to drink. Especially has old wine—claret and burgundy or fine Rhenish in particular—the power of strongly impressing itself on the sense of touch, although it is more difficult than in the case of solid food to separate the texture from the action on the palate. It is, perhaps, superfluous to mention that the touch sense of the mouth can be excited with equal success by objects not meant for consumption, *e.g.* the grape-skin, the cherry-stone, &c., but opportunity, except in the case of a cigar, is of course not so frequent.

We now pass to the tips of the fingers, where the sense of touch is more delicate and acute than in any other part of our body. The hourly contact of our hands with other bodies opens here not only the largest field of speculation, but also the widest range for individual exercise and research. To extract from the objects handled in the course of our daily duties in the highest possible degree the pleasure contained in their texture will render an otherwise monotonous and dull calling not only tolerable, but enjoyable, and therefore healthy. It is, of course, not possible in the confined space at my disposal to go into details, but the mine of pleasure here opened is so easy of access, so inexhaustible in wealth, and so readily exploited that every one

will find the way to it without trouble, and will never quit it, once he has experienced its supreme delight.

While the ordinary objects of daily life are the most obvious sources of gratification, there are many ways of obtaining a greater happiness in exploring nature for superior founts of inspiration. Thus, it will be found that by gently moving the first finger forwards and backwards beneath the chin of a young child the most exquisite sensation of pleasure is received. Again examples could be multiplied indefinitely; but it is not my purpose to pursue the subject further, not only because individual tastes differ, but because the discovery of these extraordinary means of employing the touch sense add a good deal to the enjoyment of their result.

In connection with the use of the fingers it will be well to briefly notice the pleasure of the unexpected, which has so large a share in the elements of every art. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this case, as always when treating of common art factors, the doctrine remains the same whatever part of the body serves to receive the impression. It is only for purpose of illustration that I include the gratification of that which comes upon us 'with a fine suddenness' under the present heading. I again allude to the meagreness of my examples, not in apology, but as a reminder that I am conducting this party as far as the hall only, and that every one can explore the thousand and one rooms of this palace of delights, and whenever he wishes. Moreover, as I mentioned above, personal discovery increases pleasure here as elsewhere, and as I would wish to awaken the interest of genuine explorers in the 'dark continent' of my location, it would ill become me to curtail 'such joy' as 'ambition finds.'

Pass, then, your finger along some smooth surface of polished oak or royal satin, where closed eyes cannot anticipate the shock of a sudden obstacle or inequality, and enjoy its abruptness; or trail your hand in the water of a swift stream over the side of a boat stemming the current, and feel the thrill of meeting a whirling eddy, which shall drown the steady, stimulating opposition of your running river, and be happy.

We must now turn to the third, and in some respects most important, receiver of touch impressions on our list—the sole of the foot.

Considering the care we take in preventing contact with Mother Earth, this part of our body is extraordinarily impres-

sionable—a fact for which we must be duly grateful. There is no one of us who does not spend a great deal of time in walking, either from room to room, to and from office, or for exercise. Now the pleasure derived from the impression of texture on the sole of the foot will, when duly appreciated, do much towards refining that tedious and savage mode of progress known as walking, and, as such, should be assiduously cultivated. In fact, by concentrating the attention on the messages received by the brain from the ground traversed, this barbarous relic, which ‘the tyrant custom’ has, so far, forced us to bear becomes an artistic exercise.

When walking for exercise or straining after a view, careful attention to the texture of the ground covered becomes even more important. By taking our attention off the hill we climb, it minimises fatigue, besides stimulating the brain, while no amount of ‘walking dream’ will ever interfere with the outlook.

The ideal place, however, for exercising will be a perfectly level plain, where there is no hill or valley that can possibly divert attention from the ground-texture. Such are to be found in the perfect tennis-lawn, the soft springy turf of the ‘breezy downs,’ and above all in a long stretch of hard wet sea-sand traversed by bare feet following the ebb tide. This will communicate to the whole system an ecstasy of healthy happiness worth many hundred miles of travel to attain.

Almost an equal amount of enjoyment may be extracted from a short walk over sharp pebbles or flints; but this ought, perhaps, more properly to be considered when dealing with the ‘pleasures of pain,’ where an aching tooth becomes a raging joy, than under our present heading, although a strict line of demarcation is difficult to draw. In any case, it will be well for those who possess the aptitude for appreciating the delirious transports of physical suffering to experiment in this direction with texture; they will be amply rewarded.

Brief and incomplete as this first introduction to the pleasures of texture must necessarily be, I hope it will prove a finger-post directing many to the right road. There is no doubt that the proper exercise of our touch sense can do much towards brightening and giving new interest to our daily life and occupation, and its cultivation with this object alone in view cannot fail of showing most excellent results.

At the same time we must not lose sight of the nobler

heights to which our sense of touch is guiding us, and, while awaiting the time when intellectual beauty shall crown our efforts with the laurel of art, do all within our power to hasten the advent of that glorious day.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on the other side of the picture. While practically and theoretically I cannot admit any pertinent objections, there is no doubt that the proper perception and development of the touch sense, while increasing the pleasure of pleasant surfaces, will also materially augment the distaste of repulsive ones. The arguments in reply are obvious, and, while not entirely surmounting this obstacle, hold good as much as they do in the other arts.

It is at least certain that the employment of the touch sense as a means of artistic pleasure has two great advantages over all rivals :

1. That no expense is entailed in its pursuit.
2. That every man is his own artist.

And it will be admitted that we have discovered the art of the future.

OSCAR EVE.

*VOYAGING WITH BOERS ON A GERMAN
MAIL-BOAT.*

THERE were special causes of interest in this particular voyage. Only a fortnight ago it had been announced that Paul Kruger was to be a passenger, and though that contingency had been dismissed it was understood that a large influx of Boer fugitives and allies would board us at Delagoa Bay.

Nature has done a good deal for the little seaport of Natal, but man has done more. Despite the bold and bushy bluff that guards the landlocked bay from the great southern surges, and the tongue of shaggy sandhills that shield it from the eastern seas, the tidal 'slake' or sheet of water was accessible only to vessels of small tonnage, and that very fitfully, until the Government ran out breakwaters and piers, imported costly dredgers and tugs, and built wharves along the waterside. For fifty years this process of improvement has been going on with such success that now large ocean steamships enter the harbour, unload, and leave with less difficulty and delay than may be encountered at many natural harbours of world-wide fame. What military operations owe to the excellence of the facilities afforded at Durban, at the port and by rail, official testimony has already recognised.

Landward the hills were lost in the glare of sunshine and heat-haze. Beyond them lay many a scene that has now become sadly historical. For nearly a year these heights had been given up to battle and bloodshed, and hostile Boers still threatened, and were soon again to attack and destroy British property and life in British territory. But the back of the war was broken—its flames were flickering out, and the strenuous work of reparation had begun. By mighty efforts, through terrible experiences, in spite of many failures, the Empire has retrieved and reasserted itself. It has re-established supremacy and routed republicanism. The flag that was to be ousted from South Africa has been planted in the two States, the retention of whose independence was the pretext of the invaders. Their governments have themselves to thank for the confusion that has awaited their designs. They played a daring and defiant game, and they have lost it. And

now comes the sequel. South Africa has to be rebuilt. The two warring races have to be reconciled. Enmities have to be appeased; unity encouraged. Experiences in store for us were not to be without instruction in the conditions of that problem.

The northern coastlands of Natal resemble the southern seaboard. They are bold, wooded, and picturesque. Cottages dot the foreground; stretches of plantation rise here and there from the beach. As you pass river-mouths the shafts of mill-houses spring out of the valleys. Forty miles on is a farm named 'Chaka's Kraal,' where seventy years ago the merciless despot was done to death by his brother, Dingaan. A line of railway now traverses the district as far as the Tugela, beyond which stretches Zululand. For fifty miles the coast there retains a pleasant outline. It is comforting to think that one gazes still upon British territory. Sixteen years ago it was nearly slipping out of the Empire's grasp. Germany first, and the Boers of the 'New Republic' afterwards, all but succeeded in getting hold of St. Lucia Bay in 1884 and 1886. The prompt action of a governor, a gunboat, and a colonial legislature saved the situation, and prevented the planting of a foreign and hostile flag on the seaboard that intervenes between Natal and Portuguese territory. That contingency—thus happily averted—would have marred the map, and led to consequences which, though fatal to the Empire and disastrous to the Colonies, need not now be considered.

Delagoa Bay, much vaunted as a harbour and much coveted as a possession, is an arm of the sea 28 miles long, and so broad that both sides are not visible at the same time. Shoals and banks abound, and a pilot hulk is stationed, as though in mid-ocean, out of sight of land. Hours passed after taking in the pilot before the port itself came within view. Six miles off shore we came to the British flagship *Doris*, anchored with ample seaway round her, ready for any emergency that might arise at that critical stage of affairs. We learned later that the field-glasses of Transvaal refugees were constantly directed at her, mistrustful of her mission. The adjacent land is very low and unattractive, and the channel across the bar is narrow as well as shallow. Reuben Point, the northern sentinel of English River, is about 150 feet high, and it is there that the residents mostly live, but there is little that is distinctly Oriental or even Portuguese about the aspects of the town. It owes its development, like its neighbours, largely to the expansion of gold-mining, and

wholly to the enterprise of foreign merchants and speculators. Commercially it is a product of the *hinterland*. Beyond the limits of the town there are few evidences of colonisation. The estuary on which it stands forms a secure and spacious harbour, when once entered, but there are neither wharves nor piers nor training walls. Vessels are discharged by lighters on to the beach or on small jetties. English, French, Portuguese, and German gunboats were in harbour, together with a Messageries vessel and one or two other ships. The place has been improved up to a certain point. Some of the roads have been hardened and street lamps are provided, but bars are abundant, and the authorities have been greatly perturbed by the inrush of 'undesirables' from the Transvaal. The foreign brigades who have been helping to fight the battle of independence for other people have flocked down to the nearest neutral port, to find themselves unpaid and destitute after their heroic efforts in the camp and field. The Dutch officials of the Netherlands Railway Company, their occupation gone, were hastening back to their homes in Holland, as may be imagined, in no amiable mood. A thousand Italians were said to have already embarked on the French steamer, and we had not been long at anchor before boats from shore flooded our decks with a motley throng. Dirty and unshorn, they crowded up the steps, only too eager to stand on the deck of a neutral ship. Many of them bore bundles of soiled blankets, suggestive of many a bleak bivouac, and of large contact with mother earth. Each was required to show his ticket at the gangway, and some were turned back because of their inability to produce one. Several were people of better class. One grizzled old gentleman sat patiently on his trunk, evidently thankful for such a resting-place. He was a very high official from Pretoria. Women and children formed a goodly quota, the former anxious and downcast, the latter startled and diverted. I thought of the trainloads of open trucks, packed closely with refugees from Boer rule, that crowded into Natal railway stations just a year ago, and felt that time—and war—had brought about their revenges.

Lourenço Marques was a harbour—of sorts—long before Durban was recognised as such. Vasco da Gama planted a settlement there 400 years ago, and ever since Portugal has kept a foothold on the spot. In the early twenties a British surveying expedition made the south bank of the river a base, and Captain Owen, in the two volumes that embody his records of the cruise,

gives many interesting particulars about the country and the native tribes. The former looked to the eyes of the seamen very much as it looks to us now, eighty years later, while the latter closely resemble in manners and surroundings their successors of to-day. The place was terribly fever-stricken. At least half the crews were carried off by the prevailing maladies, fever and dysentery being the most common. Exposure to night mists, sleeping on the ground, and abuse of stimulants came to be recognised as the sources of evil, and care, in respect to these and other points, reduced the death-roll. Nowadays, drainage, avoidance of low-lying marshlands, and attention to sanitation are found effective against disease. The planting of eucalyptus has also done much to combat malaria. A few years ago the Governor-Generalship of the Mozambique Colony was removed to Lourenço Marques, and the province was very fortunate to have in Colonel Machado a capable, high-minded, and energetic administrator. How long he would be suffered to remain there had to be seen.¹ Frequent changes of governors are one of the evils of Portuguese rule.

When England in a weak moment allowed the British boundary claim to become a matter of arbitration, she lost an opportunity that will never recur. At that time the interests at stake in the Transvaal were inconsiderable. Diplomacy, supplemented by equivalents, would have availed to secure to Great Britain this harbour, the possession of which would have rounded off the limits of her South African empire and made her the undisputed mistress of all the trade routes to the interior. But 'Empire' was a negligible phrase in those days, and South Africa was a bother and a bugbear. Marshal MacMahon's award was received with equanimity, and the finest natural harbour on the seaboard remained in Portuguese hands. Thanks to Mr. Kruger's dogged persistency, the railway started by Colonel McMurdo was carried on to Pretoria and is now in the hands of British generals. That it must ever play a conspicuous part as one of the four great arteries of the South African railway system is beyond doubt, but under existing circumstances it is never likely to become again the dominating factor of railway and fiscal policy that it has been in the past.

When we started at midday next morning the ship was full of life. A more motley throng—an odder assortment—could hardly

¹ He has since been recalled to Europe.

be conceived. It comprised Briton and Boer—just released from a deadly life-grip—Germans and Portuguese—Austrians and Italians—Belgians and Hollanders—Frenchmen and Switzers—to say nothing of Asiatics and Africans. Here were American, Dutch, and German attachés, who had been representing their governments with the Boer forces. Doctors and nurses of Dutch and Swiss ambulances were sure evidences that the war game on regular lines was up. British unattached officers attracted by the war; members of Indian and Australian forces travelling home by the quickest route; an American correspondent gathering views for New York magazines and London journals; a vivacious and most companionable visitor from Lahore and Simla, captain of a Punjaub volunteer corps, friend of Rajahs, and the best of good fellows, were but some of the occupants of the first cabin. There were other not less interesting notabilities. The late Treasurer-General of the Transvaal, a quiet, grizzled Dutchman of sixty-five, spoke English well, and we had many talks while pacing the deck, though we never touched upon the war. I may here say that at the outset I determined to avoid that topic in conversation with our fellow-passengers from the Transvaal, as the only way to avoid unpleasantness, and I had no reason to regret the rule. Mr. Malherbe had only been a quarter of a century in the Republic, having proceeded thither from the neighbourhood of Capetown. He had been engaged, before taking office, in business both as farmer and storekeeper, and seemed a sensible and progressive-minded man. My impression was that he would gladly welcome any reasonable project of federal union. I did my best to impress upon his attention, as well as upon that of other like-minded companions, the merits of the Australian Commonwealth Act as an embodiment of the freest constitution known to man. It was understood that the ex-Treasurer (who was my son's cabin mate as far as Beira) would have brought on board two millions' worth of gold, had it not been impounded by the Portuguese authorities at Lourenço Marques on account of 'undischarged liabilities.' The late Postmaster-General of the Transvaal, though an old acquaintance, was not at first recognised, having parted with his beard and whiskers. The quiet and peaceable-looking citizen of former days had developed into a fiercely mustached, loud-voiced personality of distinctly aggressive type, and I was not surprised to learn from an English journal that he had proclaimed the bitterest hostility to all things English. His bark, however, is probably worse than

his bite. More intangible as a type was Piet Grobler, a tall young fellow, blue-eyed and amiable in aspect, who, though under thirty, had for years filled the office of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and who, I was told, had, with young Smuts, the Attorney-General, played a potential part in the issue of the ultimatum and the vigorous prosecution of the war. Mr. Grobler is entirely self-taught, but a highly intelligent and studious young man, an ardent admirer of Rome, where he spent several days a few years ago, and distinctly a person of aspirations and ambitions. A devoted husband and father—both wife and child were with him—he was never heard loudly discussing debatable topics, but it was unpleasant to be assured that he was the author of the insulting accusation addressed to the British Resident at Pretoria shortly before the war broke out. As he is fairly certain to play a part in the early future, it would be satisfactory were he able to repudiate that gross performance or ready suitably to atone for it. I had imagined that Mr. Reitz, the late State Secretary, was responsible for the composition of the ultimatum and attendant documents, with all their truculent and mendacious indictments, but I was told that he had throughout played quite a subordinate part, and that the younger members of the President's entourage had urged on the war. At the same time, though regarded as somewhat of a 'duffer,' Mr. Reitz was admitted by all to be a man of unquestionable honesty, sincerity, and patriotism. In the case of most of the leading Transvaalers the burden of their complaint was the hardship of having to face and start life anew, after all their years of toil and striving—as well, let us add, as of power, scheming, and intrigue. It would be difficult to say to what extent these victims of destiny were bearing off their sheaves with them; they certainly showed no evidences of destitution or want.

In addition to the three officials I have named there were many other notable personalities, with whose antecedents we became acquainted as the voyage went on. Professor Molengraaff held high university degrees in Holland, and was for several years State Geologist in the Transvaal. The excellent work he has done there had just been embodied in an admirably printed volume, prepared at the State Printing Office, and well illustrated with maps and diagrams, delineating the geological conditions of the richly endowed regions lying on both sides of the Drakenberg. The Professor is an enthusiast on his work, and as it lies outside the region of political activity it may, let us hope, be continued

without interruption under the new dispensation. He showed an appreciative letter he had received expressing Lord Roberts's acknowledgments of valuable services rendered after the occupation of Pretoria in connection with the identification of sick and wounded on the Boer side. Captain Ram, who went out in January to report to his government at the Hague upon the scientific aspects of the war as seen from the Boer side, I found to be a most cultured and reasonable companion, most anxious to learn all that was possible about the genesis of the strife. He confessed to me that he had never been led to regard the point of view I endeavoured to place before him—that of the British colonist who had lived and laboured in South Africa for a lifetime, all whose interests and ties were centred in the country, whose efforts had secured its development and progress, and who claimed to be as fully and properly a son of the soil as any Boer Afrikaner of the late republics. How many of the men who have fought for and with the Boers have no claim to this category it would be most instructive to ascertain. We had a good many such on board. A quiet, good-looking young Irish-American was amongst the most bitter Anglophobes. He had had the wrongs of his parents, he said, to avenge, but the Boers had disappointed him. He had gone out expecting to fight for a weak but free people, but he found a small monarchy. For some of the Boer generals he had nothing but contempt, but of others, and notably of Botha, he spoke with enthusiasm. Never had he seen any leader who impressed him as did that young Natal-born republican with so high a sense of strength, benevolence, and goodness; and that seems the general testimony. Although he had not received a cent for his services he did not repine, but he spoke with scorn of some of his fellow-passengers, big and stalwart, who were running away from their country, while some of its burghers were still in the field. Wounded twice, he had, we were told, a splendid record for bravery. The best and hardest fighting he had witnessed was at Dalmanutha, on Buller's march to Lydenburg. I have little doubt that the Boers owe much of their success to the services of such allies as he must have proved to be. The most hostile and aggressive pro-Boers in the first saloon were a Swiss doctor and a German officer. The former overflowed with wild stories of British cruelty and treachery; the latter was a simmering volcano of resentment; but as both confined their outbursts mainly to the smoking-room, I was happily oblivious of them. Five Dutch

'sisters'—from Holland—were the friends of everybody. They had nursed, on the Transvaal side, both Boer and British patients, and freely admitted that the latter were as conspicuous for patience and gratitude as were the former for impatience and irritability. Amongst the other passengers I may mention one with an historic name who was returning from a high post in German South-West Africa, a most agreeable and genial companion; an accomplished young Austrian Count, fresh from his second hunting trip to Rhodesia; and a noble-looking German 'director,' who joined us at Tanga. We brought with us from Durban passengers of a different order. The Bishop of Lebombo, in Northern Zululand, a fine, tall, bearded man of the 'muscular' Kingsleyan type, was hastening to his diocese amongst the mountains, from attendance at the Provincial Synod. This good prelate was said to devote nearly the whole of his stipend, some 400*l.* a year, to the cause of mission work. Disdainful of ease or luxury, content with the simplest food, he tramps about the roadless ruggednesses around him, a splendid example of the race he represents, and of the religion whose lessons he enjoins. In his case, living and toiling as he does amongst savages who have no formulated faith of their own, but whose minds are readily impressible by ideas of right or wrong, Lord Salisbury's timely protests would not be applicable. One or two other priests—long-coated and swarthy, and also denizens of the second saloon—were on their way to stations in the interior. A party of lay and clerical missionaries, but all in secular habit, fresh from Scotland, and bound for Zambesia, were full of enthusiasm. Two of them had been married just before embarkation, and they were passing the honeymoon at sea in the study of native languages. All the day up to bedtime they might be seen with their young brides conning grammars and dictionaries, and murmuring to themselves aboriginal phrases in accents which, so far as one could judge, would be found strangely unintelligible to the African ear. With them was a highly intelligent young practitioner bound on a three years' mission to the upper regions of Nyassaland, full of ardour, a keen observer, a foe to alcohol—an excellent type of the young Anglo-Saxon adventurer of to-day. Of such Equatorial Africa absorbs yearly a goodly contingent, but it would be hard to say how many of them return, scatheless, from the ravages of exposure, hostility, or climate, or to how many the Dark Continent proves a region of disenchantment and failure. They are, nevertheless,

the pioneers of civilisation and commerce, and whether they stay or leave, or die or live, or succeed or fail, they deserve the kindly recognition of their countrymen and mankind.

Two or three ladies, unaccompanied by masculine protectors, bore well-known names. One was that of a famous young Boer general, familiar to the defenders of Mafeking. She told us that her husband's whereabouts or present fortunes were absolutely unknown to her. When last heard of he was still in the fighting line, hotly irreconcilable, and the lot of his sickly and refined young wife claimed the sympathy of all. In the second saloon were congregated a crowd of notabilities not less interesting than we had in the first. A tall, soldierly, handsome Boer in khaki attracted my eye early in the voyage, partly because he continually looked hard in my direction. We were in the Red Sea before I discovered that he was a Cape Colonial rebel, a cousin of the first besieger of Mafeking, and the right-hand man of De Wet, prior to that ubiquitous leader's retirement beyond the Vaal. The passing of the Treason Bill by the Cape Parliament had, I fancy, determined him to escape while he could from the area of its operation. He spoke English fluently, and had been latterly carrying on a flourishing business in Aliwal North. Sympathy with kith and kin beyond the Orange River, and yearnings for republican ascendancy, had presumably led to the astounding folly that had made him an outlaw and an outcast. Yet he seemed cheerful enough and well-to-do, and intended, he said, to settle in the Western States of America. He was accompanied by a bright young son of fifteen, a lad in knickerbockers, who had acted as his father's 'adjutant' during the war, and who wore a green badge on his coat-collar. A nicer-looking or more intelligent boy one seldom meets with, and it is to be hoped that, reclaimed and repentant, he will find his way back, as a loyal citizen of the coming confederation, to the land of his birth. Among the second-class and even third-class passengers were several Boers and foreigners of wealth and standing who had been unable to find berths elsewhere—the Director-General of Telegraphs amongst them. Another Dutch boy, loose-limbed and fleshy, but of man's stature though only a child in years, was reputed to have brought down many a 'rooinek.' His infantile, chubby face seemed suggestive of sugar-sticks rather than of slaughter. I have omitted to mention a remarkable personality, a former civil servant of the Cape Government, but

latterly in the postal service of the Transvaal. Though of Dutch origin, he spoke English perfectly, and was a man of culture and manner. His right leg, injured in infancy, was twisted up and useless, and he hobbled along aided by a crutch and a stick. Yet he had been an active and eager fighter in the roughest places, wherever his pony would carry him. He was a splendid rider, and had been wounded once or twice. Among the many amateur musicians on board he was one of the most tuneful and assiduous, with a repertory of serious and sentimental songs wholly unsuggestive of rancour or battle.

On leaving Delagoa Bay we stuck for some hours on the bar, which is not a narrow ridge like that at Durban, easily reduced by dredging, but a widespreading sandbank, stretching some distance from the shore. Other shoals menace the entrance, and it is difficult to see how they can be dealt with except by engineering works on an enormous scale.

Beira, which stands a few feet above the level of the sea at the mouth of the broad estuary, Pungwe, reminded me of Durban. Brightness and gaiety are distinct notes of the Rhodesian outlet. A regatta in the afternoon enlivened the rippling waters of the bay. The natives who ply the boats were well set up, well disciplined, and merry types of their race. A sea-wall has already been commenced. Three years ago a high tide, driven by a fierce storm, almost submerged the town, but a moderate expenditure will suffice to secure protection from such contingencies.

We parted company at Beira, not only with some of our missionary friends, but with one or two residents at Salisbury, the upland capital of Mashonaland. It is pleasant to find that the troubled experiences of its early days have been succeeded by happier times. Peace seems fairly assured and the country is slowly developing. The climate at that high altitude is pleasant and the travellers are glad to return thither. One had held an official position for five years, and was a good specimen of Cape public schoolboy. Rhodesia has been exceptionally fortunate in attracting the services of high-minded, intelligent, young Englishmen, colonists in many cases, home-born in others, but in all excellent types and representatives of their country. Whatever may have happened in the turbulent conditions of early settlement, no one can now deny that the local administrators do admirable work amongst the native population.

Two uneventful days passed while we steamed at leisurely

speed through a tropical sea, crinkled by the light head-winds which pleasantly ruffled the air.

It is surprising how well and readily Transvaalers talk the language they have been so eager to proscribe. Their women folk appear to prefer it to their own. The little native girl who acted as the Groblers' nursemaid chattered like an English damsel. The children might have been British-born. Though the language question has played so important a part in the course of events, it is a matter of sentiment rather than of practical importance; and though the Hollanders have done their best to keep it alive, they are themselves the bitterest censors of the *patois* which passes current among Afrikanders as 'Dutch.' They say that it no more resembles the mother tongue than the coster's patter does the English tongue. They are ashamed of it as a degradation of the parent language, the perpetuation of which is one of their incentives to the acquisition of South Africa. Equality of status for both English and Dutch is one of the conditions they hope for in any future settlement; but the *taal* is not what they mean by the latter. Nor did they in any way appreciate my suggestion that the growing use of that dialect by the coloured and half-caste populations of the Cape Colony and the late republics, in preference to English, seemed to indicate its maintenance as the daily speech of the native folk. The Dutch in Europe appear to dread the submergence of their language as well as of their nationality by the rising tide of Teutonism, and to have cherished the dream of Batavian ascendancy in South Africa for both.

Passing over our impressions of Zanzibar, pleasant though they were, I may note that during the first afternoon we spent there a smart French cruiser entered port and exchanged salutes with the Sultan's yacht, to the manifest delight of the republicans. As the sharp, keen reports passed from ship to ship, eyes gleamed, and 'Mooi! lekker mooi!' ('Good! very good!') was ejaculated. Not many days had elapsed since the same ears had heard the same sounds from death-dealing cannon amidst the craggy heights near Lydenburg and Barberton. These evidences of naval power on the part of ships not flying the hated flag caused, no doubt, a kindling heart-throb in the breasts of those self-exiled Afrikanders. On the following morning a British transport, the *Hawarden Castle*, looked in, and curious glasses discovered signs of khaki aboard her. She was bound to Durban, with troops from the Mediterranean, and was regarded by our

Boer friends with looks much less appreciative than those which two days ago met the French gunboat. As we passed close astern of the familiar old ship—I made three voyages in her years ago—hundreds of ‘Tommies’ swarmed over the bulwarks and gave us hearty cheers. They evoked no response from men who seemed rather dismayed by this unexpected but not inopportune evidence that the resources of the ancient power against which they had been vainly fighting for a year past were still unexhausted, and that all the figments by which they had been bamboozled on that point were nought but lies. It was a wholesome lesson which I did not grudge them.

Beyond Mombassa the coast stretches north-eastward for 1,100 miles without a stopping-place. Such harbours as there are have no importance. Somaliland is the home of one of the finest African races, but it lends itself, as yet, to neither trade nor civilisation. The route is a lonely, and was to us an unruffled, track. We sighted no vessel, and seldom saw the shore. For five days the passengers were thrown absolutely on their own resources. Quoits, deck billiards, ‘bull,’ chess, and cards were their chief absorptions. They paced the crowded deck, dodging chairs and people as best they could, whenever heat made exercise possible. They read—in three languages—and they talked, but seldom loudly on controverted topics. It would not be right to repeat much that was thus heard in the free intercourse of ship life. Boer comments upon Boer generals rather surprised me. British criticism of British generalship was fairly matched by Boer strictures on Boer leaders. Joubert, Lucas Meyer, Schalk Burger, and Erasmus, amongst others, were all blamed for inefficiency and failure; but for Louis Botha and De Wet all had praise. The former was described as an embodiment of goodness, bravery, and every soldierly merit. ‘I have never met a man,’ said a foreign ally, ‘who looked so completely what he was—true, large-hearted, and courageous.’ French was one of the British generals they estimated highest. The same informant told a touching story of a British wounded soldier, upon whose breast he found a portrait of his sweetheart, with a letter from her. He sent both to the girl, with an account of her lover’s gallant end, and received a grateful acknowledgment. On another occasion he was taken prisoner by an old friend who had fought by his side in Cuba, and who subsequently fell into his own hands, each in his turn releasing his former comrade and present enemy.

Among other impressions produced during the voyage were three which, as confirmatory of prior convictions, deserve to be set down here. The first was the incapacity of the Dutch Afrikaner to see any side—or, rather, the merits of any side—save his own. His instinctive impulse to regard South Africa as his exclusive and God-given inheritance, and to regard his race as the traditional sufferer from imperial injustice and wrong, has blinded him to his own shortcomings and culpabilities, not less than to the claims of Great Britain and her colonists on the continent. Not less impressed was I by the evidence of Holland's potential part in the ordaining of events. I had never before fully realised how passionate had become the craving of the patriotic Hollander for the creation of a great Dutch-speaking republic in South Africa, where the Batavian language and nationality might be perpetuated long after the little parent land may have been swallowed up in a Teutonic empire. A dread that Holland as an independent national entity may disappear in the expansion of imperial Germany has been not more influential than the hope that a new Holland on a vaster scale might arise in the southern hemisphere. This hope has, I believe, been quenched by the war; but it is a question worth consideration whether recognition of the language might not avail, as in Canada, to soothe racial susceptibilities and abate national rancour. The last conclusion to which I need refer was that jealousy of Anglo-Saxon pretensions and achievements as a world-power is the mainspring of foreign hostility and dislike. Had England not spread her wings as a pre-eminently successful colonising power over the far places of the earth, had she not claimed to be what she is—the 'mother of innumerable realms,' the parent of free peoples in free States—the antagonism shown towards her would never have been evoked. Her greatness has been the goad of international animosity.

At early daybreak one morning we were close to Cape Guardafui, the easternmost point of Africa. Despite the latitude—only eleven degrees north of the Equator—the crisp, invigorating air made the bridge deck a pleasant resort from the muggy regions below. We were close to the shore, whose striking outlines already glowed with the rosiness of the sudden dawn. First came False Cape, a bald craggy headland, absolutely void of vegetation, and a landmark that has at times drawn ships to a sudden doom. Further on is the true 'Cape,' rather like Cape Point (of Good Hope) in aspect, but bearing on the scarred seams

of its face the clearly defined semblance of a lion's countenance. Thus is the kingly and typical beast of the Dark Continent reproduced by Nature at two out of its four extremities, the Lion's Head and Lion's Rump at Capetown being matched by the Lion's Face at Guardafui.

Twenty-three years ago two near relatives, travelling northward on their wedding journey, suffered shipwreck on this desolate and forbidding shore, and the story of their adventures and hardships comes back with painful vividness as we steam past the beetling cliffs that witnessed their wonderful escape from deadly perils. They had travelled by the Union Company's coasting steamboat *Kaffir* as far as Zanzibar, and there transhipped into the British India Company's steamer *Cashmere*. Up to this point the voyage had been fair and pleasant. Among their fellow-passengers were two missionaries who, with their families, were returning after years of toil to England. It was a fine night, with only a moderate sea running. About nine o'clock, when some had gone below for the night and others were on deck, a shock, a quiver, and a muffled crash combined with the sudden racing of the screw to tell the tale of disaster. The vessel had manifestly struck on rocks, and terror pervaded the ship. Rushing to the side, the dark loom of the land and the white lines of the breakers showed that the vessel was aground on a reef not far from shore. The usual orders were given, and steps taken. Boats were unloosed; passengers were bidden to muster. Though the ship reeled and lurched, though the seas dashed at times over the bulwarks, and the escaping steam roared out of the pipes, more or less composure prevailed. It was no easy matter in the dark to proceed with the necessary preparations for transporting the lives on board to an absolutely unknown strand, but the boats were hurriedly manned and swung out. In one was placed my sister, together with the missionaries and their children. Her husband remained on board, anxiously watching operations. He soon perceived how perilous the position was, as the boat, hanging free at the davits, swung to and fro with each lurch of the ship, every concussion with the ship's side threatening its destruction. Recognising the inevitable, he called out to his wife, 'When the boat swings to again, jump to me.' She had on her knee one of the missionary children, but when next the little craft dashed, with the vessel's starboard reel, towards the ship, she caught her husband's outstretched arms, and with her burden was dragged on to the deck. Nor was it a moment too soon, for when the boat swung off again her tackle

parted, and out into the foaming sea her helpless occupants were hurled. The death—a death-cry—that went up from them rang for weeks in the listeners' ears.

Letting his wife and the child down through the skylight into the saloon for shelter from the confusion on deck, my brother gathered together such portables as could be carried and awaited the next orders. There were no more catastrophes. The other boats fared better, and in due course the passengers, diminished, alas! in number, with the crew, were all safely landed, and passed the rest of the night till dawn in such discomfort and anxiety as may be imagined. But the supreme fact of immediate safety made present and prospective sufferings seem light by comparison with the fate that had been so mercifully averted. With daylight, of course, came other troubles. Want of food and shelter on that bare, pitiless, and sun-scorching shore had to be faced, but provisions were obtained from the stranded ship, and rough resting-places were rigged up. Arabs from the neighbourhood appeared on the scene and were bribed, by money and offers of spoil from the wreckage, to supply camels for transport to the nearest settlement. Notorious for their hostility to Europeans, they were almost as great a source of anxiety as the seas had been, but they carried out their engagements with fair fidelity. A three days' march across a desert land brought the ocean's outcasts to a little village on the Gulf of Aden, from whence after a day or two's delay they were conveyed by a reeking and pestiferous dhow to the nearest seaport, there to be picked up by a coasting steamer and carried over to Aden. From thence all was safety, delicious comfort, and restful sailing. The dark memories of those evil days, however, long haunted the minds of the sufferers, while the little child, so cruelly orphaned, after being tenderly cared for, was handed over, well and strong, to its guardians in the old country.

While we coasted swiftly past the scenes of these dire experiences all was fair and blithesome. We were passing westward from the land of barbarism and from the younger world, and the mighty spirit of the old, old North seemed to meet us with its embraces. How enkindling that feeling is only those who have lived long in distant undeveloped countries can properly understand. A day later and we cast anchor at Aden, England's second Gibraltar, and reached the beaten highway of the world's eastern commerce. Our Boer companions again betrayed anxiety on being in British waters, under the guns of a British citadel and close to British gunboats. Reassured by their fellow-

passengers, some of them ventured ashore, and came back manifestly impressed by the magnitude of the defences and the impregnability of the arsenal. They were rather surprised to find how little notice was taken of their presence. Two or three sturdy 'Tommies' came aboard and were scowled at by some of our shipmates, one of whom murmured audibly: 'I hate them.' In her eyes they symbolised deserted homes, blighted prospects, and baffled ambitions. As for honest, confiding, simple-hearted Tommy, he was divided between a desire to have 'a smack at them Boers' and a yearning to get home again after five years' service at Rangoon and other tropical stations.

Faithful, uncomplaining, heroic Tommy! I have seen you lately in your tens of thousands tramping patiently on the brown soil of South Africa, ready, fearless, enduring, eager to fight your country's battles and to uphold her imperilled flag. I find you here, on the verge of western Asia, under these cinderous, sun-baked crags, just the same quiet, homely, unmurmuring fellow, not the less cheerful in the discharge of duty, and quite as glad to drink the health of your countrymen in a glass of German beer on board a German mail-boat!

Another ten days' voyaging over glassy seas, amidst stifling heat, brought us to Naples. In spite of the combustible elements on board we had passed a month in perfect peace and harmony. The social atmosphere of the ship matched the weather. Whatever bitterness of feeling might ferment did not betray itself on the surface. Briton and Boer talked together and even discussed the war, with no apparent loss of temper. Mr. Kruger's birthday (which is also the anniversary of the ultimatum) was celebrated, I believe, in both saloons, by some of his late subjects with the usual consumption of champagne, but the tactful captain forbade any political allusions or references, and the functions were known only to the participants. Absolutely uneventful as regards the common incidents of sea life, the voyage was full of interest and instruction in other ways. When we landed at Naples I was more persuaded than ever that the war now closing had been inevitable; that England has been fighting, not the Boers only, but foes and forces it is needless now to indicate; and that all will come right in South Africa if the lines of policy laid down by both imperial and colonial statesmen are pursued with steadfast purpose and conciliatory temper.

ANGLO-AFRICANUS.

A BOER'S OPINION.

[It seemed that a review of Mr. Paul Botha's notable pronouncement would form an interesting pendant to the experiences of the distinguished writer and traveller who has signed himself 'Anglo-Africanus,' and there follows accordingly a notice by a frequent contributor to these pages who also desires anonymity.—ED. CORNHILL.]

ORIGINALLY written in Dutch by Paul M. Botha, and translated into English by his son, this little pamphlet is certainly worthy of our serious attention. Within the space of a few pages—less than fifty—it clearly and succinctly explains the causes from within and without which have brought about the present deplorable state of affairs in South Africa. We have perhaps arrived at a surface understanding of most of these causes, but it will come as a surprise to many that a typical Boer should perceive them so plainly and judge them so fairly and impartially.

For twenty-one years Mr. Paul M. Botha had sat as a member of the Volksraad of the late Orange Free State, and no one who reads his genuine, manly burst of grief and indignation can doubt that he is a true patriot, and that his voice and vote would always have been found on the side of moderation and common sense.

It is inexpressibly pathetic to think of this old man, belonging, as he says himself, to the soil of the country, one of a family which has fought and worked for the creation of the Orange Free State, having to stand helplessly by and in his old age see his country ruined, its homesteads burned, and its people practically reduced to beggary. Nor does it make it any easier for him to bear these frightful calamities to know that he foresaw and did all in his power to avert them. So lately as September 1899 did Mr. Botha try to hold a meeting at Kroonstad to protest against the then fast-approaching war, but the madness which is the precursor of ruin had seized on his people, and he tells us that he was not even allowed to raise his voice.

In a fair and manly spirit, but with a clear perception of the relations of effect to cause, Mr. Botha first deals with what he may well call 'England's mistakes.' With these we are ourselves by this time tolerably familiar, but in his enumeration of them

the old Boer's quaint phraseology takes an unconscious touch of humour—as, for instance, when he deplores the vacillations of English statesmen with regard to their policy in South Africa. He says:

One day England blew hot and the next cold. One moment she insisted on swallowing us, and the next moment she insisted on disgorging us. For example, the Orange Free State was declared British territory because a Governor said, 'You can never escape British jurisdiction.' Then we were abandoned because the next Governor said 'the country was a howling wilderness.' The Transvaal was annexed, and Sir Garnet Wolseley declared: 'The rivers will sooner run back in their course than that England will give up the Transvaal.' Shortly after that the Transvaal was retroceded, *after Majuba*, because the British Ministry said, 'We have been unjust in annexing this country.' It is the jerky hand on the reins which makes us jib.

Mr. Botha emphatically declares that this weak and spasmodic policy has made the Boer distrustful and contemptuous of British statesmen; nor, indeed, is it easy to see how he could be anything else. Other grave mistakes and blunders are pointed out with equal clearness and force, yet the conclusion this shrewd old patriot arrives at is that under no other than the British flag is peace and prosperity possible for South Africa. It is to try and persuade his deluded countrymen of this fact that he publishes what may be considered a passionate appeal to those who still have any regard for the true welfare of the war-torn States.

It is significant that in his trenchant indictment of the policy of those who are responsible for the war and its far-reaching effects of misery and ruin, Mr. Botha makes no mention whatever of the Uitlanders' grievances, nor even of the deplorable Jameson Raid, as among the causes which led to the outbreak of hostilities in October 1899. He puts the right saddle on the right horse, and that horse was simply the personal ambition of Mr. Kruger and his small but mischievous band of followers. Even greater is his condemnation of Ex-President Steyn, whose motives are shown as being still meaner and more personal than Kruger's.

Mr. Botha lays great stress on the necessity, in considering the situation and how it came to pass that a whole people naturally pastoral and peaceful could have been so duped by a handful of self-seeking adventurers, of realising how ignorant is the typical Boer. He ascribes this amazing ignorance to the complete isolation of the veldt, which has existed from generation to generation, and which makes the people, as he tersely puts it, so much 'easier to mislead than to lead.' He quotes, as an example within his own immediate experience,

how they threatened to stone him because he was in favour of railways in the Orange Free State. This ignorance of the true course of events is fostered by the newspapers, which Mr. Botha truly designates as 'pernicious rags, largely subsidised by Kruger;' and he deplors that his 'poor people through want of education have to swallow undiluted the poison prepared for them by such unscrupulous schemers.'

Another cause of the strength of the wave of rebellion which is laying the country waste is to be found, Mr. Botha says, in the abuse of pulpit influence. 'A religious people's religion is being used to urge them to their destruction.' Of this he gives examples. His statement has unconsciously been borne out even further than it goes by a deeply interesting letter from the correspondent of the 'Daily Mail,' Mr. Edgar Wallace, who describes, in a recent issue of that journal, a religious service which he attended at a little village near Port Elizabeth a few weeks ago, and where the righteousness of resistance to the 'oppressor' was openly preached, and every sort of appeal, based on lies, to ignorance and passion was urged with truly dramatic effect. With both press and pulpit thus using all their strength to press tighter the bandage over the people's eyes, is it any wonder that they are still blind and deaf to the voice of common sense, and greedily swallow such statements as Mr. Steyn's when he told the burghers at Kroonstad, less than a year since, that 'the British had lost 64,000 in killed, whilst we had only lost 200, and asked them to see the hand of God in this;' or such assertions as that 60,000 Russians, Americans, and Frenchmen were on the water coming to their aid and might be expected any day, that China had invaded and occupied England, and that God was killing the British all over the world with bubonic plague?

In his impeachment of the two ex-Presidents, Mr. Botha leaves to Mr. Steyn the benefit of the doubt as to whether he is more fool or knave, though the balance of evidence inclines towards the latter assumption. In his account, however, of Oom Paul's career and motives, the trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound, and in a few lines he draws a picture of the combination of avarice, ambition, and hypocrisy which, joined to an indomitable will, go to make up the character of the man on whose head, as he plainly shows, rests the responsibility for a frightful war. To Mr. Botha's simple practical mind it is an amazing thing that such a man should have English sympathisers, and should be

received and fêted in the civilised countries to which he has fled with well-lined pockets, to avoid the consequences of his own actions; actions from which he alone has not suffered. We are shown the hypocritical old 'dopper' visiting the sufferers after the great dynamite explosion, shedding what the Pretorians themselves laughed at as crocodile tears over his 'poor burghers,' and heading a subscription list with a promise of ten pounds which is unpaid to this day. Nor would he disgorge a shilling of the millions he had accumulated for the relief of the starving wives and children of the said poor burghers when he sent them out on commando.

One point will strike most readers of the little pamphlet as disclosing an unknown situation, and that point is that all thoughtful and intelligent Freestaters recognise that England and English rule offer them their best chance of true freedom and independence, and that Transvaal aggressive bullying has always been much more of a danger to them than English interference. Mr. Botha is also quite alive to the difficulty of the intriguing foreign element in South Africa, an element which has largely contributed to bring about the grievous situation which he deplures, and he deliberately states that 'if it were possible to imagine that England's restraining influence were withdrawn, we should no doubt witness in South Africa scenes such as I have read of in South America;' nor does he for a moment admit that we could have taken any other action than that which the ultimatum forced upon us.

Mr. Botha relies confidently on the fairness and justice of the English people in their after-dealings with the country he speaks of as conquered. He looks forward with steadfast hope to the days when we shall set the strength of our hand and all the best of our brain 'to make South Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi into one harmonious whole, in which, in a few years' time, there will be no discord between Boer and Englishman.' But even on his own showing this is a herculean task. May we prove capable of accomplishing it!

THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY.¹

II. DELHI.

DELHI lies thirty-eight miles to the south-west of Meerut, a city seven miles in circumference, ancient, stately, beautiful. The sacred Jumna runs by it. Its grey, wide-curving girdle of crenelated walls is pierced with seven gates. It is a city of mosques and palaces and gardens, and crowded native bazaars. Delhi in 1857 was of great political importance, if only because the last representative of the Grand Mogul, still bearing the title of the King of Delhi, resided there in semi-royal state. The Imperial Palace, with its crowd of nearly 12,000 inmates, formed a sort of tiny royal city within Delhi itself, and here, if anywhere, mutiny might find a centre and a head.

Moreover, the huge magazines, stored with munitions of war, made the city of the utmost military value to the British. Yet, by special treaty, no British troops were lodged in Delhi itself; there were none encamped even on the historic Ridge outside it.

The 3rd Cavalry, heading the long flight of mutineers, reached Delhi in the early morning of the 11th of May. They spurred across the bridge, slew the few casual Englishmen they met as they swept through the streets, galloped to the King's palace, and with loud shouts announced that they had 'slain all the English at Meerut, and had come to fight for the faith.'

The King, old and nervous, hesitated. He had no reason for revolt. Ambition was dead in him. His estates had thriven under British administration. His revenues had risen from a little over 40,000*l.* to 140,000*l.* He enjoyed all that he asked of the universe, a lazy, sensual, opium-soaked life. Why should he exchange a musky and golden sloth, to the Indian imagination so desirable, for the dreadful perils of revolt and war? But the palace at Delhi was a moral plague-spot, a nest of poisonous insects, a vast household in which fermented every bestial passion to which human nature can sink. And discontent gave edge and fire to every other evil force. A spark falling into such a magazine might well produce an explosion. And the shouts of

¹ Copyright, 1901, by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, in the United States of America.

the revolted troopers from Meerut at its gates supplied the necessary spark.

While the old King doubted, and hesitated, and scolded, the palace guards opened the gates to the men of the 3rd Cavalry, who instantly swept in and slaughtered the English officials and English ladies found in it. Elsewhere mutiny found many victims. The Delhi Bank was attacked and plundered, and the clerks and the manager with his family were slain. The office of the 'Delhi Gazette' shared the same fate, the unfortunate compositors being killed in the very act of setting up the 'copy' which told of the tragedy at Meerut. All Europeans found that day in the streets of Delhi, down to the very babies, were killed without pity.

There were, as we have said, no white troops in Delhi. The city was held by a Sepoy garrison, the 38th, 54th, and 74th Sepoy regiments, with a battery of Sepoy artillery. The British officers of these regiments, when news of the Meerut outbreak reached them, made no doubt but that Hewitt's artillery and cavalry from Meerut would follow fierce and fast on the heels of the mutineers. The Sepoys were exhorted briefly to be true to their salt, and the men stepped cheerfully off to close and hold the city gates against the mutineers.

The chief scene of interest for the next few hours was the main-guard of the Cashmere gate. This was a small fortified enclosure in the rear of the great gate itself, always held by a guard of fifty Sepoys under a European officer. A low verandah ran around the inner wall of the main-guard, inside which were the quarters of the Sepoys; a ramp or sloping stone causeway led to the summit of the gate itself, on which stood a small two-roomed house, serving as quarters for the British officer on duty. From the main-guard two gates opened into the city itself.

The guard on that day consisted of a detachment of the 38th Native Infantry. They had broken into mutiny, and assisted with cheers and laughter at the spectacle of Colonel Ripley, of the 54th N.I., with other officers of that regiment, being hunted and sabred by some of the mutinous light cavalry who had arrived from Meerut. Two companies of the 54th were sent hurriedly to the gate, and met the body of their colonel being carried out literally hacked to pieces.

Colonel Vibart, one of the officers of the 54th, has given in his 'Story of the Sepoy Revolt' a vivid account of the scene in the

main-guard as he entered it. In one corner lay the dead bodies of five British officers who had just been shot. The main-guard itself was crowded with Sepoys in a mood of sullen disloyalty. Through the gate which opened on the city could be seen the revolted cavalry troopers, in their French-grey uniforms, their swords wet with the blood of the British officers they had just slain. A cluster of terrified English ladies—some of them widows already, though they knew it not—had sought refuge here, and their white faces added a note of terror to the picture.

Major Abbott, with 150 men of the 74th N.I., presently marched into the main-guard; but the hold of the officers on the men was of the slightest, and when mutiny in the mass of Sepoys crowded into the main-guard would break out into murder nobody could guess.

Major Abbott collected the dead bodies of the fallen officers, put them in an open bullock-cart, covered them with the skirts of some ladies' dresses, and despatched the cart, with its tragic freight, to the cantonments on the Ridge. The cart found its way to the Flagstaff Tower on the Ridge and was abandoned there; and when, a month afterwards, the force under Sir Henry Barnard marched on to the crest the cart still stood there, with the dead bodies of the unfortunate officers—by this time turned to skeletons—in it.

Matters quickly came to a crisis at the Cashmere gate. About four o'clock in the afternoon there came in quick succession the sound of guns from the Magazine. This was followed by a deep, sullen, and prolonged blast that shook the very walls of the main-guard itself, while up into the blue sky slowly climbed a mighty cloud of smoke. Willoughby had blown up the great powder-magazine; and the sound shook both the nerves and the loyalty of the Sepoys who crowded the main-guard. There was kindled amongst them the maddest agitation, not lessened by the sudden appearance of Willoughby and Forrest, scorched and blackened by the explosion from which they had in some marvellous fashion escaped.

Brigadier Graves, from the Ridge, now summoned Abbott and the men of the 74th back to that post. After some delay they commenced their march, two guns being sent in advance. But the first sound of their marching feet acted as a match to the human powder-magazine. The leading files of Abbott's men had passed through the Cashmere gate when the Sepoys of the 38th

suddenly rushed at it and closed it and commenced to fire on their officers. In a moment the main-guard was a scene of terror and massacre. It was filled with eddying smoke, with shouts, with the sound of crackling muskets, of swearing men and shrieking women. Here is Colonel Vibart's description of the scene :—

The horrible truth now flashed on me—we were being massacred right and left, without any means of escape! Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I made for the ramp which leads from the courtyard to the bastion above. Every one appeared to be doing the same. Twice I was knocked over as we all frantically rushed up the slope, the bullets whistling past us like hail, and flattening themselves against the parapet with a frightful hiss. To this day it is a perfect marvel to me how any one of us escaped being hit. Poor Smith and Reveley, both of the 74th, were killed close beside me. The latter was carrying a loaded gun, and, raising himself with a dying effort, he discharged both barrels into a knot of Sepoys, and the next moment expired.

The struggling crowd of British officers and ladies reached the bastion and crowded into its embrasures, while the Sepoys from the main-guard below took deliberate pot-shots at them. Presently a light gun was brought to bear on the unhappy fugitives crouching on the summit of the bastion. The ditch was twenty-five feet below, but there was no choice. One by one the officers jumped down. Some buckled their sword-belts together and lowered the ladies. One very stout old lady, Colonel Vibart records, ' would neither jump down nor be lowered down; would do nothing but scream. Just then another shot from the gun crashed into the parapet; somebody gave the poor woman a push, and she tumbled headlong into the ditch beneath.' Officers and ladies scrambled up the almost perpendicular bank which forms the further wall of the ditch, and escaped into the jungle beyond, and began their peril-haunted flight to Meerut.

Abbott, of the 74th, had a less sensational escape. His men told him they had protected him as long as they could; he must now fly for his life. Abbott resisted long, but at last said, ' Very well. I'm off to Meerut; but,' he added, with a soldier's instinct, ' give me the colours.' And, carrying the colours of his regiment, he set off with one other officer on his melancholy walk to Meerut.

The most heroic incident in Delhi that day was the defence and explosion of the great magazine. This was a huge building, standing some 600 yards from the Cashmere gate, packed with munitions of war—cannon, ammunition, and rifles—sufficient to

have armed half a nation, and only a handful of Englishmen to defend it. It was in charge of Lieutenant Willoughby, who had under him two other officers (Forrest and Raynor), four conductors (Buckley, Shaw, Scully, and Crowe), and two sergeants (Edwards and Stewart); a little garrison of nine brave men, whose names deserve to be immortalised.

Willoughby was a soldier of the quiet and coolly courageous order; his men were British soldiers of the ordinary stuff of which the rank and file of the British Army is made. Yet no ancient story or classic fable tells of any deed of daring and self-sacrifice nobler than that which this cluster of commonplace Englishmen was about to perform. The Three Hundred who kept the pass at Thermopylae against the Persian swarms, the Three who, according to the familiar legend, held the bridge across the Tiber against Lars Porsena, were not of nobler fibre than the Nine who blew up the great magazine at Delhi rather than surrender it to the mutineers.

Willoughby closed and barricaded the gates, and put opposite each two six-pounders, doubly loaded with grape; he placed a 24-pound howitzer so as to command both gates, and covered other vulnerable points with the fire of other guns. In all he had ten pieces of artillery in position—with only nine men to work them. He had, indeed, a score of native officials, and he thrust arms into their reluctant hands, but knew that at the first hostile shot they would run.

But the Nine could not hope to hold the magazine finally against a city in revolt. A fuse was accordingly run into the magazine itself, some barrels of powder were broken open, and their contents heaped on the end of the fuse. The fuse was carried into the open, and one of the party (Scully) stationed beside it, lighted port-fire in hand. Willoughby's plan was to hold the magazine as long as he could work the guns. But when, as was inevitable, the wave of mutinous Sepoys swept over the walls, Willoughby was to give the signal by a wave of his hat, Scully would instantly light the fuse, and the magazine—with its stores of warlike material, its handful of brave defenders, and its swarm of eager assailants—would vanish in one huge thunder-clap!

Presently there came a formal summons in the name of the King of Delhi to surrender the magazine. The summons met with a grim and curt refusal. Now the Sepoys came in solid

columns down the narrow streets, swung round the magazine, and girdled it with shouts and a tempest of bullets. The native defenders, at the first shot, clambered down the walls and vanished, and the forlorn but gallant Nine were left alone. Hammers were beating fiercely on the gates. A score of improvised scaling-ladders were placed against the walls, and in a moment the Sepoys were swarming up. A gate was burst open, but, as the assailants tried to rush in, a blast of grape swept through them. Willoughby's nine guns, each worked by a single gunner, poured their thunder of sound and storm of shot swiftly and steadily on the swaying mass of Sepoys that blocked the gate.

Lieutenant Forrest, who survived the perils of that fierce hour, has told, in cool and soldierly language, its story :—

Buckley, assisted only by myself, loaded and fired in rapid succession the several guns above detailed, firing at least four rounds from each gun, and with the same steadiness as if standing on parade, although the enemy were then some hundreds in number, and kept up a hot fire of musketry on us within forty or fifty yards. After firing the last round, Buckley received a musket ball in his arm above the elbow ; I, at the same time, was struck in the left hand by two musket balls.

When, before or since, has there been a contest so heroic or so hopeless ? But what can Nine do against twice as many hundreds ? From the summit of the walls a deadly fire is concentrated on the handful of gallant British. One after another drops. In another moment will come the rush of the bayonets. Willoughby looks round and sees Scully stooping with lighted port-fire over the fuse, and watching for the agreed signal. He lifts his hand. Coolly and swiftly Scully touches the fuse with his port-fire. The red spark runs along its centre ; there is an earth-shaking crash, as of thunder, a sky-piercing leap of flame. The walls of the magazine are torn asunder ; bodies of men and fragments of splintered arms fly aloft. The whole city seems to shake with the concussion, and a great pillar of smoke, mushroom-topped and huge, rises slowly in the sky. It is the signal to heaven and earth of how the Nine British who kept the great magazine had fulfilled their trust.

Of those gallant Nine, Scully, who fired the train, and four others vanished, along with hundreds of the mutineers, in one red rain. But, somehow, they themselves scarcely knew how, Willoughby, with his two officers, and Conductor Buckley found themselves, smoke-blackened and dazed, outside the magazine, and they escaped death, for the moment at least.

The fugitives who escaped from the Cashmere gate had some very tragical experiences. Sinking from fatigue and hunger, scorched by the flame-like heat of the sun, wading rivers, toiling through jungles, hunted by villagers, they struggled on, seeking some place of refuge. Some reached Meerut, others Umballa, but many died. Of that much-enduring company of fugitives, it is recorded that the women often showed the highest degree of fortitude and patience. Yet more than one mother had to lay her child, killed by mere exposure or heat, in a nameless jungle grave; more than one wife had to see her husband die of bullet or swordstroke at her feet.

But the fate of these wanderers was happier than that of the Europeans left in the city. Some twenty-seven—eleven of them being children and eight women—took refuge in a house near the great mosque. They held the house for three days, but, having no water, suffered all the agonies of thirst. The Sepoys set vessels of water in front of the house, and bade the poor besieged give up their arms and they should drink. They yielded, gave up the two miserable guns with which they had defended themselves, and were led out. No water was given them. Death alone was to cool those fever-blackened lips. They were set in a row, the eleven children and sixteen men and women, and shot. Let tender-hearted mothers picture that scene transacted under the white glare of the Indian sun!

Some fifty Europeans and Eurasians barricaded themselves in a strong house in the English quarter of the city. The house was stormed, the unhappy captives were dragged to the King of Delhi's palace, and thrust into an underground cellar, with no windows and only one door. For five days they sweltered and sickened in that black hole. Then they were brought out, with one huge rope girdling them—men, women, and children, a pale-faced, haggard, half-naked crowd, crouching under one of the great trees in the palace garden. About them gathered a brutal mob of Sepoys and Budmashes, amongst whom was Abool Bukr, the heir-apparent to the King of Delhi. The whole of the victims were murdered, with every accompaniment of cruelty, and it is said that the heir-apparent himself devised horrible refinements of suffering.

Less than six months afterwards Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, shot that princely murderer, with a cluster of his kinsfolk, under the walls of Delhi, and in the presence of some 6,000 shuddering

natives, first explaining that they were the murderers of women and children. Their bodies were brought in a cart through the most public street of the city, and laid side by side, under the tree and on the very spot where they had tortured and murdered our women.

Mutiny grows swiftly. On Sunday night was fired, from the ranks of the 20th Sepoys, the volley that slew Colonel Finnis, and was, so to speak, the opening note in the long miserere of the Mutiny. At four o'clock on Monday afternoon the thunder of the great magazine, as it exploded, shook the walls of Delhi. Before the grey light of Tuesday morning broke over the royal city every member of the British race in it was either slain or a captive.

When a powder-magazine is fired, the interval of time between the flash of the first ignited grain and the full-throated blast of the explosion is scarcely measurable. And if the cluster of keen and plotting brains behind the Great Mutiny had carried out their plans as they intended, the Mutiny would have had exactly this bewildering suddenness of arrival. There is what seems ample evidence to prove that Sunday, May 31, was fixed for the simultaneous rising of all the Sepoy regiments in Bengal. A small committee of conspirators was at work in each regiment, elaborating the details of the mutiny. Parties were to be told off in each cantonment to murder the British officers and their families while in church, to seize the treasury, release the prisoners, and capture the guns. The Sepoy regiments in Delhi were to take possession of that great city, with its arsenal.

The outbreak at Meerut not merely altered the date, it changed the character of the revolt. The powder-magazine exploded, so to speak, in separate patches, and at intervals spread over weeks. It was this circumstance—added to the fact that the Sepoys had rejected the greased cartridges, and with them the Enfield rifle, against which Brown Bess was at a fatal disadvantage—that, speaking humanly, robbed the Mutiny of half its terror, and helped to save the British Empire in India.

But, even allowing for all this, a powder-magazine—although it explodes only by instalments—is a highly uncomfortable residence while the explosion is going on; and seldom before or since, in the long stretch of human history, have human courage and fortitude been put to such a test as in the case of the handful of British soldiers and civilians who held the North-West Provinces for England during the last days of May 1857.

Sir George Campbell, who was in Simla at the time, has told the story of how he stood one day, early in June, beside the telegraph operator in Umballa, and listened while the wire, to use his own words, 'seemed to repeat the experience of Job.' 'First we heard that the whole Jullunder brigade had mutinied, and were in full march in our direction, on the way to Delhi. While that message was still being spoken came another message to tell us that the troops in Rajpootana had mutinied, and that Rohilcund was lost; following which I heard that the Moradabad regiment had gone, and that my brother and his young wife had been obliged to fly.'

Let it be remembered that the revolted districts equal in area France, Austria, and Prussia put together; in population they exceeded them. And over this great area, and through this huge population, the process described by the telegrams, to whose rueful syllables Sir George Campbell listened, was being swiftly and incessantly repeated. The British troops did not number 22,000 men, and they were scattered over a hundred military stations, and submerged in a population of 94,000,000. Let the reader imagine fifteen or sixteen British regiments sprinkled in microscopic fragments over an area so vast, and amongst populations so huge!

The Sepoy army in Bengal numbered 150,000 men, and within six weeks of the shot which killed Colonel Finnis at Meerut, of its 120 regiments of horse and foot, only twenty-five remained under the British flag, and not five of these could be depended upon! A whole army, in a word, magnificently drilled, perfectly officered, strong in cavalry, and yet more formidable in guns, was in open and murderous revolt. Some idea of the scale and completeness of the Mutiny can be gathered from the single fact that every regiment of regular cavalry, ten regiments of irregular cavalry out of eighteen, and sixty-three out of seventy-four regiments of infantry, then on the strength of the Bengal army, disappeared finally and completely from its roster!

In each cantonment during the days preceding the revolt, the British officers on the spot were—to return to our figure—like men shut up in a powder-magazine with the train fired. There might be a dozen or twenty British officers with their families at a station held by a battery of native artillery, a couple of squadrons of native horse, and a regiment of native infantry—all plotting revolt and murder! Honour forbade the British to fly. To show

a sign of mistrust or take a single visible precaution would be to precipitate the outbreak. Many of the old Bengal officers relied on their Sepoys, with a fond credulity that nothing could alarm, and that made them blind and deaf to the facts about them. 'It was not,' says Trevelyan, 'till he saw his own house in flames, and not till he looked down the barrels of Sepoy muskets, and heard Sepoy bullets whizzing round his ears, that an old Bengal officer could begin to believe that his men were not as staunch as they ought to be.'

But all officers were not so blind as this. They knew their peril. They saw the tragedy coming. They walked day after day in front of the line of their men's muskets on parade, not knowing when these iron tubes would break into red flame and flying bullets. They lay down night after night, knowing that the Sepoys in every hut were discussing the exact manner and time of their murder. Yet each man kept an untroubled brow, and went patiently the round of his duty, thanking God when he had no wife and child at the station to fall under the tender mercies of the mutineers. Farquhar, of the 7th Light Cavalry, writing to his mother at the time, said, 'I slept every night dressed, with my revolver under my pillow, a drawn sword on my bed and a loaded double-barrelled gun just under my bed. We remained in this jolly state,' he explained, 'a fortnight.'

When the outbreak came, and the bungalows were in flames, and the men were shouting and firing on the parade-ground, it was a point of honour among the officers to hurry to the scene and make one last appeal to them, dying too often under the bullets of their own soldiers. The survivors then had to fly, with their women and children, and hide in the hot jungle or wander over the scorching plains, on which the white heat burns like a flame, suffering all the torments of thirst and weariness, of undressed wounds, and of wearing fever. If some great writer, with full knowledge and a pen of fire, could write the story of what was dared and suffered by Englishmen and Englishwomen at a hundred scattered posts throughout the North-West Provinces, in the early stages of the Mutiny, it would be one of the most moving and heroic tales in human records.

Sir Joseph Fayrer tells how, early in 1857, he was a member of a tiger-shooting expedition into the Terai. It was a merry party, and included some famous shots and great civil officials. They had killed their eleventh tiger when first news of the rising

reached the party. 'All my companions,' says Fayrer, 'except Gubbins, were victims of the Mutiny during the year. Thomason was murdered at Shah Jehanpore; Gonne in the Mullapore district; Colonel Fischer was killed by the men of his own regiment; Thornhill was murdered at Seetapore; Lester was shot through the neck during the siege of Lucknow; Graydon was killed after the first relief of Lucknow.' Swift-following deaths of this sort have to be multiplied over the whole area of the Mutiny before we can realise what it cost in life.

Fayrer, as a single example of the sort of tragedies which took place on every side, tells how his brother, who was an officer in a regiment of irregular cavalry, was killed. He was second in command of a detachment supposed to be of loyalty beyond suspicion. It had been sent by Lawrence from Lucknow to maintain order in the unsettled districts. There was no sign that the men intended to rise. The morning bugle had gone, the troop was ready to start, and young Fayrer, who had gone out, walked to a well with his charger's bridle over his arm, and was drinking water from a cup. Suddenly one of his own troopers came up behind him and cut him down through the back of the neck with his tulwar. 'The poor lad—only twenty-three—fell dead on the spot, gasping out the word "mother" as he fell.' The troopers instantly rode at the three other British officers of the detachment. One of these slew three Sepoys before he was killed himself; the second, ill mounted, was overtaken and slain; the third, a splendid rider, made a reckless leap over a nullah, where his pursuers dared not follow, and so escaped.

Before describing the great drama at Cawnpore, or Lucknow, or Delhi, it is worth while to give, if only as hasty vignettes, some pictures of what happened at many of the stations scattered through Oude and the Punjaub. They are the opening episodes of a stupendous tragedy.

According to Sir Herbert Edwardes, it was the act of an English boy that saved the Punjaub. A very youthful operator—a mere lad—named Brendish, was by some accident alone in the Delhi Telegraph Office. When the Mutiny broke out he had to flee like the rest; but, before leaving, he wired a somewhat incoherent message to Umballa. 'We must leave office,' it ran; 'all the bungalows are on fire, burning down by the Sepoys of Meerut. They came in this morning. . . . Nine Europeans are killed.' That message reached Umballa, was sent on to Lahore,

and was read there as a danger signal so expressive that the authorities at once decided to disarm the native troops at that station. The cryptic message was then flashed on to Peshawur, and was there read in the same sense, and acted upon with the same promptitude.¹

At some of the stations, where cool heads and steadfast courage prevailed, the Sepoys were disarmed with swiftness and decision. This was especially the case in the Punjaub, where the cause of England was upheld by the kingly brain of John Lawrence, the swift decision of Herbert Edwardes, and the iron courage of Neville Chamberlain and of John Nicholson.

Lord Roberts has told how, on May 12, he was present as scribe at a council of war held in Peshawur. Round the table sat a cluster of gallant soldiers, such as might well take charge of the fortunes of a nation in the hour of its deadliest peril. Herbert Edwardes was there, and Neville Chamberlain, and Nicholson. They had to consider how to hold the Punjaub quiet while all Bengal was in a flame of mutiny. The Punjaub was a newly conquered province; its warlike population might well be expected to seize the first opportunity of rising against its conquerors. It was held by an army of over 80,000 troops, and of these only 15,000 were British—the rest, some 65,000, were almost sure to join the Mutiny. For every British soldier in the Punjaub, that is, there were four probable mutineers, while behind these was a warlike population, just subdued by the sword, and ready to rise again.

But the cool heads that met in that council were equal to their task. It was resolved to disarm all doubtful regiments, and raise new forces in their stead in the Punjaub itself, and from its wild frontier clans. A movable column, light-footed, hard-hitting, was to be formed under Neville Chamberlain's command with which to smite at revolt whenever it lifted its head. So the famous Movable Column came into being, commanded in turn by Chamberlain and by Nicholson. That column itself had to be purged heroically again and again to cleanse it from mutinous elements, till it practically came to consist of one field-battery, one troop of horse artillery, and one infantry regiment, all British. Then it played a great part in the wild scenes of the Mutiny.

Before new levies could be raised in the Punjaub, however,

¹ Brendish was one of the few who escaped from Delhi.—ED. CORNHILL.

the English had to give some striking proof of decision and strength. No Indian race will fight for masters who do not show some faculty for command. The crisis came at Peshawur itself, towards the end of May. The Sepoys had fixed May 22 for rising against their officers. On the 21st the 64th Native Infantry was to march into Peshawur, and on the following morning the revolt was to take place. Herbert Edwardes and Nicholson, however, were the last men in the world to be caught off their guard. At 7 A.M. on the morning of the 21st, parade was held, and, as the result of some clever manœuvres, the five native regiments found themselves confronted by a line of British muskets, and ordered to 'pile arms.' The intending mutineers were reduced, almost with a gesture, to the condition of an unarmed mob, and that lightning-stroke of decision saved the Punjab. Levies poured in; new regiments rose like magic; a loyal army became possible.

Little more than a fortnight afterwards, Neville Chamberlain discovered a plot in the 35th Native Infantry, and promptly blew two ringleaders from the guns, the first instance of that dramatic form of punishment in the Mutiny. Later, when Nicholson took command of the Movable Column, he was compelled to disarm two native regiments, the 35th and the 33rd. The 33rd was on its march to join the column, and Nicholson conducted the business with so nice an adjustment of time and method that the 35th had been disarmed, and their muskets and belts packed in carts and sent off to the fort, just as the 33rd marched up. As it halted it found itself, not side by side with a regiment of accomplices, but in front of a long and menacing line of British infantry and guns, and Roberts himself rode forward with the order to its colonel to pile arms. 'What! disarm my regiment?' said that astonished officer, who was serenely unconscious that there was a mutinous brain under every shako in his regiment. When the order was repeated, the old colonel broke into actual tears. But there were sterner wills and stronger brains than his in command, and the 33rd, in turn, was reduced to harmlessness.

At Lahore, again, the Sepoys had an elaborate plot to kill their officers, overpower the European troops, and seize the treasury and the guns. Lahore was a city of 90,000 inhabitants, with a garrison of 2,500 Sepoys in the city itself. The city troops were to rise first, and their success was to be signalled to Meanmeer, the military cantonment, six miles distant. Mutiny

at Lahore was to be followed by revolt through all the military stations of the district, from the Rabee to the Sutlej. The plot, however, was discovered. General Corbett, a cool and gallant soldier, resolved to disarm the whole native garrison.

On the night of May 12, three days before the date fixed for the mutiny, a military ball was to be held. This arrangement was not changed, lest the suspicions of the Sepoys should be aroused, and dancing was kept up till two o'clock in the morning. Then the officers at grey dawn hurried to the parade-ground, where, by instructions issued the day before, the whole brigade was assembled nominally to hear some general orders read. These were read in the usual fashion at the head of each regiment. Then some brigade manœuvres followed, and these were so adroitly arranged that, at their close, the native regiments found themselves in quarter-distance column, with five companies of a British regiment, the 81st, opposite them in line, the guns being still in the rear of the 81st.

In a single sentence, brief and stern, the order was given for the native regiments to 'pile arms.' The Grenadiers of the 16th, to whom the order was first addressed, hesitated; the men began to handle their arms; for one breathless moment it was doubtful whether they would obey or fight. But simultaneously with the words 'Pile arms,' the 81st had fallen back, coolly and swiftly, between the guns, and the Sepoys, almost at a breath, found themselves covered by a battery of twelve pieces loaded with grape, the artillerymen standing in position with burning port-fires, whilst along the line of the 81st behind ran the stern order, 'Load,' and already the click of the ramrods in the muskets was heard.

The nerve of the Sepoys failed! Sullenly they piled arms, and 600 English, by adroitness and daring, disarmed 2,500 Sepoys without a shot! What five minutes before had been a menace to the British power was made harmless.

Montgomery, the chief civil officer at Lahore, divides with Corbett the honour of the brilliant stroke of soldiership which saved the city. Never was there a less heroic figure in outward appearance than that of Montgomery. He was short, stout, soft-spoken, rubicund-faced, and bore, indeed, a ludicrous resemblance to Mr. Pickwick as depicted by the humorous pencil of 'Phiz.' He was familiarly known, as a matter of fact, to all Englishmen in his province by the sobriquet of 'Pickwick.' But nature some-

times conceals an heroic spirit within a very unheroic-looking body. If in outward look there was something sheep-like in Montgomery's appearance, there was a lion-like strain in his courage. He had only a hint of the coming storm. A couple of scanty telegrams brought in the news of the mutiny at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi. With quick vision Montgomery read the temper of the native troops at Meanmeer, and, with swifter decision than even that of Corbett, he advised that they should be instantly disarmed. That decision averted a great disaster.

The whole story shows what is possible to clear judgment and resolute courage; but where these failed, or where some old Bengal officer retained his blind and fond credulity as to the 'staunchness' of his men, then great tragedies became possible.

Thus at Futteghur, some seventy miles from Cawnpore, the 10th Native Infantry, with some irregular troops, held the cantonments. General Goldie was divisional commander; Colonel Smith held command of the 10th, and cherished a piously confident belief in the loyalty of his Sepoys. The civilians, with a shrewder insight into the state of affairs, believed mutiny certain, and murder highly probable, and determined to leave the station. On June 4 a little fleet of boats, laden with almost the entire English colony in the place—merchants, shopkeepers, missionaries, with their wives and children—started down the river, to the huge disgust of Colonel Smith, who thought their departure a libel on his beloved Sepoys. Part of the company found refuge with a friendly Zemindar, while three boats, containing nearly seventy persons—of whom forty-nine were women and children—pushed on to Cawnpore. In Cawnpore, however, though they were in ignorance of the fact, Wheeler and his gallant few were already fighting for life against overwhelming odds.

News soon reached the Sepoy lines at Cawnpore that three boatloads of Sahibs were on the river, and a rush was made for them. The poor victims had pulled in to the bank and were enjoying 'afternoon tea,' when the horde of mutineers burst upon them. Some tried to hide in the long grass, which was set on fire above them. The rest, scorched, wounded, half-naked, with bleeding feet—mothers trying to shelter or carry their children—were dragged to the presence of Nana Sahib. The ladies and children were ordered to sit on the ground; their husbands, with their hands tied, were arranged in careful order behind them. Being thus picturesquely arranged for easy murder, some files of the

2nd Cavalry were marched up to kill the whole. The process was lengthy, wives clinging to their husbands, mothers trying to shelter their little ones with their own bodies from the keen cavalry swords. Nana Sahib watched the whole process with the leisurely and discriminating interest of a connoisseur.

On June 18 Colonel Smith's trusted Sepoys broke into open revolt at the station, whence these poor fugitives had fled. The little British garrison, consisting of thirty fighting men, with sixty ladies and children, took refuge in a low mud fort, and held it for nearly three weeks. Then they fought their way to their boats and fled. They were fiercely pursued. One boat grounded, and its miserable passengers were summarily murdered. Death by bullets, by sunstroke, by drowning, pursued the rest. One boatload escaped, but escaped only to reach Cawnpore, and to perish amid the horrors of the slaughter-house there.

One survivor has left a record of that dreadful voyage. He was in the boat that first grounded and was boarded by the Sepoys. He describes how the passengers were shot, and how 'Major Robertson, seeing no hope, begged the ladies to come into the water rather than fall into their hands. While the ladies were throwing themselves into the water I jumped into the boat, took up a loaded musket, and, going astern, shot a Sepoy. . . Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were about twenty yards from the boat; he had his child in his arms, apparently lifeless. Mrs. Fisher could not stand against the current; her dress, which acted like a sail, knocked her down, when she was helped up by Mr. Fisher. . . Early the next morning a voice hailed us from the shore, which we recognised as Mr. Fisher's. He came on board, and informed us that his poor wife and child had been drowned in his arms.'

For skill, daring, and promptitude, nothing exceeded the fashion in which the incipient mutiny at Multan was trampled out. At no other post were the conditions more perilous. The garrison consisted of a troop of native horse artillery, two regiments of native infantry, and the 1st Irregular Cavalry; the only English troops were 50 artillerymen in charge of the magazine. Here, then, were 50 British artillerymen, without guns, opposed to over 3,000 Sepoys—horse, foot, and artillery!

The decisive factor in the problem was the character of the British commander, Major Chamberlain. His strong will and genius for command held the 1st Irregular Cavalry steady. They were Hindus from the neighbourhood of Delhi with a full measure

of the superstition and pride of caste which swept away other regiments. But they believed in their commander. He swayed their imaginations as with a touch of magic. The spell of his looks and voice, his imperious will, overbore the impulse to revolt. His men declared they would follow him to the death! Chamberlain resolved to disarm the other native regiments, and he performed the perilous feat, not only with miraculous audacity, but with a miraculous nicety of arrangement.

The Second Punjaub Infantry and the First Punjaub Cavalry were to arrive at the station on a given day. They were native troops, but could—for the moment, at least—be trusted. The new troops came in at nightfall. At 4 A.M. the next morning the two Sepoy regiments and a troop of native artillery were marched out as if for an ordinary parade. They were suddenly halted; the Punjaub troops quietly marched betwixt them and their lines; the 50 English gunners took their places beside the guns of the native artillery, and a little band of Sikh cavalry that could be trusted rode up to the flank of the guns.

Then Chamberlain gave the order to the suspected regiments to 'Pile arms.' One Sepoy shouted, 'Don't give up your arms! Fight for them;' but his English adjutant instantly grasped him by the throat, shook him as a terrier would shake a rat, and flung him on the ground. The mutinous Sepoys hesitated; their courage sank; they meekly piled arms, were marched back weaponless to their barracks, and the station was saved. But it was a great feat to disarm a whole garrison with only 50 English gunners. The regiment of irregular cavalry was permanently saved by the spell of Chamberlain's authority, and, as a reward, is still the First Regiment of Bengal Cavalry.

Some of the revolting regiments, it is satisfactory to know, had very distressful experiences. They found that mutiny was a bad investment. Let the tale of the 55th, for, example, be told. The regiment broke into open mutiny at Mardan on May 22, fired on their officers, and marched off to the hills with the regimental colours and treasure. Its colonel, Spottiswoode, blew out his brains in mingled grief and despair when he saw his 'faithful' Sepoys in open revolt.

Meanwhile, the most menacing figure in all the great drama of the Mutiny—that of Nicholson—made its appearance on the track of the mutineers. Nicholson overtook them on the 24th, after a ride of seventy miles, slew 150, captured another 150 with

the stolen colours, and promptly executed forty of his prisoners by blowing them from his guns. The rest of the broken regiment crossed the border, were hunted down by the hill-tribes, fell into the hands of Mohammedan fanatics, were 'converted' by the argument of whip and sword, or were sold as slaves. 'One fat old subahdar,' says Mr. Cave-Browne, 'was sold for four annas (six-pence)'! Mutiny, it is clear, proved a very bitter experience for the unhappy 55th!¹

¹ The legend that has grown round the wanderings of this broken regiment is told by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in his vivid story, 'The Lost Legion.'—ED. CORNHILL.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

'It was a mild winter evening; a little fog still hanging about, but vanquished by the cheerful lamps, and the voice of the muffin-bell was just heard at intervals—a genial sound that calls up visions of trim and happy hearths. If we could only so contrive our lives as to go into the country for the first note of the nightingale, and return to town for the first note of the muffin-bell, existence, it is humbly presumed, might be more enjoyable.'

February is upon us, and surely its peculiar charm was never better described than in the opening lines of the foregoing extract from 'Lothair.' Lord Beaconsfield, a Londoner by birth, worshipped our glorious city as Matthew Arnold worshipped Oxford. To be sure, he never called it an 'adorable dreamer;' and, indeed, the phrase would scarcely have been appropriate. But he loved it as warmly as Samuel Johnson, and knew it as accurately as Samuel Weller—knew it, not merely in all the infinite variety of its exterior aspect, but also in its inner charm and spiritual significance. 'One should always mention localities,' he said, 'because they often indicate character.' Baker Street, indeed, and Gloucester Place, and Harley Street and Wimpole Street, he likened to 'a large family of plain children, with Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents;' but 'the Strand is perhaps the finest street in Europe, blending the architecture of many periods; and its river-ways are a peculiar feature and rich with associations. The Inns of Court, and the quarters in the vicinity of the port, Thames Street, Tower Hill, Billingsgate, Wapping, Rotherhithe, are the best parts of London; they are full of character: the buildings bear a nearer relation to what the people are doing than in the more polished quarters.'

The man who loves Billingsgate must be a Londoner indeed; and Lord Beaconsfield's enthusiasm for his native city was not circumscribed by its legal boundaries. He had a tender feeling for despised Suburbia. 'It seems to the writer that the inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficiently sensible of the beauty of its environs. With the exception of Constantinople, there is no city in the world that can for a moment enter into competition

with it. For himself, though in his time something of a rambler, he is not ashamed in this respect to confess to a legitimate cockney taste; and for his part he does not know where life can flow on more pleasantly than in sight of Kensington Gardens, viewing the silver Thames wind by the bowers of Rosebank, or inhaling from its terraces the refined air of graceful Richmond.'

Personally, I go all lengths with Lord Beaconsfield. When, after a temporary exile, I again smell the air of London, my heart leaps up like Wordsworth's when he saw a rainbow. To my mind life in this beloved town resembles a long, luxurious voyage, full of profit and pleasure and incident and health. And, if any of my fellow-travellers care to inspect my log-book, it is frankly at their disposal.

Just thirty years ago—on 'Candlemas Day, 1871'—Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote his Dedicatory Letter to *Adolescens Leo*, Esq., of the 'Daily Telegraph.' 'We are now on the point of commencing what Arminius, with his fatally carping spirit, called our "Thyestëan banquet of claptrap"—we are on the eve of the meeting of Parliament.' This year the Thyestëan banquet-table is spread amid surroundings of appropriate gloom—continued disaster in South Africa, virulent ill-will on the part of our European neighbours, wars and rumours of wars, taxes and prospects of taxes. These are things which every one dislikes; but there is another feature of this year's banquet which is deplorable or satisfactory according to the onlooker's standpoint, and that is the collapse of our parliamentary system. That system, as till 1895 we understood it, postulated something like a balance of parties; a system of checks; a wholesome competition for public favour; a remorseless and untiring criticism directed by the 'Outs' against the 'Ins.' All this has departed, and instead of it we have a Government, tried for five years, found in some grave respects conspicuously wanting, and yet sent back to office with a majority which makes them safe for another five years; and an Opposition, puny in numbers, notoriously divided on every question of actual interest, incapable of effective criticism, and apparently reconciled to permanent exclusion from office.

One of the greatest of Parliamentarians, attacking the Government of the day, talked about 'that state of insignificance for which God and nature designed you.' Our more modest Opposition substitutes 'us' for 'you,' and, speaking by the mouth of its chief whip on the eve of the General Election, meekly accepts

insignificance as its appropriate and predestined portion. The Liberal oracles are dumb. Sir William Harcourt, having failed badly in his iconoclastic mission, betakes himself to financial criticism, but somehow cannot induce people to take him seriously in either department. Mr. Asquith is understood to be writing a treatise on 'How to be for and against Annexation.' Mr. Morley occasionally ingeminates Peace, but the note is lacrymose, and neither alarms his opponents nor inspirits his friends. The Roseberyian faction dines together, eulogises its patron, writes articles about itself, and insists on 'vindicating its character, when nobody knows that it has one; and explaining its motives, when its hearers have forgotten its acts.' Were parties evenly balanced, the Roseberyian section might be of some importance, because it would be worth buying. But, as it is, Lord Salisbury is quite strong enough to dispense with the services of such a very broken reed, and it is not the 'Use of Sarum' to encumber himself with wholly unprofitable alliances.

But, after all, Westminster is not London; and though its doings form the natural topic for February, a Londoner must (like Observation) take an extended view, and survey the Church as well as the State. Here the outlook is happier. The State is rather sickly; the Church remarkably vigorous. That admirable liberty which its critics call licence, and which has survived a good many attempts to curb it, seems to be emerging triumphant from its latest conflict. Episcopal coercion moves, as has been happily said, with a leaden foot in a velvet shoe. Those good men whose first article of faith is *I believe in an Established Church*, have begun to discover that it is safest to let Ritualism alone. The abolition of incense might also spell the abolition of income, and the triumph of Puritanism might disestablish the Church.

Lord Hugh Cecil, I observe, promises, or threatens, legislation which shall curb the freedom of the parish priest, and give greater power both to the bishop and to the lay parishioners. This strikes me as an ominous conjuncture. Certainly those inhabitants of Hatfield whose memories run back ten or fifteen years may be excused if they feel a dread of what Lord Hugh calls 'Rectorcraft.' But, though the unfettered independence of the English incumbent has, like other human things, its drawbacks, it is in my judgment infinitely better for the interests of the Church than either an episcopal dictatorship such as our Holy Aunt, the Church of Rome, permits; or that sway of the rich cheese-monger

which is the bane of Nonconformity. But the Bishop and the Cheesemonger combined would indeed produce a tyranny against which the meekest incumbent in Christendom would soon revolt.

Leaving these high questions of State and Church, which indeed are mainly suggested by the opening of Parliament and of Convocation, I turn to the social aspect of the month. Where all are good, it would be invidious to particularise, as Pennialinus used to say. And yet, socially considered, February has a charm among months which is all its own. That charm is partly due to climatic conditions. I am so loyal a Londoner that I admire even the climate of London, and can almost be lyrical about the fogs of its December and the smells of its July. And yet, undoubtedly, the interspace between the fogs and the smells is the golden age of Society. By February the fogs, as a rule, have disappeared. We no longer lose our way when we go out to dinner, nor are made prisoners in our houses by fear of bronchial asthma. We no longer are married (like Mr. Wilfrid Ashley) under a pall of inky blackness; nor peer (like Lord Roberts) at our admirers through a cold haze of grey cotton-wool. Far ahead are the poisonous exhalations of the dog-days, and the suffocative dinner-parties where men stare and gasp and women collapse. February, March, April, May are the choice months of social enjoyment, and of these I specially love February—not, as Cardinal Newman says,

because it is best,
But because it comes first
And is pledge of the rest.

As we advance along the vale of years, and become haunters of clubs and readers of magazines, social enjoyment begins to acquire new meanings for us. Emphatically it does not mean ball-going. I no longer waltz. I think the Kitchen Lancers undignified; and I am quite sure that three minutes of the 'Washington Post' would destroy me. If by chance I ever yield to the importunities of a niece or a neighbour, and look in for a moment at a dance, I recoil with horror when I see the sprightly partners of my youth ranged in patient martyrdom on a hard bench, and drawing worsted shawls over their shoulders as dawn begins to peep. And, if I am thus moved when I look at them, what must be their emotions when they recognise me?

When the ball-going instinct fails, one takes to evening parties; but, as one advances, even these seem hardly worth the

trouble of getting to and getting from. Yet the sight of stars and ribbons still pleases me, and one hears things at political drums which one does not hear elsewhere. I recall such a drum in the spring of 1881, when a Liberal wirepuller said, with eager delight, to the wife of a Liberal leader: 'Old Dizzy is very ill!' And the lady replied, with a wink of complacent intelligence, 'Oh, yes, I know. *Dying!*' Such are the festive topics of political society.

When drums have followed balls into the region of things which once were enjoyable and are so no longer, we find our social enjoyments practically reduced to dinners—for nobody who is well constituted in mind or body goes out to luncheon. February is pre-eminently a month of dinners, if for no other reason, because it brings Parliament together, and 'Parliament Men' are notoriously fond of dining. 'Come and dine at 8—pot-luck, you know. Don't dress.' That hospitable formula recalls a genial knight who dwelt in Berkeley Square, and, applying his whole mind to the subject of dinners, attained to high perfection in the art of giving them. Two benevolent practices of his invention linger pleasantly in the memory. He caused each course to begin at a different point at the table, so that every guest in turn got the first chance at a dish. He dealt out the asparagus like cards, an equal number of pieces to each guest; and if, on the completion of the deal, he saw that any one had got smaller pieces than his neighbours, he used the residue to redress the inequality. Surely such are those actions of the just which smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

'The undevout gastronome is mad,' and I am as thankful as ever was Thackeray, that typical Londoner, to the hand which feeds me, whether it proffers those 'ortolans stuffed with truffles and truffles stuffed with ortolans,' which are the daily bread of the helots in Park Lane; or confines itself to the roast mutton and apple tart of my own lowlier sphere. By far the wisest of the Prince Consort's recorded sayings was that 'things taste so much better in small houses.' In praising dinners, I praise, not magnificence, but comfort—and conversation.

The opening of Parliament brings of course a certain influx of parliamentary gossip into conversation. It begins on the eve of the Session at a ministerial drum. 'Why are you in uniform?' 'Oh, I've come from Balfour's dinner.' 'Oh, do tell us. What's in the Queen's Speech?' 'Oh! only just what one knew

already.' From this illuminating commencement, it flows on during the earlier weeks of the Session, touching in turn on A's good speech, B's palpable falling off, C's chance of office, and the mess that D is making of his work at the Circumlocution Office---till summer comes with its asparagus and plovers' eggs, and we all settle down to the serious pursuit of pleasure.

People say that parliamentary 'shop' is dull, and I don't contradict; but I feel that it delivers one from worse bores. If it had not been for the opening of the Session, we should still be arguing about the Englishwoman's Love-letters, which did so much to desolate December and January. Mystery did for that book what Puffery has done for others. We all remember novels of which the appearance was heralded by announcements that they would make Christianity henceforth impossible, or put the relation of the sexes on a permanently altered basis. The Love-letters came, as far as I know, unpuffed; but the mystery did its work. Every literary lady in London was saddled with authorship, and numbers who were not known as authoresses were whispered to have written a great deal anonymously. Every one looked interesting and conscious, and repudiated the authorship with suggestive embarrassment. Then, again, the mystery gave great scope to man, poor man, dressed in a little brief anonymity. Well---no, he hadn't written them---couldn't indeed say much about them. But one had been in a position to know certain things---and well---when the authorship was disclosed it would surprise us all. This did very well for a time, and a good many absolutely virtuous people enjoyed a temporary reputation for impropriety on the strength of a book which they had neither written nor read. But gradually the mists cleared away. When the critics began to pronounce the book tedious, the claimants for the authorship rapidly dwindled; and the reproach of vulgarity terrified many who would have gloried in riskiness. Presently all the conflicting rumours 'crystallised' in a circumstantial story about an imaginative widow and an unfrocked priest. The bubble of mystery burst; and people awoke to the consciousness that they had been making a grotesque fuss about a thoroughly mediocre performance.

It takes some time for a literary revolution to make its way to the quarter, eminently genteel but not central, where I live; and when we found that we had been admiring the wrong book, the discovery was a heavy blow to our parochial conversation. Ours

is a very sociable parish. The vicar's wife had what is called 'a little money,' is At Home on Thursdays, and has her drawing-room walled with Morris's pomegranate paper. The vicarage is the social circle of a considerable square, and at least six circumjacent streets. The vicar ('privately educated' in boyhood) is of King's College, Cambridge. His admirers say that he is 'a typical King's man,' which, being interpreted, means a Cambridge man who tries to be like an Oxford man. His academical career culminated in an *Ægrotat* in Botany; but he loves culture and ensues it. There are dark rumours in the parish that the smoking flax of his faith was nearly quenched by 'Robert Elsmere,' but quickened into fresh life by the opportune publication of 'Lux Mundi.' He repudiates the old-fashioned designations of High, Low, and Broad; but, if pressed, coyly avows himself of the 'Deep Church.' In externals he cultivates what may be described as Milliner's Ritual, and his preaching is garnished with quotations from the more familiar poetry of Robert Browning and Matthew Arnold. The name of our National Bard is often on his lips; Jowett's 'Plato' is on his study-table; and he has been heard to speak gushingly of 'dear old Aristotle.' But his chief desire is to be in the movement, and to keep abreast of the latest thinking. Last Advent he held us spell-bound with a course of lectures on 'The Theological Aspects of Mr. Swinburne's Poetry;' and his Christmas sermon on 'The Master-Christian' was found, by the ladies of his flock, to be 'very teaching.' To such a one, the Love-letters were a very treasure-trove, and we were not without hope that they might furnish material for some Lenten lectures which should rival Sir Barnes Newcome's celebrated course on Mrs. Hemans and the Poetry of the Affections.

But alas for the cussedness of things! Before the Lectures can be delivered, the Letters have gone out of fashion, and, from a remark dropped at the vicarage last Thursday, I gather that we are to have some conferences on the Spiritual Life of English Statesmen, as illustrated by the biographies of Cromwell, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir John Mowbray.

An incongruous figure has been added to the cultured circle of the vicarage by the introduction of the new curate. This strapping youth played football for his college, and even a year at Wells has failed to eradicate certain secular tendencies. He is large and loud, and cheerful and boisterous: whereas the vicar is grave and soulful, and tender and winning. The curate smacks

one on the back, when the vicar would lay a lily hand caressingly on one's shoulder. The vicar recites mystical morsels of Rossetti, and the curate, without much pressing, sings

With a ladder and some glasses,
You could see the 'Ackney Marshes,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.

His frank avowal that he thought Hendrik Ibsen 'a fair old rotter' caused a painful sensation at the vicarage tea-table, nor did he mend matters by his story of the little boy who confessed to his uncle that he had taken a surreptitious sip out of his whisky-and-soda, and, thinking it nasty, had 'put it all back again.'

The curate laughed immoderately at his own anecdote. The vicar smiled a smile which was deprecating even to the verge of sickliness; and the vicar's wife hurriedly turned the conversation to the poetry of Mr. Stephen Phillips. At this juncture I made arrangements to leave, and in the street was overtaken by the curate, who asked if I happened to have got a smoke about me, and promised (quite unsolicited) to look me up the first time he came my way.

*COUNT HANNIBAL.*¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVE OF THE FEAST.

It was Tignonville's salvation that the men who crowded the long white-walled room, and exchanged vile boasts under the naked flaring lights, were of all classes. There were butchers, natives of the surrounding quarter whom the scent of blood had drawn from their lairs; and there were priests with hatchet faces, who whispered in the butchers' ears. There were gentlemen of the robe, and mechanics, rich merchants in their gowns, and bare-armed ragpickers, sleek choristers, and shabby led-captains; but from all, gentle or simple, rose the same cry for blood, the same aspiration to be first equipped for the fray. In one corner a man of rank stood silent and apart, his hand on his sword; the working of his face alone betraying the storm that reigned within. In another, a Norman horse-dealer talked in low whispers with two thieves. In a third, a gold-wire drawer addressed an admiring group from the Sorbonne; and meantime the middle of the floor grew into a seething mass of muttering, scowling men, through whom the last comers, thrust as they might, had much ado to force their way.

And from all under the low ceiling rose a ceaseless hum, though none spoke loud. 'Kill! kill! kill!' was the burden; the accompaniment such profanities and blasphemies as had long disgraced the Paris pulpits, and day by day had fanned the bigotry—already at a white heat—of the Parisian populace. Tignonville turned sick as he listened, and would fain have closed his ears. But for his life he dared not. And presently a cripple in a beggar's garb, a dwarfish, filthy creature with matted hair, twitched his sleeve, and offered him a whetstone.

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‘Are you sharp, noble sir?’ he asked with a leer. ‘Are you sharp? It’s surprising how the edge goes on the bone. A cut and thrust? Well, every man to his taste. But give me a broad butcher’s knife and I’ll ask no help, be it man, woman, or child!’

A bystander, a lean man in rusty black, chuckled as he listened. ‘But the woman or the child for choice, eh, Jehan?’ he said. And he looked to Tignonville to join in the jest.

‘Ay, give me a white throat for choice!’ the cripple answered, with horrible zest. ‘And there’ll be delicate necks to prick to-night! Lord, I think I hear them squeal! You don’t need it, sir?’ he continued, again proffering the whetstone. ‘No? Then I think I’ll give my blade another whet, in the name of our Lady, the Saints, and good Father Pezelay!’

‘Ay, and give me a turn!’ the lean man cried, proffering his weapon. ‘May I die if I do not kill one of the accursed for every finger of my hands!’

‘And toe of my feet!’ the cripple answered, not to be outdone. ‘And toe of my feet! A full score!’

‘’Tis according to your sins!’ the other, who had something of the air of a Churchman, answered. ‘The more heretics killed, the more sins forgiven. Remember that, brother, and spare not if your soul be burdened! They blaspheme God and call Him paste! In the paste of their own blood,’ he continued ferociously, ‘I will knead them and roll them out, saith the good Father Pezelay, my master!’

The cripple crossed himself. ‘Whom God keep,’ he said. ‘He is a good man. But you are looking ill, noble sir?’ he continued, peering curiously at the young Huguenot.

‘’Tis the heat,’ Tignonville muttered. ‘The night is stifling, and the lights make it worse. I will go nearer the door.’

He hoped to escape them; he had some hope of escaping from the room and giving the alarm. But when he had forced his way to the threshold, he found it guarded by two pikemen; and glancing back to see if his movements were observed—for he knew that his agitation might have awakened suspicion—he found the taller of the two whom he had left, the black-garbed man with the hungry face, watching him a-tiptoe, over the shoulders of the crowd.

With that, and the sense of his impotence, the lights began to swim before his eyes. The catastrophe that overhung his party,

the fate so treacherously prepared for all whom he loved and all with whom his fortunes were bound up, confused his brain almost to delirium. He strove to think, to calculate chances, to imagine some way in which he might escape from the room, or from a window might cry the alarm. But he could not bring his mind to a point. Instead, in lightning flashes he foresaw what would happen: his betrothed in the hands of the murderers, and the fair face that had smiled on him frozen with terror; brave men, the fighters of Montauban, the defenders of Angely, strewn dead through the dark lanes of the city. And now a gust of passion, and now a shudder of fear, seized him; and in any other assembly his agitation must have led to detection. But in that room were many twitching faces and trembling hands. Murder, cruel, midnight, and most foul, wrung even from the murderers her toll of horror. While some, to hide the nervousness they felt, babbled of what they would do, others betrayed by the intentness with which they awaited the signal, the dreadful anticipations that possessed their souls.

Before he had formed any plan, a movement took place near the door. The stairs shook beneath the sudden trampling of feet, a voice cried 'De par le Roi! De par le Roi!' and the babel of the room died down. The throng swayed and fell back on either hand, and Marshal Tavannes entered, wearing half armour, with a white sash; he was followed by six or eight gentlemen in like guise. Amid cries of 'Jarnac! Jarnac!'—for to him the credit of that famous fight, nominally won by the King's brother, was popularly given—he advanced up the room, met the Provost of the merchants, and began to confer with him. Apparently he asked the latter to select some men who could be trusted on a special mission, for the Provost looked round and beckoned to his side one or two of higher rank than the herd, and then one or two of the most truculent aspect.

Tignonville trembled lest he should be singled out. He had hidden himself as well as he could at the rear of the crowd by the door; but his dress, so much above the common, rendered him conspicuous. He fancied that the Provost's eye ranged the crowd for him; and to avoid it and efface himself he moved a pace to his left.

The step was fatal. It saved him from the Provost, but it brought him face to face and eye to eye with Count Hannibal, who stood in the first rank at his brother's elbow. Tavannes

stared an instant as if he doubted his eyesight. Then, as doubt gave slow place to certainty, and surprise to amazement, he smiled. And after a moment he looked another way.

Tignonville's heart gave a great bump and seemed to stand still. The lights whirled before his eyes, there was a roaring in his ears. He waited for the word that should denounce him. It did not come. And still it did not come; and Marshal Tavannes was turning. Yes, turning, and going; the Provost, bowing low, was attending him to the door; his suite were opening on either side to let him pass. And Count Hannibal? Count Hannibal was following also, as if nothing had occurred. As if he had seen nothing!

M. de Tignonville caught his breath. Was it possible that he had imagined the start of recognition, the steady scrutiny, the sinister smile? No; for as Tavannes followed the others, he hung an instant on his heel, their eyes met again, and once more he smiled. In the next breath he was gone through the doorway, his spurs rang on the stairs; and the babel of the crowd, unchecked by the great man's presence, broke out anew, and louder.

Tignonville shuddered. He was saved as by a miracle. But the respite, though its very strangeness diverted his thoughts for a while, brought short relief. The horrors that impended over others surged afresh into his mind, and filled him with a maddening sense of impotence. To be one hour, only one short half-hour without! To be able to run through the sleeping streets, and scream in the dull ears that a King's flatteries had stopped as with wool! To go up and down and shake into life the guests whose royal lodgings daybreak would turn to a shambles reeking with their blood! They slept, the gentle Teligny, the brave Pardaillan, the gallant Rochefoucauld, Piles the hero of St. Jean—while the cruel city stirred rustling about them, and doom crept whispering to the door. They slept, they and a thousand others, gentle and simple, young and old; while the half-mad Valois shifted between two opinions, and the Italian woman, accursed daughter of an accursed race, cried 'Hark!' at her window, and looked eastwards for the dawn.

And the women? The woman he was to marry? And the others? In an access of passion he thrust aside those who stood between, he pushed his way, disregarding complaints, disregarding opposition, to the door. But the pikes lay across it, and he could

not utter a syllable to save his life. He would have flung himself on the door-keepers, for he was losing control of himself; but as he drew back for the spring, a hand clutched his sleeve, and a voice he loathed hummed in his ear.

‘No, fair play, noble sir; fair play!’ the cripple Jehan muttered, forcibly drawing him aside. ‘All start together, and it’s no man’s loss. But if there is any little business,’ he continued, lowering his tone and peering with a cunning look into the other’s face, ‘of your own, noble sir, or your friends’, anything or anybody you want despatched, count on me. It were better, perhaps, you didn’t appear in it yourself, and a man you can trust——’

‘What do you mean?’ the young man cried, recoiling from him.

‘No need to look surprised, noble sir,’ the lean man, who had joined them, answered in a soothing tone. ‘Who kills to-night does God service, and who serves God much may serve himself a little. “Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn,” says good Father Pezelay.’

‘Hear, hear!’ the cripple chimed in eagerly; his impatience such that he danced on his toes. ‘He preaches as well as the good father his master! So frankly, noble sir, what is it? What is it? A woman grown ugly? A rich man grown old, and perchance a will in his chest? Or a young heir that stands in my lord’s way? Whichever it be, or whatever it be, trust me and our friend here, and my butcher’s gully shall cut the knot.’

Tignonville shook his head.

‘But something there is,’ the lean man persisted obstinately; and he cast a suspicious glance at Tignonville’s clothes. It was evident that the two had discussed him, and the motives of his presence there. ‘Have the dice proved fickle, my lord, and are you for the jewellers’ shops on the bridge to fill your purse again? If so, take my word, it were better to go three than one, and we’ll enlist.’

‘Ay, we know shops on the bridge where you can plunge your arm elbow-deep in gold,’ the cripple muttered, his eyes sparkling greedily. ‘There’s Baillet’s, noble sir! There’s a shop for you! And there’s the man’s shop who works for the King. He’s lame like me. And I know the way to all. Oh, it will be a merry night if they ring before the dawn. It must be near daybreak now. And what’s that?’

Ay, what was it? A score of voices called for silence; and a

breathless hush fell on the crowd. A moment the fiercest listened, with parted lips and starting eyes. Then, 'It was the bell!' cried one, 'let us out!' 'It was not!' cried another. 'It was a pistol shot!' 'Anyhow let us out!' the crowd roared in chorus; 'let us out!' And they pressed in a furious mass towards the door, as if they would force it, signal or no signal.

But the pikemen stood fast, and the throng, checked in their first rush, turned on one another, and broke into wrangling and disputing; boasting, and calling Heaven and the saints to witness how thoroughly, how pitilessly, how remorselessly they would purge Paris of this leprosy when the signal did sound. Until again above the babel a man cried 'Silence!' and again they listened. And this time, dulled by walls and distance, but unmistakable by the ears of fear or hate, the heavy note of a bell came to them on the close night air. It was the boom, sullen and menacing, of the death signal.

The door-keepers lowered their pikes, and with a wild rush as of wolves swarming on their prey, the band stormed the door, and thrust and struggled and battled a way down the narrow staircase, and along the narrow passage. 'A bas les Huguenots! Mort aux Huguenots!' they shouted; and shrieking, sweating, spurning with vile hands, viler faces, they poured pell-mell into the street, and added their clamour to the boom of the tocsin that, as by magic and in a moment—for as it was here, so it was in a dozen other quarters—turned the streets of Paris into a hell of blood and cruelty.

Quickly as they streamed out—and to have issued quicker were impossible—fiercely as they pushed and fought and clove their way, Tignonville was of the foremost. And for a moment, seeing the street clear before him and almost empty, the Huguenot thought that he might do something. He might outstrip the stream of rapine, he might carry the alarm; at worst he might reach his betrothed before harm befel her. But when he had sped fifty yards, his heart sank. True, none passed him; but under the spell of the alarm-bell the stones themselves seemed to turn to men. Houses, courts, alleys, the very churches vomited men. In a twinkling the street was alive with men, roared with them as with a rushing tide, gleamed with their lights and weapons, thundered with the volume of their thousand voices. He was no longer ahead, men were running before him, behind him, on his right hand and on his left. In every side-

street, every passage, men were running ; and not men only, but women, children, furious creatures without age or sex. And all the time the bell tolled overhead, tolled faster and faster, and louder and louder ; and shots and screams, and the clash of arms, and the fall of strong doors began to swell the maelstrom of sound.

He was in the Rue St. Honoré now, and speeding westward. But the flood still rose with him, and roared abreast of him. Nay, it outstripped him. When he came, panting, within sight of his goal, and lacked but a hundred paces of it, he found his passage barred by a dense mass of people moving slowly to meet him. In the heart of the press the light of a dozen torches shone on half as many riders mailed and armed ; whose eyes, as they moved on, and the furious gleaming eyes of the rabble about them, never left the gabled roofs on their right. On these from time to time a white-clad figure showed itself, and passed from chimney-stack to chimney-stack, or, stooping low, ran along the parapet. Every time that this happened, the men on horseback pointed upwards and the mob foamed with rage.

Tignonville groaned, but he could not help. Unable to go forward, he turned, and with others hurrying, shouting, and brandishing weapons, he pressed into the Rue du Roule, passed through it, and gained the Bethizy. But here, as he might have foreseen, all passage was barred at the Hôtel Ponthieu by a horde of savages, who danced and yelled and sang songs round the Admiral's body, which lay in the middle of the way ; while to right and left men were bursting into houses and forcing new victims into the street. The worst had happened there, and he turned panting, regained the Rue St. Honoré and, crossing it and turning left-handed, darted through side streets until he came again into the main thoroughfare a little beyond the Croix du Tiroir, that marked the corner of Mademoiselle's house.

Here his last hope left him. The street swarmed with bands of men hurrying to and fro as in a sacked city. The scum of the Halles, the rabble of the quarter poured this way and that, here at random, there swayed and directed by a few knots of men-at-arms, whose corselets reflected the glare of a hundred torches. At one time and within sight, three or four houses were being stormed. On every side rose heart-rending cries, mingled with brutal laughter, with savage jests, with cries of 'To the river !' The most cruel of cities had burst its bounds and was not to be

stayed; nor would be stayed until the Seine ran red to the sea, and leagues below, in pleasant Normandy hamlets, men, for fear of the pestilence, pushed the corpses from the bridges with poles and boat-hooks!

All this Tignonville saw, though his eyes, leaping the turmoil, looked only to the door at which he had left Mademoiselle a few hours earlier. There a crowd of men pressed and struggled; but from the spot where he stood he could see no more. He saw enough, however. Rage nerved him—and despair; his world was dying round him. If he could not save her he would avenge her. Recklessly he plunged into the tumult; blade in hand, with vigorous blows he thrust his way through, his white sleeve and the white cross in his hat gaining him passage until he reached the fringe of the band who beset the door. Here his first attempt failed; and he might have remained ignorant of what was passing if a squad of archers had not ridden up. As they spurred forward, heedless over whom they rode, he clutched a stirrup, and was borne with them into the heart of the crowd. In a twinkling he stood on the threshold of the house, and face to face and foot to foot with Count Hannibal, who stood also on the threshold, but with his back to the door, which, unbarred and unbolted, gaped open behind him.

CHAPTER V.

A ROUGH WOOING.

THE young man had caught the delirium that was abroad that night. The rage of the trapped beast was in his heart, his hand held a sword. To strike blindly and without question the first who withstood him was the wild-beast instinct; and if Count Hannibal had not spoken on the instant, the Marshal's brother had said his last word in the world.

Yet as he stood there, a head above the crowd, he seemed unconscious alike of Tignonville and the point that all but pricked his breast. Swart and grim-visaged, his harsh features distorted by the glare that shone upon him, he looked beyond the Huguenot to the sea of tossing arms and raging faces that surged about the saddles of the horsemen. And it was to these he spoke

‘Begone, dogs!’ he cried, in a voice that startled the nearest,

‘or I will whip you away with my stirrup-leathers! Do you hear? Begone! This house is not for you! Burn, kill, plunder where you will, but go hence!’

‘But ’tis on the list!’ one of the wretches yelled. ‘’Tis on the list!’ And he pushed forward until he stood at Tignonville’s elbow.

‘And has no cross!’ shrieked another, thrusting himself forward in his turn. ‘See you, let us by, whoever you are! In the King’s name, kill! It has no cross!’

‘Then,’ Tavannes thundered, ‘will I nail you for a cross to the front of it! No cross, say you? I will make one of you, foul crow!’

And as he spoke, his arm shot out; the man recoiled, his fellow likewise. But one of the mounted archers took up the matter.

‘Nay, but, my lord,’ he said—he knew Tavannes—‘it is the King’s will there be no favour shown to-night to any, small or great. And this house is registered, and is full of heretics.’

‘And has no cross!’ the rabble urged in chorus. And they leapt up and down in their impatience, and to see the better. ‘And has no cross!’ they persisted. They could understand that. Of what use crosses, if they were not to kill where there was no cross? Daylight was not plainer.

Tavannes’ face grew dark, and he shook his finger at the archer who had spoken. ‘Rogue,’ he cried, ‘does the King’s will run here only? Are there no other houses to sack or men to kill, that you must beard me? And favour? You will have little of mine, if you do not budge and take your vile tail with you! Off! Or must I cry “Tavannes!” and bid my people sweep you from the streets?’

The foremost rank hesitated, awed by his manner and his name; while the rearmost, attracted by the prospect of easier pillage, had gone off already. The rest wavered; and another and another broke away. The archer who had put himself forward saw which way the wind was blowing, and he shrugged his shoulders. ‘Well, my lord, as you will,’ he said sullenly. ‘All the same I would advise you to close the door and bolt and bar. We shall not be the last to call to-day.’ And he turned his horse in ill-humour, and forced it, snorting and plunging, through the crowd.

‘Bolt and bar?’ Tavannes cried after him in fury. ‘See you

my answer to that!’ And turning on the threshold, ‘Within there!’ he cried. ‘Open the shutters and set lights, and the table! Light, I say; light! And lay on quickly, if you value your lives! And throw open, for I sup with your mistress to-night, if it rain blood without! Do you hear me, rogues? Set on!’

He flung the last word at the quaking servants; then he turned again to the street. He saw that the crowd was melting, and, looking in Tignonville’s face, he laughed aloud. ‘Does Monsieur sup with us?’ he said. ‘To complete the party? Or will he choose to sup with our friends yonder? It’s for him to say. I confess, for my part,’ with an awful smile, ‘their hospitality seems a trifle crude, and boisterous.’

Tignonville looked behind him and shuddered. The horde that had lately pressed about the door had found a victim lower down the street, and, as Tavannes spoke, came driving back along the roadway, a mass of tossing lights and leaping, running figures, from the heart of which rose the screams of a creature in torture. So terrible were the sounds that Tignonville leant half swooning against the door-post; and even the iron heart of Tavannes seemed moved for a moment.

For a moment only: then he looked at his companion, and his lip curled. ‘You’ll join us, I think?’ he said with an undisguised sneer. ‘Then, after you, Monsieur. They are opening the shutters. Doubtless the table is laid, and Mademoiselle is expecting us. After you, Monsieur, if you please. A few hours ago I should have gone first, for you, in this house’—with a sinister smile—‘were at home! Now, we have changed places.’

Whatever he meant by the gibe—and some smack of an evil jest lurked in his tone—he played the host so far as to urge his bewildered companion along the passage and into the living-chamber on the left, where he had seen from without that his orders to light and lay were executed. A dozen candles shone on the board, and lit up the apartment. What the house contained of food and wine had been got together and set on the table; and from the low, wide window, beetle-browed and diamond-paned, which extended the whole length of the room and looked on the street at the height of a man’s head above the roadway, the shutters had been removed—doubtless by trembling, reluctant fingers. To such eyes of passers-by as looked in, from the inferno of driving crowds and gleaming weapons that prevailed outside—and not

outside only, but throughout Paris—the brilliant room and the laid table must have seemed strange indeed !

To Tignonville, all that had happened, all that was happening, seemed a dream : a dream his entrance under the gentle impulsion of this man who dominated him ; a dream Mademoiselle standing behind the table with blanched face and stony eyes ; a dream the cowering servants huddled in a corner beyond her ; a dream his silence, her silence, the moment of waiting before Count Hannibal spoke.

When he did so it was to count the servants. ‘One, two, three, four, five,’ he said. ‘And two of them women. Mademoiselle is but poorly attended. Are there not’—and he turned to her—‘some lacking ?’

Mademoiselle opened her lips twice, but no sound issued. The third time, ‘Two went out,’ she muttered in a hoarse, strangled voice, ‘and have not returned.’

‘And have not returned ?’ he answered, raising his eyebrows. ‘Then I fear we must not wait for them. We might wait long !’ And turning sharply to the panic-stricken servants, ‘Go you to your places ! Do you not see that Mademoiselle waits to be served ?’

The girl shuddered.

‘Do you wish me,’ she muttered, in the same constrained tone, ‘to play this farce—to the end ?’

‘The end may be better, Mademoiselle, than you think,’ he answered, bowing. And then to the miserable servants, who hung back afraid to leave the shelter of their mistress’s skirts, ‘To your places !’ he cried. ‘Set Mademoiselle’s chair. Are you so remiss on other days ? If so,’ with a look of terrible meaning, ‘you will be the less loss ! Now, Mademoiselle, may I have the honour ? And when we are at table we can talk.’

He extended his hand, and, obedient to his gesture, she moved to the place at the head of the table, but without letting her fingers come into contact with his. He gave no sign that he noticed this, but he strode to the place on her right, and signed to Tignonville to take that on her left. ‘Will you not be seated ?’ he continued. For she kept her feet.

She turned her head stiffly, until for the first time her eyes looked into his. A shudder more violent than the last shook her. ‘Had you not better—kill us at once ?’ she whispered. The blood

had forsaken even her lips. Her face was the face of a statue—white, beautiful, lifeless.

‘I think not,’ he said gravely. ‘Be seated, and let us hope for the best. And you, sir,’ he continued, turning to Carlat, ‘serve your mistress with wine. She needs it.’

The steward filled for her, and then for each of the men, his shaking hand spilling as much as it poured. Nor was this strange. Above the din and uproar of the street, above the crash of distant doors, above even the tocsin that still rang from the reeling steeple of St. Germain’s, the great bell of the Palais on the island had just begun to hurl its note of doom upon the town. A woman crouching at the end of the chamber burst into hysterical weeping, but, at a glance from Tavannes’ terrible eye, was mute again.

Tignonville found voice at last. ‘Have they—killed the Admiral?’ he muttered, his eyes on the table.

‘M. Coligny? An hour ago.’

‘And Teligny?’

‘Him also.’

‘M. de Rochefoucauld?’

‘They are dealing with M. le Comte now, I believe,’ Tavannes answered. And he began to eat.

The man at the table shuddered. The woman continued to look before her, but her lips moved as if she prayed. Suddenly a rush of feet, a roar of voices surged past the window; for a moment the glare of the torches which danced ruddily on the walls of the room, showed a severed head borne above the multitude on a pike. Mademoiselle made an effort to rise, but Count Hannibal grasped her wrist and she sank back half fainting. Then the nearer clamour sank a little, and the bells, unchallenged, flung their iron tongues above the maddened city. In the east the dawn was growing; soon its grey light would fall on cold hearths, on battered doors and shattered weapons, on hordes of wretches drunk with greed and hate.

When he could be heard, ‘What are you going to do with us?’ the man asked hoarsely.

‘That depends,’ Count Hannibal answered after a moment’s thought.

‘On what?’

‘On Mademoiselle de Vrillac.’

The other’s eyes gleamed with passion. He leaned forward.

‘What has she—to do with it?’ he cried. And he stood up and sat down again in a breath.

Tavannes raised his eyebrows with a blandness that seemed at odds with his harsh visage. ‘I will answer that question by another question,’ he replied. ‘How many are there in the house, my friend?’

‘You can count.’

Tavannes counted again. ‘Seven lives?’ he said.

Tignonville nodded impatiently.

‘Well, Monsieur, you know the King’s will?’

‘I can guess it,’ the other replied furiously. And he cursed the King, and the King’s mother, calling her Jezebel.

‘You can guess it?’ Tavannes answered; and then with sudden heat, as if that which he had to say could not be said even by him in cold blood, ‘Nay, you know it! You heard it from the archer at the door. You heard him say, “No favour, no quarter for man, for woman, or for child. So says the King.” You heard it, but you fence with me. Foucauld, with whom his Majesty played to-night, hand to hand and face to face—Foucauld is dead! And you think to live? You?’ he continued, lashing himself into a passion. ‘I know not by what chance you came where I saw you an hour gone, nor by what chance you came by that and that’—pointing with accusing finger to the badges the other wore. ‘But this I know! I have but to cry your name from yonder casement, nay, Monsieur, I have but to stand by when the mob go their rounds from house to house, as they will go by-and-by, and you will perish as certainly as you have hitherto escaped!’

For the second time Mademoiselle turned and looked at him. ‘Then,’ she muttered, with white lips, ‘to what end this—mockery?’

‘To the end that seven lives may be saved,’ Mademoiselle, he answered, bowing.

‘At a price?’ she muttered.

‘At a price,’ he answered. ‘A price which women do not find it hard to pay—at Court. ’Tis paid every day for pleasure or a whim, for rank or the *entrée*, for robes and gewgaws. Few, Mademoiselle, are privileged to buy a life; still fewer, seven!’

She began to tremble. ‘I would rather die—seven times!’ she cried, her voice quivering. And she tried to rise, but sat down again.

‘And these?’ he said, indicating the servants.

‘Far, far rather!’ she repeated passionately.

‘And Monsieur? And Monsieur?’ he urged with stern persistence, while his eyes passed lightly from her to Tignonville and back to her again, their depths inscrutable. ‘If you love Monsieur, Mademoiselle, and I believe you do——’

‘I can die with him!’ she cried.

‘And he with you?’

She writhed in her chair.

‘And he with you?’ Count Hannibal repeated, with emphasis; and he thrust forward his head. ‘For that is the question. Think, think, Mademoiselle. It is in my power to save from death him whom you love; to save you; to save this *canaille*, if it so please you. It is in my power to save him, to save you, to save all; and I will save all—at a price! If, on the other hand, you deny me that price, I will as certainly leave all to perish, as perish they will, before the sun that is now rising sets to-night!’

Mademoiselle looked straight before her, the flicker of a dreadful prescience in her eyes. ‘And the price?’ she muttered. ‘The price?’

‘You, Mademoiselle.’

‘I?’

‘Yes, you! Nay, why fence with me?’ he continued gently. ‘You knew it, you have said it.’

She did not speak, move, or seem to breathe. As he said, she had foreseen, she had known the answer. But Tignonville, it seemed, had not. He sprang to his feet. ‘M. de Tavannes,’ he cried, ‘you are a villain!’

‘Monsieur?’

‘You are a villain! But you shall pay me for this!’ the young man continued vehemently. ‘You shall not leave this room alive! You shall pay for this insult!’

‘Insult?’ Tavannes answered in apparent surprise; and then, as if comprehension broke upon him, ‘Ah! Monsieur mistakes me,’ he said, holding out his hand. ‘And Mademoiselle also, perhaps? Oh! be content, she shall have bell, book, and candle; she shall be tied as tight as Holy Church can tie her! Or, if she please, and one survive, she shall have a priest of her own church—you call it a church? She shall have whichever of the two will serve her better. ’Tis one to me! But for paying me, Monsieur,’ he continued with irony in voice and manner; ‘when, I pray you?’

In Eternity? For if you refuse my offer, you have done with time. Now? I have but to sound this whistle'—he touched a silver whistle that hung at his breast—'and there are those within hearing will do your business before you make two passes. Dismiss the notion, sir, and understand. You are in my power. Paris runs with blood, as noble as yours, as innocent as hers. If you would not perish with the rest, decide! And quickly! For what you have seen are but the forerunners, what you have heard are but the gentle whispers that predict the gale. Do not parley too long; so long that even I may no longer save you.'

'I would rather die!' Mademoiselle moaned, her face covered. 'I would rather die!'

'And see him die?' he answered quietly. 'And see these die? Think, think, child!'

'You will not do it!' she gasped. She shook from head to foot.

'I shall do nothing,' he answered firmly. 'I shall only leave you to your fate, and these to theirs. In the King's teeth I dare save my wife and her people; but no others. You must choose—and quickly.'

One of the frightened women—it was Mademoiselle's tiring-maid, a girl called Javette—made a movement, as if to throw herself at her mistress's feet. Tignonville drove her to her place with a word. He turned to Count Hannibal. 'But, M. le Comte,' he cried, 'you must be mad! Mad, to wish to marry her in this way! You do not love her. You do not want her. What is she to you more than other women?'

'What is she to you more than other women?' Tavannes retorted in a tone so sharp and incisive that Tignonville started, and a faint touch of colour crept into the wan cheek of the girl, who sat between them, the prize of the contest. 'What is she more to you than other women? Is she more? And yet—you want her!'

'She is more to me,' Tignonville answered.

'Is she?' the other retorted, with a ring of keen meaning. 'Is she? But we bandy words and the storm is rising, as I warned you it would rise. Enough for you that I *do* want her. Enough for you that I will have her. She shall be the wife, the willing wife, of Hannibal de Tavannes—or I leave her to her fate, and you to yours!'

'Ah, God!' she moaned. 'The willing wife!'

'Ay, Mademoiselle, the willing wife,' he answered sternly. 'Or no man's wife!'

CHAPTER VI.

WHO TOUCHES TAVANNES ?

IN saying that the storm was rising Count Hannibal had only told the truth. A new mob had just burst from the eastward into the Rue St. Honoré; and the roar of its thousand voices swelled louder than the importunate clangour of the bells. Behind its moving masses the dawn of a new day—Sunday, August the 24th, the feast of St. Bartholomew—was breaking over the Bastille, as if to aid the crowd in its cruel work. The gabled streets, the lanes, and gothic courts, the stifling wynds, where the work awaited the workers, still lay in twilight; still the gleam of the torches, falling on the house-fronts, heralded the coming of the crowd. But the dawn was growing, the sun was about to rise. Soon the day would be here, giving up the lurking fugitive whom darkness, more pitiful, had spared, and stamping with legality the horrors that night had striven to hide.

And with day, with the full light, killing would grow more easy, escape more hard. Already they were killing on the bridge where the rich goldsmiths lived, on the wharves, on the river. They were killing at the Louvre, in the courtyard under the King's eyes, and below the windows of the Médicis. They were killing in St. Martin and St. Denis and St. Antoine; wherever hate, or bigotry, or private malice impelled the hand. From the whole city went up a din of lamentation, and wrath, and foreboding. From the Cour des Miracles, from the markets, from the Boucherie, from every haunt of crime and misery, hordes of wretched creatures poured forth; some to rob on their own account, and where they listed, none gainsaying; more to join themselves to one of the armed bands whose business it was to go from street to street, and house to house, quelling opposition, and executing through Paris the high justice of the King.

It was one of these swollen bands which had entered the street while Tavannes spoke; nor could he have called to his aid a more powerful advocate. As the deep 'A bas! A bas!' rolled like thunder along the fronts of the houses, as the more strident 'Tuez! Tuez!' drew nearer and nearer, and the lights of the oncoming multitude began to flicker on the shuttered gables, the

fortitude of the servants gave way. Madame Carlat, shivering in every limb, burst into loud moaning; the tiring-maid, Javette, flung herself in terror at Mademoiselle's knees, and, writhing herself about them, shrieked to her to save her, only to save her! One of the men moved forward on impulse, as if he would close the shutters; and only old Carlat remained silent, praying mutely with moving lips and a stern, set face.

And Count Hannibal? As the glare of the links in the street grew brighter, and ousted the sickly daylight, his form seemed to dilate. He stilled the shrieking woman by a glance. 'Choose! Mademoiselle, and quickly!' he said. 'For I can only save my wife and hers! Quick, for the pinch is coming, and 'twill be no boy's play.'

A shot, a scream from the street, a rush of racing feet before the window seconded his words.

'Quick, Mademoiselle!' he cried. And his breath came a little faster. 'Quick, before it be too late! Will you save life, or will you kill?'

She looked at her lover with eyes of agony, dumbly questioning him. But he made no sign, and only Tavannes marked the look. 'Monsieur has done what he can to save himself,' he said with a sneer. 'He has put on the livery of the King's servants; he has said, "Whoever perishes, I will live!" But——'

'D—n you!' the young man cried, and, stung to madness, he tore the cross from his cap and flung it on the ground. He seized his white sleeve and ripped it from shoulder to elbow. Then, when it hung by the string only, he held his hand.

'Curse you!' he cried furiously. 'I will not at your bidding! I may save her yet! I will save her!'

'Fool!' Tavannes answered—but his words were barely audible above the deafening uproar. 'Can you fight a thousand? Look! Look!' and seizing the other's wrist he pointed to the window. The street glowed like a furnace in the red light of torches, raised on poles above a sea of heads; an endless sea of heads, and gaping faces, and tossing arms that swept on and on, and on and by. For a while it seemed that the torrent would flow past them and would leave them safe. Then came a check, a confused outcry, a surging this way and that; the torches reeled to and fro, and finally with a dull roar of 'Open! Open!' the mob faced about to the house and the lighted window.

For a second it seemed that even Count Hannibal's iron nerves

shook a little. He stood between the sullen group that surrounded the disordered table and the maddened rabble, that gloated on the victims before they tore them to pieces. 'Open! Open!' the mob howled: and a man dashed in the window with his pike.

In that crisis Mademoiselle's eyes met Tavannes' for the fraction of a second. She did not speak; nor, had she retained the power to frame the words, would they have been audible. But something she must have looked, and something of import, though no other than he marked or understood it. For in a flash he was at the window and his hand was raised for silence.

'Back!' he thundered. 'Back, knaves!' And he whistled shrilly. 'Do what you will,' he continued, 'but not here! Pass on! Pass on!—do you hear?'

But the crowd were not to be so lightly diverted. With a persistence brutal and unquestioning they continued to howl 'Open! Open!' and the man who had broken the window the moment before, Jehan, the cripple with the hideous face, seized the lead-work, and tore away a great piece of it. Then laying hold of a bar, he tried to drag it out, setting one foot against the wall below.

Tavannes saw that, and his frame seemed to dilate with the fury and violence of his character. 'Dogs!' he shouted, 'must I call out my riders and scatter you like dirt? Must I flog you through the streets with stirrup-leathers? I am Tavannes, beware of me! I have claws and teeth and can bite!' he continued, the scorn in his words exceeding even the fury of the crowd, at which he flung them. 'Kill where you please, rob where you please, but not where I am! Or I will hang you by the heels on Montfaucon, man by man! I will flay your backs. So go! go!'

But the mob, cowed for a moment by the thunder of his voice, by his arrogance and recklessness, showed at this that their patience was exhausted. With a yell that drowned his tones they swayed forward; a dozen thundered at the door, crying, 'In the King's name!' As many more tore out the remainder of the casement, seized the bars of the window, and strove to pull them out or to climb between them, Jehan, the cripple, with whom Tignonville had rubbed elbows at the rendezvous, leading the way.

Count Hannibal watched them a moment, his harsh face bent down to them, his features plain in the glare of the torches. But

when the cripple, raised on the others' shoulders, and emboldened by his adversary's inactivity, began to squeeze himself through the bars, Tavannes raised a pistol, which he had held unseen behind him, cocked it at leisure, and levelled it at the foul face that leered close to his. The dwarf saw and tried to retreat; but it was too late. A flash, a scream, and the wretch, shot through the throat, flung up his hands, and fell back into the arms of a lean man in black who had lent him his shoulder to ascend.

For a few seconds the smoke of the pistol filled the window and the room. There was a cry that the Huguenots were escaping, that the Huguenots were resisting, that it was a plot; and some shouted to guard the back and some to watch the roof, and some to be gone. But when the fumes cleared away, the mob saw, with stupor, that all was as it had been. Count Hannibal stood where he had stood before, a grim smile on his lips.

'Who comes next?' he cried in a tone of mockery. 'I have more pistols!' And then with a sudden change to ferocity, 'You dogs!' he went on. 'You scum of a filthy city, sweepings of the Halles! Do you think to beard me? Do you think to frighten me or murder me? I am Tavannes, and this is my house, and were there a score of Huguenots in it, you should not touch one, or harm a hair of his head! Begone, I say again, while you may! Seek women and children, and kill them. But not here!'

For an instant the mingled scorn and brutality of his words silenced them. Then from the rear of the crowd came an answer—the roar of an arquebuse. The ball whizzed past Count Hannibal's head, and, splashing the plaster from the wall within a pace of Tignonville, dropped to the ground.

Tavannes laughed. 'Bungler!' he cried. 'Were you in my troop I would dip your trigger-finger in boiling oil to teach you to shoot! But you weary me, dogs. I must teach you a lesson, must I?' And he lifted a pistol and levelled it. The crowd did not know whether it was the one he had discharged or another one, but they gave back with a sharp gasp. 'I must teach you, must I?' he continued with scorn. 'Here Gil, Marcon, drive me these blusterers! Rid the street of them! A Tavannes! A Tavannes!'

Not by word or look had he betrayed before that he had supports. But as he cried the name, a dozen men armed to the teeth, who had stood motionless under the Croix du Tiroir, fell in a line on the right flank of the crowd. The surprise for those nearest

them was complete. With the flash of the pikes before their eyes, with the cold steel in fancy between their ribs, they fled every way, uncertain how many pursued, or if any pursuit there was. For a moment the mob, which a few minutes before had seemed so formidable a regiment might have quailed before them, bade fair to be routed by a dozen pikes.

And so, had all in the crowd been what he termed them, the rabble and sweepings of the streets, it would have been. But in the heart of it, and felt rather than seen, were a handful of another kidney; Sorbonne students and fierce-eyed priests, with three or four mounted archers, the nucleus that, moving through the streets, had drawn together this concourse. And these with threats and curses and gleaming eyes stood fast, even Tavannes' dare-devils recoiling before the tonsure. The check thus caused allowed those who had budged a breathing space. They rallied behind the black robes, and began to stone the pikes; who in their turn withdrew until they formed two groups, standing on their defence, the one before the window the other before the door.

Count Hannibal had watched the attack and the check, as a man watches a play; with smiling interest. In the panic, the torches had been dropped or extinguished, and now between the house and the sullen crowd which hung back, yet grew moment by moment more dangerous, the daylight fell cold on the littered street and the cripple's huddled form prone in the gutter. A priest raised on the shoulders of the lean man in black began to harangue the mob, and the dull roar of assent, the brandished arms that greeted his appeal, had their effect on Tavannes' men. They looked to the window, and muttered among themselves. It was plain that they had no stomach for a fight with the Church, and were anxious for the order to withdraw.

But Count Hannibal gave no order, and, much as his people feared the crows, they feared him more. Meanwhile the speaker's eloquence rose higher; he pointed with frenzied gestures to the house. The mob groaned, and suddenly a volley of stones fell among the pikemen, whose corselets rattled under the shower. The priest seized that moment. He sprang to the ground, and to the front. He caught up his robe and waved his hand, and the mob, as if impelled by a single will, rolled forward in a huge one-fronted thundering wave, before which the two handfuls of pikemen—afraid to strike, yet afraid to fly—were swept away like straws upon the tide.

But against the solid walls and oak-barred door of the house the wave beat, only to fall back again, a broken, seething mass of brandished arms and ravening faces. One point alone was vulnerable, the window, and there in the gap stood Tavannes. Quick as thought he fired two pistols into the crowd; then, while the smoke for a moment hid all, he whistled.

Whether the signal was a summons to his men to fight their way back—as they were doing to the best of their power—or he had resources still unseen, was never known. For as the smoke began to rise, and while the rabble before the window, cowed by the fall of two of their number, were still pushing backward instead of forward, there rose behind them strange sounds, yells, and the clatter of hoofs, mingled with screams of alarm. A second, and into the loose skirts of the crowd came charging helter-skelter, pell-mell, a score of galloping, shrieking, cursing horsemen, attended by twice as many footmen, who clung to their stirrups or to the tails of the horses, and yelled and whooped, and struck in unison with the maddened riders.

‘On! on!’ the foremost shrieked, rolling in his saddle, and foaming at the mouth. ‘Bleed in August, bleed in May! Kill!’ And he fired a pistol among the rabble, who fled every way to escape his rearing, plunging charger.

‘Kill! Kill!’ cried his followers, cutting the air with their swords, and rolling to and fro on their horses in drunken emulation. ‘Bleed in August, bleed in May!’

‘On! On!’ cried the leader, as the crowd which beset the house fled every way before his reckless onset. ‘Bleed in August, bleed in May!’

The rabble fled, but not so quickly but that one or two were ridden down, and this for an instant checked the riders. Before they could pass on, ‘Ohé!’ cried Count Hannibal from his window. ‘Ohé!’ with a shout of laughter, ‘ride over them, dear brother! Make me a clean street for my wedding!’

Marshal Tavannes—for he, the hero of Jarnac, was the leader of this wild orgy—turned that way, and strove to rein in his horse. ‘What ails them?’ he cried, as the maddened animal reared upright, its iron hoofs striking fire from the slippery pavement.

‘They are rearing like thy Bayard!’ Count Hannibal answered. ‘Whip them, whip them for me! Tavannes! Tavannes!’

‘What? This canaille?’

‘Ay, that canaille!’

‘Who touches my brother, touches Tavannes!’ the Marshal replied, and spurred his horse among the rabble, who had fled to the sides of the street and now strove hard to efface themselves against the walls. ‘Begone, dogs; begone!’ he cried, still hunting them. And then, ‘You would bite, would you?’ And snatching another pistol from his boot, he fired it among them, careless whom he hit. ‘Ha! ha! That stirs you, does it!’ he continued as the wretches fled headlong. ‘Who touches my brother, touches Tavannes! On! On!’

Suddenly, from a doorway near at hand, a sombre figure darted into the roadway, caught the Marshal’s rein, and for a second checked his course. The priest—for a priest it was, Father Pezelay, the same who had addressed the mob—held up a warning hand. ‘Halt!’ he cried, with burning eyes. ‘Halt, my lord! It is written, thou shalt not spare the Canaanitish woman. ’Tis not to spare the King has given command and a sword, but to kill! ’Tis not to harbour, but to smite! To smite!’

‘Then smite I will!’ the Marshal retorted, and with the butt of his pistol struck the zealot down. Then, with as much indifference as he would have treated a Huguenot, he spurred his horse over him, with a mad laugh at his jest. ‘Who touches my brother, touches Tavannes!’ he yelled. ‘Touches Tavannes! On! On! Bleed in August, bleed in May!’

‘On!’ shouted his followers, striking about them in the same desperate fashion. They were young nobles who had spent the night feasting at the Palace, and, drunk with wine and mad with excitement, had left the Louvre at daybreak to rouse the city. A Jarnac! A Jarnac!’ they cried, and some saluted Count Hannibal as they passed. And so, shouting and spurring and following their leader, they swept away down the now empty street, carrying terror and a flame wherever their horses bore them that morning.

Tavannes, his hands on the ledge of the shattered window, leaned out laughing, and followed them with his eyes. A moment, and the mob was gone, the street was empty; and one by one, with sheepish faces, his pikemen emerged from the doorways and alleys in which they had taken refuge. They gathered about the three huddled forms that lay prone and still in the gutter: or, not three—two. For while they approached them, one, the priest, rose slowly and giddily to his feet. He turned a face

bleeding, lean, and relentless towards the window at which Tavannes stood. Solemnly, with the sign of the cross, and with uplifted hands, he cursed him in bed and at board, by day and by night, in walking, in riding, in standing, in the day of battle, and at the hour of death. The pikemen fell back appalled, and hid their eyes; and those who were of the north crossed themselves, and those who came from the south bent two fingers downwards. But Hannibal de Tavannes laughed; laughed in his moustache, his teeth showing, and bade them move that carrion to a distance, for it would smell when the sun was high. Then he turned his back on the street, and looked into the room.

(To be continued.)

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*THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN THE
GREAT CIVIL WAR.*

BY C. H. FIRTH.

THE provision made for sick and wounded soldiers is a subject of which the historians of the Civil War supply no adequate account. Grose, in his 'Military Antiquities,' brings together a number of passages showing that in earlier times English armies had surgeons and physicians attached to them, but says nothing of the medical administration of the Parliamentary armies. Colonel Clifford Walton, in his elaborate account of the military system of the post-Restoration period, is equally silent on the system which existed in the twenty years before the Restoration. The documents dealing with this question of the provision for the sick and wounded are nowhere collected, and to give a sketch of the subject it is necessary to collect scattered notices, and to make the most of fragmentary materials.

It is best to begin by describing the position of what is now called the army medical corps—that is, the army doctors. During the civil wars military surgeons appear to have been treated by both parties as non-combatants, and to have enjoyed certain privileges defined by custom rather than by any positive regulations. When in the field they probably wore a distinguishing badge, according to the practice of earlier times. 'Surgeons,' says an Elizabethan writer, 'must wear their baldric, whereby they may be known in time of slaughter; it is their charter in the field.' They were often allowed to enter a hostile camp or fortress in order to treat wounded men of their own party, though the privilege was sometimes abused. When they fell into the

hands of the enemy they were not usually retained as prisoners, and in many cases they made no distinction between Roundheads and Cavaliers if suffering was to be relieved. In 1644, for example, Henry Johnson, surgeon of the King's own troop, wrote to the Parliamentary Governor of Newport Pagnell, asking for the release of his apprentice who had been captured in a skirmish at Kidlington. 'It is very well known,' said he, 'how careful I have ever been in dressing your wounded men, whensoever they have fallen into our hands. Therefore if you will give him a speedy release and safe pass to Oxford, I am very confident the favour shall not pass without an earnest endeavour of recompense, for if at any time any chirurgeon or wounded men of yours shall fall into our hands, my care of getting releasement or dressing those that have need thereof, shall manifest how great a favour you have done to your obliged servant.'

The proclamation about the wounded Parliamentarians which Charles I. published after the battle of Newbury is conceived in the same spirit. 'Though they be rebels and deserve the punishment of traitors,' said the King, 'yet out of our tender compassion upon them, as being our subjects, our will and pleasure is that you carefully provide for their recovery, as well as for those of our own army.' So, too, on the other side, Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of the Governor of Nottingham, bound up the wounds of Royalist prisoners, as well as Parliamentarians, doing 'what she thought was her duty in humanity to them, as fellow-creatures, not as enemies.'

In the armies raised by the Parliament there were usually two or three medical officers attached to the staff of the general, who supervised and controlled the medical administration of the whole army. There were also regimental surgeons and assistants who were attached to each particular regiment.

In the list of Essex's army, for example, there appear a 'physician to the train and person,' Dr. St. John, and a 'surgeon to the train and person, Laurence Lowe.' In the list of New Model, the names of four medical officers appear amongst the staff, two physicians to the army, an apothecary to the army, and a surgeon-general to the army. The armies in Ireland and Scotland had each attached a physician-general, a surgeon-general, and an apothecary-general, and this arrangement survived in the post-Restoration army.

The chief of these officials was the physician-general, who was

usually a man of some standing in his profession, and was paid accordingly. Dr. Henry Glisson, physician-general to Manchester's army, Dr. John Waterhouse to Cromwell's army in Ireland, and Dr. Samuel Barrow to Monck's army in Scotland, received all three of them 10s. a day. Next in point of emolument came the apothecary-general of the army, whose salary was 6s. 8*d.* a day. Last came the surgeons. In Cromwell's Irish army, James Winter, as chirurgeon-general to his excellency's person and train, and Thomas Trapham as 'chirurgeon-general to the officers of horse,' received 4s. a day only. Each had a couple of assistants or 'mates,' who were paid 2s. 6*d.* a day.

The ordinary regimental surgeon got the same pay as the staff surgeon, and had also his two mates. In 1651 the surgeon's pay rose to 6s. a day; in 1655 it was fixed at 5s., and the economists cut off one of his mates; in 1657 his pay was again reduced to 4s. a day. Monck considered this sum so insufficient that he ordered the surgeons to be entered as privates in the muster roll of their regiments, in order to give them an additional 9*d.* a day (September 22, 1658). Even before this reduction the pay of a regimental surgeon was too small to secure really able men. Very few of the army doctors of the period are to be found in the roll of the Royal College of Physicians. Some of them were notoriously incompetent. In October 1654 General Monck remonstrated with Cromwell for appointing a certain Mr. Fish to be surgeon to the artillery train. Fish was a former surgeon's mate who had resigned to avoid a court-martial for misconduct. 'He is one,' complains Monck, 'that was never bound prentice to the profession, and the surgeon-general looks upon him as unfit to take such an employ upon him. . . . I earnestly entreat your highness, that if possible I may have an able surgeon to the train, in regard I know not what occasion I may have to make use of him myself, and I conceive this person not fit to undertake it, as well for his want of skill as former miscarriages.'

Amongst Thurloe's papers in the Bodleian Library there is a curious letter from an army doctor who had been accused of incompetence and neglect of his patients. He replied by forwarding a statement in his favour signed by some of the survivors, and by protesting that it was not his fault if the others had died.

'Alas, my Lord, what is the physician or surgeon but dame Nature's handmaid to be aiding and assisting to her, but the great God of heaven has ordained and appointed severall diseases

which are incident to men, and they have to attend them one Death, who does and will prevail, notwithstanding the most excellent means which the gravest or wisest physician or surgeon can use in the world, and this we may see by daily experience. My Lord, I humbly pray your honour that you would be pleased to take these things into your serious consideration, that your poor servant Edward Cooke, surgeon, may not lose your former love, for I can appeal to the Almighty, I have done what I can for the sick and wounded, according to the best judgment I have in my calling.'

To supplement the army doctors, and possibly because some of them were not remarkably skilful, it was customary in important cases to call in other aid. When Skippon was dangerously wounded at the battle of Naseby, Parliament sent a special physician to Northampton to attend him. When Cromwell fell ill in Scotland during the spring of 1651, Dr. Wright and Dr. Bates, two of the leaders of the profession, were despatched to Edinburgh by the Council of State. These eminent men were liberally paid by the Parliament; ordinary practitioners employed in the absence of army doctors, or in moments of special pressure, were paid by the job. There are bills in existence in the Record Office which show the rate of payment. One George Blaggrave sends in an account for the wounded soldiers cured by him, in which each injury is charged for according to its gravity. For curing 'a sore bruised leg' he asked ten shillings; for 'a cut over the eye and a sore thrust in the arm,' a pound. The highest charge was one pound ten for a certain John Bullock, 'who had a very sore cut in the fore part of his head, which caused a piece of his skull, the breadth of a half-crown piece, to be taken forth.'

There are similar bills from civilian doctors for the cure of sick soldiers. Mr. Frisby, for example, sends in an account amounting to fifteen shillings for physic supplied to a trooper; the cost of each item is given—sixpence for a powder, eighteenpence for a cordial, two shillings for a purge. In another case a long series of 'dormitive bowls' and 'cordial juleps' are enumerated and charged for.

Army doctors and regimental surgeons, however, made no charge for attendance. While a soldier was in hospital a certain proportion of his pay was stopped to defray the cost of drugs and nursing, but there does not appear to have been any permanent stoppage for these objects. At the opening of a campaign the Government provided each regimental surgeon with a medical

chest. In 1650, for instance, when Cromwell set out for Scotland, each of the surgeons attached to his regiments was ordered fifteen pounds for a chest, and ten pounds for a horse to carry it. Two shillings a day also was allowed for the keep of the horse and the man who attended it. When more medical stores were needed the practice appears to have been to issue warrants to the apothecary-general for the supply of internal medicaments, and to the surgeon-general for external medicaments. No doubt the cost of these drugs was charged to the regiment for which they were needed, as was done in the time of Charles II.

A subject of greater interest than the question of these payments is the organisation of the hospitals. As yet there was no systematic arrangement for the collection and transportation of soldiers wounded in battle. An Elizabethan writer sixty years earlier had proposed the institution of a body of men and carriages to remove the wounded from the field, but the suggestion was not adopted. After a battle the victorious general usually ordered or permitted the people of the country round to carry away the wounded men the enemy had left behind. King Charles issued a proclamation to that effect after the battle of Newbury, and Cromwell after that of Dunbar. The wounded of the victorious army were collected by their comrades, and conveyed in any wagons that could be procured to the nearest town.

There were no movable hospitals attending the army during the campaign. In 1643 Essex sent the soldiers wounded at the siege of Reading up to London to be treated there. An order of Parliament in the following June recites 'that the Lord General hath been enforced to send back many sick soldiers to be billeted in some remote houses and towns, some miles distant from London, till it shall please God to restore them health and ability to return again to his army.' Those who were badly wounded were left in villages nearer the field of battle. Something was usually paid for their quarters, or for attendance on them, as accounts prove; but often they were left entirely to their own resources, and to the charitable care of well-wishers to the cause. There is a petition from a woman named Hester Whyte, stating that after Edgehill she took charge of some of the wounded Parliamentarians, 'who continued at her house in great misery by reason of their wounds for three months. She often sat up night and day with them, and, in respect of her tenderness to the Parliament's friends, laid out her own money in supply of their wants.'

In another case a paymaster sends in a charge of 21*l.* for money 'paid to fifty or sixty poor people in whose houses we were constrained to quarter many of the wounded soldiers, until we could provide better for them.' After Naseby the soldiers wounded in the battle were collected at Northampton and in the villages round it. Doctors were sent from London to attend them, and the Commissioners of Parliament with the army made provision for their care and subsistence.

After the capture of Bristol, in September 1645, the same Commissioners took a large house in that city, and set up there a hospital of considerable size. The management of it and the whole responsibility of looking after the wounded seem to have been in the hands of the Commissioners rather than in those of the physician-general or surgeon-general.

They procured attendants and surgeons, provided subsistence, and found quarters in villages near for those whom the hospital could not take in. They also saw to the burial of those who died of their wounds, and provided those who recovered with money to take them to their colours. In a report addressed to the Parliament they enlarged on the fortitude of the wounded, 'no less patient in their sufferings than they were courageous in their undertakings,' and begged the House to 'reach forth your arm of comfort to those poor men whose pay will be far short to defray their charges and expenses in this their extremity.'

These hospitals at Northampton, Bristol, and other local centres were only temporary establishments. Throughout the first and second civil wars the London hospitals supplied the only permanent provision for the cure of the sick and wounded soldiers. The four great hospitals of St. Bartholomew, Bridewell, St. Thomas, and Bethlehem were freed by Parliamentary ordinance on November 16, 1644, from all taxes and assessments, on the ground that 'great numbers of sick, wounded, and other soldiers have for the time of twenty months past been constantly kept in the said hospitals, at very great and extraordinary charges, especially for their cure and diet.' Every year from 1642 to about 1653, these hospitals published printed reports showing the number of soldiers relieved. During 1644 St. Bartholomew's claimed to have cured 1,122 'maimed soldiers and other diseased persons,' 'all of which,' adds the report, 'have been relieved with money and other necessaries at their departure.' A hundred and fifty-two had died, and 249 were still in the hospital.

St. Thomas's during the same period had treated and discharged 1,063, 'whereof a great number have been soldiers.'

These institutions were not sufficient, for much of their revenue was devoted to educating children and to other charitable objects. Special military hospitals also were necessary, and two were accordingly created by the Parliament. The first was that at the Savoy, which was established about November 1644. The second was at Ely House, which, having been used in the earlier part of the war as a prison, was converted into a hospital in 1648. Between them the two contained about 350 patients. The management of the military hospitals, and the relief of wounded soldiers in general, were placed in the hands of the Commissioners who governed these two.

Other hospitals were subsequently established at the headquarters of the armies in Ireland, Scotland, and Flanders. In Dublin two were set up in 1649, one in the Archbishop of Dublin's house, the other in 'the mass house in Back Lane.' Between them they held only 200 men, so that they must have been far too small for the needs of the army.

In Scotland during the Commonwealth and Protectorate the English generals utilised the building and revenues of Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh for the sick and wounded. It was not large, for in 1654 it contained only thirty patients, but it was expected to serve the whole of the army in Scotland, which rarely numbered less than ten thousand men, and sometimes more. Its annual cost, in 1655, was about 1,300*l.* a year; in 1659, about 587*l.*

In the summer of 1658 Sir William Lockhart, who commanded the English auxiliaries in Flanders, found himself after the capture of Dunkirk with about 700 sick and wounded men on his hands, and established a hospital at Dunkirk. 'I put all the wounded,' he wrote to Thurloe, 'in some houses near a nunnery, and have bargained with the nuns to wait upon them and furnish them. I pay them one styver by the day for each wounded soldier, for which they put a nun to every eight wounded men, and give them warm broth, meat, bread, and beer, and keep them in clean linen. I shall also allow the sick money for their present subsistence.'

The nuns proved unable to carry out their contract, and a few days later Lockhart had to adopt a different arrangement. Accordingly he set up eight small hospitals, one for every regiment, and appointed to each a sutler to supply the inmates with food, and 'a convenient number of women to wait upon them.'

On the internal arrangements of these hospitals a certain amount of information is accessible. The diet of the patients seems to have been tolerably liberal. Of Heriot's Hospital, in 1655, a report says : ' There are thirty soldiers in the said hospital, whereof twenty-two have four days in the week each man of beer one Scots pint, of butter five ounces, of cheese five ounces, of bread two pounds. The other three days they have each man $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of flesh, with bread and beer as aforesaid, and each man an English pint of gruel or milk to breakfast, which will amount to about 4s. per week for each soldier's allowance. The other eight soldiers being weak have 3s. 6d. per week allowed each man in money, and no other provisions.' The scale of diet for the Dublin hospitals is not given, but beer was allowed patients there also.

As to attendance on the inmates there were no hospital orderlies in those days, and the nursing was entirely done by women. It was an accepted principle that women made the best nurses, especially the wives or widows of soldiers. The nurses of the Savoy hospital were ordered ' to be chosen from the widows of soldiers so far as fit ones can be found.' When General Venables was censured for taking his wife with him on the disastrous expedition to the West Indies, and allowing some of his soldiers to be accompanied by their wives, he answered that anybody who had served in the Irish wars knew ' the necessity of having that sex with an army to attend upon and help the sick and wounded, which men are unfit for.' ' Had more women gone,' he concluded, ' I suppose that many had not perished as they did for want of care and attendance.' In Ely House and the Savoy there were twenty-nine nurses to an average of 350 patients; in the Dublin hospital one nurse was allowed for every ten patients; in the Edinburgh hospital there was one to every five ' weak men,' and one per ward ' where the patients are ambulant.' The nurses were paid 10l. a year each at Dublin, and 4s. to 4s. 6d. a week at Edinburgh. The authorities of the Savoy hospital drew up a series of rules for soldiers and nurses. A soldier who got drunk or used profane language was to be fined, or for the third offence expelled. A nurse who neglected her duty or ' made any disturbance by scolding, brawling, or chiding ' was to be punished in the same way. If a soldier married a nurse both were at once to be expelled.

Besides these arrangements for the cure of wounded soldiers there was an effort to provide some support outside the hospitals both for disabled soldiers and for the widows and orphans

of soldiers. On October 25, 1642, the day after the battle of Edgehill, the two Houses published a declaration promising such a provision. It recited that whereas there were divers persons serving the Parliament in the present war 'who have little or nothing to maintain themselves, their wives and children, but by their own labours,' the Lords and Commons would 'provide competent maintenance for such of them as shall be maimed and thereby disabled,' and in case such persons should be slain 'they will make provision for the livelihood of their wives and children.' Though these promises were imperfectly fulfilled owing to the financial difficulties of successive governments, a serious attempt was made to carry them out. At first it seems to have been thought that voluntary contributions for the purpose would suffice, and collections were frequently ordered in all the London churches on fast days and thanksgiving days during 1643 and 1644. In June 1644 contributions of old clothes, linen, and woollen stuffs were asked for for the use of the wounded, and churchwardens were ordered to contribute all the linen surplices belonging to their parishes.

Private charity naturally proved insufficient, and some systematic method of raising money became necessary. An Act passed in the forty-third year of Elizabeth's reign had imposed the duty of maintaining disabled soldiers upon the parishes to which they belonged, so in March 1643 Parliament passed an ordinance ordering the constables and churchwardens of every parish to levy a rate for its disabled soldiers, and for the widows and orphans of those who had fallen. As the parishes showed no great alacrity to assess themselves, Parliament went a step further, and in November following ordered a special tax of about 4,000*l.* a month to be levied on the counties in its power for the next six months. The allowance to the disabled or their families was not to be more than 4*s.* a week. The funds raised were to be administered by four 'treasurers for maimed soldiers' who had their office at Cordwainers' Hall in London. In August 1644, after the expiration of this ordinance, 200*l.* a week was charged on the excise, and ordered to be paid to the treasurers. Three years later half the fines for non-payment of the excise duties were assigned to the same purpose, and other sums of money were from time to time voted. Sometimes, too, the House of Commons granted money to some special case. On February 10, 1648, Richard Cave, who had lost both eyes at the battle of Marston

Moor, was ordered 100*l*. On December 16, 1651, the widows of some officers and soldiers killed at the battle of Worcester were voted amounts ranging from 200*l*. for a captain's wife to 20*l*. for a private's. Other sufferers obtained admission to almshouses and similar institutions. Sutton's Hospital—that is the Charterhouse—numbered amongst its indoor pensioners in 1652 thirty-one disabled soldiers, including a colonel and nineteen other officers. Nevertheless the sum of distress was only partially met by these different methods of relief. The treasurers for maimed soldiers found themselves besieged by claimants whom they were unable to help. In May 1650 they petitioned Parliament either for more money or for the appointment of new treasurers. 'Some threaten us,' they said, 'that though they be hanged at our doors or shot to death, they will try whether we be pistol proof or no.'

The question of the fulfilment of the promises of Parliament to its soldiers was naturally one which the army had much at heart. After the expulsion of the Long Parliament the Council of State established by the officers at once began an inquiry into the condition of Ely House and the Savoy, and into the administration of the funds for pensioning maimed soldiers and the dependents of dead soldiers. On the report of these committees one managing committee for both hospitals was appointed, and the administration of the pensions was confided to them. The revenue at the disposal of the Commissioners was fixed at about 45,000*l*. a year, of which the greater part came from the excise. Out of this they managed the two hospitals and paid the pensions, maintaining about six thousand persons. The pensions granted were small—few larger than 4*s*. a week. A colonel complains that he was only granted 8*s*. a week. The Commissioners reduced the pension list, and made room for fresh sufferers by sending such pensioners as were not wholly disabled to serve in garrisons. Nevertheless, after a few years the hospitals were again in difficulties. Even before the Protector's death the payments due to them fell into arrear, and in the year of confusion which followed it the Government for a time suspended payment altogether. On April 7, 1659, Lord Fairfax presented a petition to Parliament from 2,500 maimed soldiers on behalf of themselves, and for 4,000 widows and orphans, praying for the regular payment of their pensions. Parliament made some temporary grants, but they were insufficient to meet the emergency. It ordered the pension list to be further reduced, invalids who were sufficiently recovered to be sent to garrisons, orphans to be bound

apprentices to trades, and everything to be done to reduce the charge on the State. A report presented on March 1, 1660, revealed the fact that the revenues assigned to the hospitals were forty-nine weeks in arrear, and that the pensioners and patients were in the greatest distress, 'insomuch that some have been starved; others have attempted to destroy themselves; and many are daily likely to perish, through imprisonment, hunger, cold, and nakedness. And the sick and maimed soldiers now under care in the said hospital are also ready to perish for want, being not able to stir out of their beds, and having had no pay these four weeks.'

At the Restoration hospitals and pensions came to an end altogether. The 140 soldiers still in the hospitals in September 1660 were discharged; some 1,500 widows and orphans who had been in receipt of pensions, and 1,700 maimed soldiers who were out-pensioners, were given twelve weeks' pay apiece and dismissed with letters of recommendation to the justices of their respective counties. For the future Parliament fell back upon the principle laid down in the Elizabethan statute, and ordered the justices of the peace and the overseers of the poor to make provision for the relief and livelihood of the widows and maimed soldiers of their particular districts.

So closes the history of the Long Parliament's effort to provide for the soldiers who suffered in the Civil War. It had promised more than it could perform, but it had made a serious attempt to carry out the principle it had laid down in 1642. It recognised the moral obligation of the State to those who suffered in its service, and it was the first English Government to do so. At first the Government of Charles II. did nothing to recognise its duty in this respect. Sir James Turner and Lord Orrery agree in the complaint that there was no public provision for old soldiers. The latter lamented that 'that great and wise encouragement which the ancients gave their soldiers, of providing for the maimed or superannuated by feeding and maintaining them or by rewards of lands, is not practised amongst us; only we have some faint representation of the former in our hospitals; but alas! how few of them are for soldiers. Yet were all of them for that use yet the plaister would be much too narrow for the sore; and would be rather a sign of the thing than the thing itself.'

In 1680, three years after Orrery's book was published, the foundation stone of Kilmainham Hospital for old soldiers, in Dublin, was laid, and in 1681 that of Chelsea Hospital. Thus at last the example of the Long Parliament bore fruit.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

THE news of Sir Arthur Sullivan's death on November 22, 1900, called forth a chorus of natural regret from every newspaper in the kingdom, mingled with critical remarks of a more than laudatory tone. He was, said the journalists, the greatest English composer of any time; his works, whether serious or comic, had obtained him a European reputation; as the head of a music-school he was a conspicuous success; he never wrote a 'pot-boiler'; he was the first to introduce into England the music of Wagner and Brahms; his generous support was always forthcoming on behalf of English musicians less favoured by fortune than himself: and so on, and so on. To discuss the various points raised by these statements, some of which, such as the assertion concerning Wagner and Brahms, are at once disproved by the well-known opposition of the English composer to these two masters, would be beside the mark at present, and, in the inevitable difficulty of any attempt to obtain a hearing for a more sober view than is popular just now, one must not go beyond the consideration of Sullivan as a composer, leaving on one side such secondary points as his social successes, his exploits, with Sir George Grove for a companion, in the recovery of some of the most beautiful works of Schubert in Vienna, or his relations with contemporary musicians. Jumboism is more and more the characteristic defect of the English race, and any voice that is raised against the Jumbo of the moment must be forced into the unenviable position of the *advocatus diaboli*, and is certain to incur the wrath of those who are working up the 'boom,' whatever it may be. Now that this particular excitement is beginning to cool a little, it may be allowable to consider soberly the position of Sullivan in relation to the history of his art, and to assess with as little dogmatism as possible the permanent value of his work.

First, we must agree upon what the standard of merit is to be, and it is surely possible that some such definition as this may be generally accepted: The finest music is that in which melodic ideas that are original, expressive, and beautiful, are combined with a treatment perfectly suited to the purpose of the work.

From a fugue to a comic song, each form has its own ideal style of treatment, and a man is great in proportion to the frequency with which his creations conform to this ideal. Those who never fall below this standard, whose every work, if not an actual masterpiece, is yet deserving of reverent admiration, are the supremely great writers, and most people would agree that the fingers of one hand would be enough to count all of them that history has yet known. It is only fair to say that even the most corybantic of Sullivan's admirers have not claimed for him a place among these supreme creative geniuses. Among the lesser men who are still ranked with the great composers there are many who may only have reached their highest level now and then, but within whose capacity it lies to attain great heights; some may have produced work on a dead-level of mediocrity, but may have risen on some special occasion to a pitch of beauty or power which would establish their claim to be numbered among the great. Is there anywhere a case quite parallel to that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who began his career with a work which at once stamped him as a genius, and to the height of which he only rarely attained throughout his life?

There was no exaggeration in the enthusiasm with which the music to 'The Tempest' was received. It may seem difficult for us, over whom the full tide of the English musical renaissance has swept, to realise what a sensation the music made, without minutely comparing it with the average level of our national music before 1862. We cannot fail to see the great contrast between the dry, scholastic, uninspired work that represented English music at the time, and the blithe loveliness, the truly English note—unsounded for so long—and the masterly invention that distinguished this work of a stripling fresh from his studies in Germany. From the time when the work was performed at two successive concerts at the Crystal Palace the composer's career was watched carefully by all who had the interests of English music at heart, and the compositions which immediately succeeded it possessed, with hardly an exception, the same rare distinction of his hand. The lovely duet in 'Kenilworth,' a cantata brought out at the Birmingham Festival of 1864, confirmed the brilliant promise of the 'Tempest' music, and possessed a true passion and warmth which told of the Southern strain that was in the composer. The 'Henry VIII.' music, with its lovely setting of 'Orpheus with his Lute,' came in 1879, and in this song, and the 'graceful dance,' it seemed as if the last word

had been said in refinement and distinction. In the many anthems and services that preceded this it was clear that the composer was following in the path so nobly trodden by the English Church composers of the past, and in their line he may be considered as carrying on the tradition, more or less worthily, from Goss; but in the three oratorios, and elsewhere, there are many symptoms either of inherent weakness, or else of deliberate yielding to the popular taste of the day. The oratorios are lamentable examples of uninspired and really uncongenial work; choruses that were obviously meant to rival the simple grandeur of Handel, or the narrative force of Mendelssohn, only succeeded for the most part in being pompous and dull, and solos in which the musical tastes of the multitude were consulted turned out to be trivial in the last degree. After the tiresome 'Martyr of Antioch' (1880), 'The Golden Legend' (1886) came all the more as a welcome surprise; if the influence of Berlioz was perhaps too clearly recognisable, he was at least a fresher model than Mendelssohn, and the whole work has a unity of style and a sincerity of expression which raise it above Sullivan's other compositions, whether sacred or secular.

It would clearly be unfair to regard the presence of moments of sublimity as a criterion of greatness, for very few people would agree as to the precise point where they feel the magic thrill that is the hearer's due response to the composer's inspiration. One person will be moved by what to another appears a tag of threadbare melody; the latter may very possibly be emotionally touched by some impressive choral climax which strikes his neighbour as a dull show of uninteresting contrapuntal dexterity; and while opinions differ as widely as they do upon the relative literary merits of Mr. George Meredith and Miss Marie Corelli, or upon the comparative greatness of Velasquez and Gustave Doré, it is evidently hopeless to get anything like a really universal judgment on any matter of art. Still, the bulk of educated opinion has a tendency to point in certain directions rather than in others, and it is probable that most musicians would unite in regarding the magnificently worked-up climax at the words 'It is the sea,' as the most impressive moment of 'The Golden Legend.' To have touched so great a height even once is no small matter; and though other masters, living or dead, may more often have brought 'all Heaven before our eyes,' the fact that Sullivan did so, if only in this one place, is perhaps his greatest claim to rank among

the famous musicians of his time. The evening hymn, 'O glad-some light,' is an instance of the composer's complete command of the pure harmonies of the finest school of English music, and of his thorough sympathy with its spirit, a sympathy which comes out in many a passage of the Savoy operas, whether or no the term 'madrigal' is used to describe them.

Though the great renaissance of English music, which took place in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, accomplished itself without any help or encouragement from Sullivan, yet it was greatly due to him that Englishmen acquired the habit of listening with respect to music written by their own countrymen, and conceiving it possible that English compositions might be worth something after all. Up to the date of 'The Golden Legend' the programmes of the provincial festivals, which afforded the only opportunity for the production of new choral works, were mainly filled with the works of foreign composers; and there was, indeed, some excuse, for the average work of the ordinary country organist, from which class the English novelties, when they were given at all, were generally drawn, could compare but ill with the effective showy oratorios from abroad. Ever since 1886 there has been a sensible diminution in the fashion of commissioning foreign novelties, and our own composers have at last found a public anxious to listen to them.

It was, however, not so much by 'The Golden Legend' that Sullivan got a hearing for English music, as by the astonishing vogue of the comic operas, which appealed at once to all classes of the public, whether musical or not. The type he created in the all-important collaboration with Mr. Gilbert came as a new thing to a public that had learnt, from French specimens, to associate light opera with all that was coarse in suggestion, noisy in effect, and vulgar in expression. If we examine the best work of Offenbach and the rest of the light opera-writers, with whom Sullivan has been occasionally compared, we find that they possess a rollicking humour, a boisterous animalism, and a naïve charm that are seldom found in the Englishman's work; but if we remember the state of the comic-opera stage in the years when the Savoy Theatre was only beginning to establish its position, we may well be thankful for the reforms it brought about, and may the more easily pardon the undeniable trace of a certain prudery of musical phraseology that is found in many of the operas, if not in all.

Among the chief of these reforms was the absolute guilelessness of the plots ; and a fastidious method of pronunciation, encouraged by Mr. Gilbert, with excellent results in all cases, always excepting the Teutonic way of pronouncing the word 'England,' no doubt arose from a natural detestation of the slipshod and uneducated style of diction exhibited by the average performer of the older days. As a musical counterpart to this fastidiousness, we often find in the form of the melodies, in the kind of harmonic progressions that are preferred, in the introduction of some rather superfluous scrap of musical erudition, an impression created that the composer is taking up a position quite aloof from the ranks of the comic writers, and wishing to impress upon us his unerring good taste and delicate refinement. Refinement, in art as in behaviour, is an entirely laudable quality, but there is a way of keeping it continually before the mind which falls short of perfect breeding, and Sullivan's insistence upon it was sometimes such as to remind one of the extra-fine manners exhibited by a certain class of ladies who are dreadfully afraid lest their position may be misunderstood if they are not very careful. One wishes that such primnesses of musical demeanour could have been given up by Sullivan, and that a frank, direct, and careless humour had been more common in his light music.

From the crowd of his out-and-out admirers comes often the accusation that those who are less enthusiastic than themselves are without a genuine love of light music, that they only care for what the Mikado calls 'fugues and masses and "ops,"' that their interest is, in fact, confined to strains that are serious and to workmanship that is, in the favourite phrase of some critics, 'academic.' They are charged with admiring nothing but music that proceeds from the head, with despising a lovely melody because it is simple or vocal, and with having no sense of musical fun. There may be people of whom these charges are true to some extent, but by far the greater number of the earnest musicians of the day are precisely those who most heartily enjoy really humorous music, when they get it. They see quite clearly that although the merits of a comic song are not the same as those of a symphony, each may be a good or a bad specimen of its kind, and that while a good symphony is a finer thing to achieve than a good comic song, it is no slight or easy thing to write a comic tune that will delight all who have ears in their heads. If a piece of light music is free from the structural rules

that are set about the composition of a symphony, it must conform none the less strictly to the laws of its own nature, or it will fail. For example, such a tune need not be beautiful or even fresh, but it must be 'taking,' and easy to sing and to remember; it must flow from one end to another without a halt in rhythm or melody, and must be of a kind to appeal directly to the great majority of those who listen to it for the first time. Throughout the greater number of the Savoy operas these conditions are almost perfectly fulfilled, and the lack of *entrain* which is often felt in the later examples may so easily be accounted for on the score of the composer's ill-health that it may almost be disregarded. It would be difficult to find any number in 'Cox and Box,' 'Trial by Jury,' 'The Sorcerer,' 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' or 'The Mikado,' in which the ideal of light music is not constantly maintained. The occasional sly hits at the old-fashioned conventions of the operatic stage are excellent musical fooling, and even the Great Bassoon Joke, which Sir Arthur Sullivan afterwards worked so very hard, was exceedingly diverting when it first appeared in 'The Sorcerer.'

In reflecting on the comparative merits of the operas, it is not uninstrusive to remember that one and all were mainly dependent rather upon their librettos than on the music for their success with the public; Sullivan was no more responsible for the shortcomings of 'Iolanthe,' 'Princess Ida,' or 'Ruddigore,' than he was for the gloom of 'The Beauty Stone' or the clumsy construction of 'Haddon Hall.' Mr. Gilbert's share in the work seems always to have been regarded as the more important from the point of view of attracting the public, and in spite of many points of musical beauty some of the Savoy operas were undeniable failures; each and all of the operas written in this collaboration contain passages of exquisite workmanship, treated with a felicity that it would be hard to surpass. Perhaps in the whole series no single number excels in all the qualities that are desirable in light music so completely as the quartet, 'In a contemplative manner,' in 'The Gondoliers.' The efforts of each of the singers to maintain 'a tranquil frame of mind,' while each is successively moved to animated outbursts of narration, are admirably reflected in the music, which consists of a set of brilliant and ingenious variations upon a sedate theme. The application of another musical form to a strange purpose was again tried in the Jubilee ballet, 'Victoria and Merrie England;' but from one cause or

other the danced fugue was not a great success. The mock Greek chorus at the beginning of the second act of 'The Grand Duke' is a masterpiece of parody, as well as a rare specimen of a number carried on with perfect *entrain* from beginning to end.

But it would be impossible to enumerate the cases of this kind in the whole series, in which many such masterly touches are to be discovered. As a rule, the only piece of unfavourable criticism that can be brought against the class as a whole is that the soprano part is often written with less than due regard to the voice; the songs are very apt to lie so high that singers can only repeat them night after night at the risk of sacrificing their voices altogether at the end of the run of the piece. I am not speaking here of the Sultana's part in 'The Rose of Persia'—the last and one of the very best of the whole series—which was written for a voice of exceptional compass. In the same department, too, is one of the characteristics in which the comparison with Offenbach would be unfavourable to the Englishman; there are very few among the former's works that do not contain, in the principal female part, some tender romance or expressive air which, apart from the comic surroundings, would be accepted as a genuine piece of pathetic music. Apart from 'Were I thy bride' in 'The Yeomen of the Guard,' there is nothing in the Savoy operas, not even in the serious 'Beauty Stone,' that has found its way to the people's hearts in the same way as 'Dites-lui' from 'La Grande Duchesse,' or the lovely romance from 'La Périochole.' Where Sullivan soars far away from the level of the Offenbachs is in his orchestration, in which he was an adept from first to last. It is evidently with intense love that he writes for the different instruments parts that will be congenial to them; and his sense of orchestral colouring makes any work of his agreeable to listen to on this account alone. And in the task of fitting words to music he was a master. Few could guess the amount of pains he bestowed on this, if it were not proved by the evidence of a facsimile contained in Mr. Arthur Lawrence's life, published in 1899, in which the rhythm of the song 'Were I thy bride,' just mentioned, is seen to be the last of many experiments.

It was said in an earlier part of this article that Sullivan's musical prudery was to be regretted in his lighter works. This was a small defect beside the far graver one to be noticed in some of the later operas of the series, which have actual passages of vulgarity side by side with examples of the squeamishness noticed

before. That the works in which the two occur should not be remarkable for musical unity is not to be wondered at; and the fault, it seems to me, is to be found with the taste, real or imaginary, of the Savoy public. A special audience had been created, and it was supposed that the refined, delicate, and musically interesting numbers were 'caviare to the general,' and that they needed something of a more popular style to make them go down. Whether this were the cause or not, it is only too obvious that many numbers are neither distinguished nor particularly original. Two of the favourite passages in 'Patience,' for example—the chorus, 'Twenty love-sick maidens we,' and the sextet—owe their existence to well-known hymn-tunes, set to 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,' and 'Pilgrims of the Night.' There is no need to assign a motive for the composer's increasing habit of writing down to his public; it does not concern us to decide whether the cause of his growing banality of style was the common one of financial ambition or the more laudable desire for even more popularity than he had. That it was an intentional and deliberate departure from the sincere style of his early time cannot be doubted by any one who can realise the musical refinement of the earliest works, of the first comic operas, and, in the later days, of 'The Golden Legend.' If it had been an unconscious change, how could we then account for such welcome and transient return as was made in the work last mentioned, or in 'The Rose of Persia,' to the sincerer, more genuine style in which the composer first won success?

In spite of these and a few other exceptions, it was the spirit of compromise that did more than anything else to lower Sullivan's standard; for the demands of his public became of increasing importance to him, and, in one glaring and most deplorable instance, a work that ought to have raised him to the highest plane of his life's achievement was spoilt out of deference to the taste of the multitude. In his one serious opera, 'Ivanhoe,' there were revealed great qualities; certain scenes were treated with a consistency of dramatic presentation and a unity of style that quite surprised the more musical part of the audience; but other portions made it clear that the composer's chief desire in their composition must have been to retain the patronage of any frequenters of the Savoy who might chance to be present. The opening scene, of the supper in Cedric's hall, the love-

duet between Rowena and Ivanhoe, the scene with Friar Tuck in which the splendidly tuneful 'Ho, jolly Jenkin,' occurs, were in the vein of true music-drama; and the finest scene of all, the duet between Rebecca and the Templar in the castle, was handled with quite extraordinary vigour and directness. The chief solos for Rebecca, Brian, and Ivanhoe, were most effective and appropriate. On the other hand, the whole scene of the tournament, the very feeble ballad sung by Cœur-de-Lion in two scenes, and the final section, with its remarkably inept *ensemble*, had a commonness of style and a strange blindness to the musical exigencies of the scenes which could not but repel the more musical part of the audience. To have risked offending the lovers of the Savoy by presenting a work of continuous power and beauty would have been far more politic—to take no higher ground—than to lead both the musical and the unmusical hearers to unite in their dislike of the opera as a whole.

One large branch of Sullivan's art was, indeed, quite free from compromise. Withheld by no artistic qualms, and with the frankest abandonment of all his refined musicianship, the author of 'Orpheus with his Lute,' and the 'Window' songs, could give the world such ballads as those which were popular in every drawing-room a little before the vogue of the Savoy operas—the songs of the 'Will he come?' 'Looking back,' 'Once again,' and 'Sweethearts' type. In 'The Lost Chord' he appealed to the most sentimental emotions of the masses, and in such tunes as 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' and 'The Absent-minded Beggar' he won the heart of the man in the street. These last two scarcely stand, indeed, on the same plane, for the hymn-tune, vulgar as it is for its own purpose, is not a bad march, while the setting of Kipling's words must surely rank as the least happily inspired of all the tunes that have ever attained wide popularity.

It is not because of the perpetration of such things as these that Sullivan's attainment of a place among the immortals may be doubted. Though the illustrious masters of the past never did write music as vulgar, it would have been forgiven them if they had, in virtue of the beauty and value of the great bulk of their productions. It is because such great natural gifts—gifts greater, perhaps, than fell to any English musician since the time of Purcell—were so very seldom employed in work worthy of them. The Offenbachs and Lecocqs, the Clays and Celliers, did not degrade their genius, for they were incapable of higher things

than they accomplished; by temperament and inclination they were fitted for the lightest kinds of music, and failure for them lay in the attempt to produce works of greater pretension. The lovely 'Contes d'Hoffmann' of Offenbach, and the serious ballads of Clay, which are still too well known to need detailed mention, are the inevitable exceptions to the general rule; and Cellier's setting of Gray's 'Elegy' might stand as a warning till the end of time against forcing a talent for light music into more serious channels.

If the author of 'The Golden Legend,' the music to 'The Tempest,' 'Henry VIII.,' and 'Macbeth,' cannot be classed with these, how can the composer of 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' and 'The Absent-minded Beggar' claim a place in the hierarchy of music among the men who would face death rather than smirch their singing-robes for the sake of a fleeting popularity?

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

A COLLEGE CAT.

Within those halls where student zeal
 Hangs every morn on Learning's lips,
 Intent to make its daily meal
 Of 'tips,'—

While drones the conscientious Don
 Of Latin Prose, of Human Will,
 Of Aristotle and of John
 Stuart Mill,

Unconscious quite of themes like these,
 A Philistine supine and fat,
 Slumbers in ostentatious ease
 The cat!

For what is Mill, and what is Prose,
 Compared with warmth, and sleep, and food,
 All which collectively compose
 The good?

Sleep on, O cat! serenely through
 Our hurricanes of hoarded lore,
 Nor seek with agitated mew
 The door!

For though thy unreceptive pose
 In presence of eternal Truth,
 No virtuous example shows
 To Youth,

Thy calm repose I would not mar
 Nor chase thee forth, in angry flight
 Protesting loud (tho' some there are
 Who might):—

Because, to my reflective mind,
 Thou dost from generations gone
 Recall a wholly different kind
 Of Don,

Which took its glass, its social cup,
 And having quaffed it, mostly sat
 Curled (metaphorically) up
 Like that !

Far from those scenes of daily strife
 And seldom necessary fuss,
 Wherein consists the most of life
 For us,

When Movements moved, they let them move :
 When Problems raged, they let them rage :
 And quite ignored the spirit of
 The Age !

Of such thou wert the proper mate,
 O peaceful-minded quadruped !
 But livest with Fellows up-to-date
 Instead,—

With men who spend their vital span
 In petty stress and futile storm,
 And for a recreation plan
 Reform :

Whom pupils ne'er in quiet leave,
 But throng their rooms in countless hordes :
 Who sit from morn to dewy eve
 On Boards :

Who skim but erudition's cream,
 And con by night and cram by day
 Such subjects as the likeliest seem
 To pay !

But thou, from such-like cares exempt,
 Our follies dost serenely scan,
 Professing thus thy just contempt
 For Man :

For well thou knowest, that wished-for goal
 Which still to win we vainly pine,
 That calm tranquillity of soul
 Is thine !

ARTHUR GODLEY.

SOME BOER WAR BULLETINS.

THE circumstances under which these bulletins were found are as follows: In July of last year, after Generals Clements's and Paget's brigades had forced Slabbert's Nek and driven the Boers from their positions in retreat towards Fouriesburg, two of us in the C.I.V. Battery were sent to see if there were any stores or provisions to be found for the battery in a deserted farm off the road on the farther side of the Nek. It was a very prosperous-looking farm, stored with plenty of horses, poultry, and grain, and situated at the entrance of a very fertile-looking valley just under the hill. A certain amount of animal comforts were obtained here for the battery, and besides, as personal loot, I secured this bundle of papers, which looked as if they might be interesting.

These bulletins, which appear to be copied from a manuscript original by some carbon process, cover for the most part one side of ordinary foolscap, though sometimes both sides are written on. They are written in excellent Dutch (not in Taal), are all headed either 'Bethlehem Officieel Bericht' (Bethlehem Official Report), or else 'Oorlogsbericht' (War Report), and are generally signed either in full or with the initials of J. H. B. Wessels, though some are signed with the initials C. J. B. In fact, they very much correspond to the old news-letters sent out to country places in England in the last century; and Wessels makes the likeness still nearer in one case by ending up with his compliments. They consist almost solely of copies of the official telegrams sent to Bethlehem about the progress of the war, without any comment or amplification of any kind. There are, however, one or two exceptions to this rule; one of the papers, for example, ends up with the announcement that subscriptions are due at the end of April, and another with a notice of some public sale by the landdrost. There are also two excellent maps—one representing the position of the Boer forces and the English round Colenso and Spion Kop, and the other representing the country in which General Cronje operated and was finally captured. Evidently these were papers subscribed for by the farmers in outlying districts, and they apparently sent them about among themselves to near relations,

as can be judged from two pathetic little notes, written in bad Dutch in a childish hand on the back of two of them. One of these notes runs as follows—it is on the back of a bulletin of February 17 to 19 :

SISTER,—The telegram is still too short. You may not know that D.... G.... is slightly wounded in the arm, and P.... Y.... in the head and shoulder. Cronje's men were surrounded, whereupon H. Stein's men went to their relief and succeeded in getting them off, but they had to give up their positions at Kimberley and also at another place. The telegram is also from Jacobsdal. I think the Modder River guns must be very destructive. Of Horman's, one is killed and two wounded. I have not read the report and cannot say any more about it. We heard from W.... yesterday, dated Bloemfontein; he was going to Koedoesrand. The landdrost also had news. Our men are all going there.

Your sister, S. N.

And another on the back of a sheet of March 7 :

SISTER,—His telegram last night said there was a hard fight at Modder River, and our men retired to occupy other positions ten miles distant. They say it is just seven hours from Bloemfontein. What is to become of us? The Lord alone can help us.

Your sister, S. N.

Unfortunately, owing to the inevitable difficulties of campaigning, my collection of these bulletins is by no means complete; the earliest dates from January 25, 1900, and the last is of April 30, and there are many gaps in the series, while several of the bulletins which have been preserved have, in the wear and tear incidental to being carried in feed-bags or in wallets, been much torn and in places rendered undecipherable. However, there is enough left to get a very clear idea of their quality.

They are interesting chiefly for the light which they throw on the amount of information about the war vouchsafed to Boers in scattered parts of the Free State. It has been said and often repeated in England that the most lying accounts of what was really happening were spread about to deceive the burghers; that their own victories were enormously exaggerated, their disasters concealed; and that the Boer and English losses were always set out in a light more in accordance with the Boer wishes than with the truth. These bulletins probably afford the best possible test of the truth of this theory, as they are evidently the sort of news sent to people who lived in out-of-the-way parts and had no means of verifying the truth of the statements; and it is surprising on the whole to find how accurate is the news thus given as compared with our own sources of information. These telegrams do not of course profess to describe the battles, and it would be difficult to get a general idea of the course of the war

from them. On the other hand, they give the bald facts unvarnished, and they prove that, at any rate as long as the Free State officials had control of the telegraph, they did not wilfully deceive their fellow-citizens as to the course of the war.

Generally it may be said that during the period marked by the Boer successes the reports tally very closely with the facts as related, for example, by Dr. Conan Doyle; and even after that there does not seem to be any attempt to minimise their own disasters, though occasionally there is a tendency noticeable slightly to exaggerate the English losses. Again, there is never anything like a bitter feeling displayed against England. After the wonderful success at Spion Kop there is absolutely no crowing over us—merely immense wonder and heartfelt thanks to God for allowing them to win a victory over so mighty and rich a nation as England. One of the most frequently recurring phrases, whether after a victory or a defeat, is the phrase ‘The burghers are calm and confident;’ and it must indeed be confessed that this seems no idle boast. However, a few extracts translated into English will best illustrate the nature of these bulletins.

The earliest bulletin in my possession refers to the battle of Spion Kop. It is hardly necessary to remind English readers of what happened at that battle; but it may be convenient to recall that a brigade under General Woodgate marched up Spion Kop in the early morning of January 23rd, surprised a small post of burghers stationed there, and entrenched themselves as far as they could in the fog; that when the fog cleared away they found themselves exposed to murderous rifle and cannon fire on three sides, and that, though they could not be turned out, the position was an isolated and useless one; that reinforcements were sent up during the day, who only added to the tale of slaughter; and that finally, late at night, the whole force retired. On the following day General Buller took his troops safely across the Tugela without having any attack made on him by the Boers. The interest of the following extracts lies in the substantial accuracy of the Boer telegrams. It gives also the reason for what somewhat surprised the English at the time—that the Boers allowed them to cross the Tugela without any molestation. It will be noticed that the Boers do not exaggerate the English losses, which, according to our official returns, were over 1,600, and, curiously enough, even the incident related in most of the English accounts of Spion Kop, of some English soldiers offering to surrender and being stopped by

Colonel Thorneycroft himself, is here related, though without the Colonel's name.

Bethlehem Official Report.¹

Thursday, 25.1.00. Tugela.—Assistant-General Burger reports to-day to head laager Ladysmith per heliograph that the enemy retired during the night. They also left the Kop. Our burghers are taking possession of the battlefields. Official report of dead and wounded will follow as soon as possible. No report has been received yet from General Botha. According to private information, our loss is not small, but the enemy suffered terribly.

Bethlehem Official Report.

Friday, 26.1.00. Spion Kop on the Tugela.—Assistant-General Botha reports under date 24.1.00 (Wednesday): Last night the enemy with a strong force overpowered the Vrijheid (S.A.R.) burghers on Spion Kop, forcing Commandant Grobler and his men to retire. This morning very early Assistant-General Burger with Carolina and other burghers stormed the kop, and from my (Louis Botha's) side I also ordered an attack, and by the grace of God we succeeded in retaking the highest points. Our prisoners of war consisted of 173 privates (soldiers) with one captain and three wounded. The enemy's loss is terrible. Ours, I regret to say, is also tolerably severe, but cannot as yet be stated as our burghers are still continuing the fight, although it is already dark. The bravery and courage of our men are beyond praise. The artillery worked splendidly. When the enemy were in a tight corner they put up their hands in token of submission, but as soon as our men showed themselves the enemy re-opened fire.

The enemy is pressing us from all sides, even at General Burger's laager.

General Cronje (Uncle Andries) reports that on the 24th inst. (Wednesday) he received information that the enemy had taken possession of Spion Kop. Transvaal and Free State burghers then mounted the kop, and at about 10 o'clock they reached the top and were near the enemy. The enemy then retired a little, but kept fighting to the last with heavy cannon and rifles. The fighting began about 3 A.M. and lasted till 7 P.M. (15½ hours). The enemy stormed the kop several times, but were beaten back each time. Loss of the enemy amounted to about 1,200, and we made about 200 prisoners of war. According to an ambulance report our loss (S.A.R. and O.F.S.) amounts to 120 killed and wounded. Our heavy guns did good execution. The Freestaters who were posted on a kopje behind the enemy in an oblique direction wrought terrible havoc amongst them.

Bethlehem Official Report.

Friday evening, 26.1.00. Tugela.—Commandant-General, Head Laager, Ladysmith, wires this afternoon, 12.38: A complete official report of the fighting of the last few days on the Tugela is not yet to hand, but only the following from Assistant-General Botha. The fighting now finished, and by the grace of God we gained a splendid victory. The enemy driven from their positions with great loss. On the battlefield there are still at least 600 killed and a great many wounded. The enemy asked permission to bury their dead and remove their wounded, which I allowed. The battlefield is therefore ours. We made 187 prisoners, and the officers of the Lancaster Regiment are all either dead or wounded. It breaks my heart to say that so many of our brave heroes are also dead or wounded. It

¹ It will be noticed in these Boer accounts that the fighting on Spion Kop is dated on the 24th instead of the 23rd January, which is the correct date.

is incredible how such a small body of men has been able to resist the might of Britain during six days' fighting and even to force it back with such heavy loss. We took about forty cases Lee-Metford cartridges and a nice lot of rifles.

Assistant-General Burger wires to-day: I have just come from the hills; it is a terrible spectacle, an evident wonder of God, to see the enemy's fortifications, and how great their power is, whilst ours is so insignificant. Their loss is at least 1,200 or 1,300 killed and wounded. Our guns certainly did more execution yesterday than theirs. During all these days their force on the hill, in addition to their reserve, was at least 2,400 according to experts. The enemy is now retiring across the Tugela. We had a good opportunity to attack them, but our burghers were too exhausted. Our loss is about 120 killed and wounded. Although this is to be regretted, we must praise and thank God for this victory, and our country and people are to be congratulated on the heroic feats of our burghers.

Colenso.—Assistant-General Botha at *Colenso* wired yesterday: Acting-Commandant Pretorius, who had orders to count the number of killed on the hill, reports 650 killed, not including the number removed by the enemy during the night, and those killed at the foot of the hill and against the Spitzkop. Although it was a heavy fight for us, it was fearful for the enemy. It is a magnificent victory for us and very discouraging for the enemy, who have become very shy in consequence.

Bethlehem Official Report.

Monday, 29.1.00. Spion Kop.—The leader of the report riders wires from Veld near Ladysmith: I was yesterday on the battlefield of Spion Kop. From information received it appears that on Tuesday (23rd January), in the night, the enemy marched to the west of Spion Kop, the force consisting of Lancashire Fusiliers, the Lancasters, and half a company of engineers. At one o'clock they reached the hill and at once commenced to make entrenchments. The fire brigade of Vrijheid, 60 strong, took to flight. There was a thick fog which lifted at about 7 A.M. on Wednesday, 24th January. Our burghers meanwhile had mounted the hill, and immediately on the fog disappearing the fighting began on Spion Kop and lasted till Thursday, when the enemy fled. The enemy was repeatedly reinforced until their force had increased to about 4,000 men. We were about 500 strong. It is difficult to state the enemy's loss, but it is estimated at 800 killed, whilst the number of wounded can only be guessed at. Yesterday there were still about 200 unburied. Major-General Woodgate, who commanded the brigade, was killed. The Lancashire Fusiliers were totally annihilated with the exception of 110 who were taken prisoners. Of their forty-three officers only one remains, the others being killed or wounded, amongst the latter being the commander, Lieut.-Col. Bloomfield. According to an English officer, Buller is unhurt, and he further said that he had never experienced such firing as that of the Boers. Ten of Thorneycroft's mounted infantry took up a good position behind a kraal, and, when the burghers noticed them, six of them ran to a position from which they could fire at them, and in three minutes all ten were dead. He (the officer) disapproves of night attacks and attributes their defeat to fog. They had intended to surround the fire brigade. The enemy has now again taken his wagons across the river.

The Chief Telegraph Department, Pretoria, reports that yesterday only a few shots were heard near the Tugela. It seems the enemy intend retiring altogether after their fruitless efforts to get through. On one of the kopjes General Cronje (Uncle Andries) still found seventeen unburied corpses, whilst at Spion Kop there are still many bodies which the enemy evidently do not intend to bury.

The next important extract concerns what we call the battle of Vaal Krantz, which was General Buller's next attempt to force the Boer position in front of Ladysmith. He had already tried to attack by the right, at Colenso; he had also tried the extreme left, at Spion Kop; he was now going to attempt the central position. In the centre of the Boer position, on their side of the Tugela, was an eminence called Vaal Krantz. If this could be secured it looked as if the way to Ladysmith might be open without any further difficulty, as beyond it there was nothing but a plateau to the town. General Buller mounted nearly all his guns on the ridges on his side of the Tugela opposite the centre of the Boer position, and on the morning of the 5th began a furious bombardment, and a feigned attack upon Brakfontein, to the left of Vaal Krantz. This, however, was only to cover the central attack on Vaal Krantz itself, which, after the left-hand advance had been stopped as if beaten, he succeeded in occupying after turning out the Boers. But though General Buller had secured the central position, he omitted to secure the hills which commanded it; and it will be observed from the following account that the Boers utilised this mistake by bringing guns and rifles to command the English position. In fact, the English were in very much the same position as they were at Spion Kop, and finally, after two days' fighting, they had to retire. Unfortunately the following account does not go beyond the fighting on the 6th, though the English did not retire till the evening of the 7th. It is not possible to reproduce here the map which is given on the back of one of the bulletins, but it appears from it that the first part evidently refers to the first and feigned attack to the left, the Senekal burghers covering the gap against which the attack purported to be made, while the rest of the extract, beginning with the passage about the pontoon bridge, refers to the central and serious attack—Kleinen Kop, the Johannesburgers' position, being evidently the same as Vaal Krantz. It will be noticed that, though the Boers are very much impressed with the cannonade from our guns, they under-estimate the number, and only speak of forty-four, whereas from Dr. Conan Doyle's account it appears that there were no less than seventy-two guns directed against the Boer position.

Bethlehem Official Report.

Tugela: Tuesday, 6.2.1900.—General Cronje at 'Burgerslager,' near Tugela, reports: After a bombardment of one hour by our guns the enemy, with

his thirty-six guns, has fled back, and afterwards the other troops in great disorder. One of our Krupp cannons shot to pieces.

Vrede and Senekal burghers still full of courage in their positions. With General Smuts fighting still continues. From the other laagers general tranquillity is reported.

Tugela: Wednesday, 7.2.1900.—The chief of the report riders telegraphs yesterday evening, one o'clock: The fight began yesterday morning about half-past six by the infantry against the positions of the Senekal burghers in the nek. The infantry was easily repulsed, but afterwards began a terrible cannonade from about forty-four guns, which lasted about nine hours. There were particularly two or three big naval guns on the entrenchment opposite the Senekal positions, twelve heavy guns on the Zwartrand, opposite the Johannesburgers' position, eighteen field-pieces at the foot of the Zwartrand, and twelve field-pieces on the red range called Thornton Hills. The bombardment continued violently from all the positions on this side of the river, with an interval of about one hour. Meanwhile the enemy was busy throwing a pontoon bridge across the river at the place Nooitgedacht, in front of the Johannesburg position. When the bridge was ready, towards ten o'clock, the infantry went over, and took up another position against the Senekal positions. Both onslaughts were driven back with ease by large and small Maxims and rifle fire at 2,000 paces. Afterwards all the guns, with the exception of those on Thornton Hills, were directed on the positions of Smuts and Viljoen. About three o'clock some 2,000 men came again over the pontoon bridge. They wavered as soon as the Maxims had begun firing on them; and when the Transvaal artillery fired on their left wing from the hills to the east of Viljoen's laager, they fled, and sought shelter on the banks of the river, so that the officers succeeded only after half an hour in getting them out again and bringing them in motion. About half-past five they were again driven back, and retired in the direction of the new bridge. Even after dark heavy Maxim and rifle fire was heard. It appeared that a portion of the enemy had crept up through a dry ditch near one of the hills close to the river, which was in possession of Ben Viljoen. I have heard that the Johannesburgers have left their positions, and that the enemy has half of the hills in his possession, and is busy throwing up earthworks. Reinforcements are again announced from all sides. According to the latest report, there is every chance of driving them out again from these positions.

Later on the above-named person signalled this morning: General Smuts informed General Prinsloo that 'Long Tom' was in position, and that the enemy had taken possession of part of the hill through the Johannesburgers, and he should, if possible, fetch the enemy out of there. The enemy fired from the edge of the bush on our positions. Towards seven o'clock it was decided to place a French gun on Vere Hill for the purpose of forcing the English to surrender by bringing them under a cross fire. At half-past twelve o'clock M. Wessels reports to General E. Prinsloo at Senekal Laager that the Lancers and infantry were in flight back from Molen Drift along Roodepad, between the English camp and the edge of the bush. There was the expectation that the English on Kleinen Kop, where the Johannesburgers were, would very soon surrender. The feelings of the burghers there are perfectly calm.

Of the last stage in the drama before Colenso we can also get a glimpse in these bulletins. It will be remembered that General Buller on February 21 made an advance, again from the Colenso side, on the chief Boer line of defence. Up till the 24th heavy

fighting went on, without very much success to us, for, though we advanced steadily, almost every inch of the way was contested by the Boers, the brunt of the fighting, as is to be seen in the map above spoken of, which gives the positions of the chief Boer commandos, falling on those from Middelburg and Krugersdorp. It will be noticed in the following account that the Boers give the same reason as Dr. Conan Doyle for the distressing condition in which the wounded had to be left on the 24th. On the 26th, however, although the positions already won were not abandoned, the great turning movement to the right was initiated by which at last an entrance was to be effected into Ladysmith—somewhat, as will be seen, to the bewilderment of the Boers, who this time seem to have been caught napping. The Boers now were beginning to feel the change of the tide, and there are one or two remarks about the English soldiers in the following report which are hardly justified by the success of their operations.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 8.

Colenso : February 22, 1900.—General Meyer reports that the enemy tried to attack the Middelburg commando just after daylight this morning, but was beaten back with heavy loss.

Colenso : February 23, 1900.—The captain of the scouts at Prinsloo laager, Ladysmith, wires that that morning the enemy attacked the position of the Middelburgers three times, but were repeatedly forced back with heavy loss, ours being only one killed, one dangerously and one slightly wounded. Their large camp at Chieveley is almost entirely broken up; the wagons and tents are now all at Colenso on this side of the river in the woods. The enemy seem to be rebuilding the railway bridge over the Tugela. At twelve o'clock a large force of infantry and between 1,500 and 2,000 cavalry crossed the railway bridge of Onderbroek's Spruit towards the positions of the Middelburgers. At two the enemy shelled a kopje on our left wing.

War Report, Feb. 25 and 26.

Saturday, February 24, 1900.—Assistant-General Meyer at Nellthorpe (near Colenso) wires: The positions of Krugersdorp have been terribly cut up by lyddite shells. Our losses on Thursday of the Rustenburg and Krugersdorp [commandos?] were one killed and twenty-three wounded, nearly all slight. Yesterday during the heavy fighting and bombardment we had ten killed and fifteen wounded. From Boksburg yesterday, seven wounded. From Middelburg, one dead and four wounded. The English soldiers appeared to be pretty well afraid. This morning about twenty of the enemy surrendered to two of our burghers. On the battlefield there are a large number of wounded of the enemy, whom we cannot nurse as shells are still falling on the field every now and then. I have given orders not to admit the enemy's ambulance on the battlefield unless at the request of a commanding officer. A large number of killed of the enemy, that cover the field, we cannot bury on account of the stony ground, and our burghers are too exhausted to carry the bodies from the Klipkop down below.

War Report. No. 10.

Colenso: Monday, 26.2.00.—Yesterday evening at nine o'clock one of the ambulance corps at Nellthorpe telegraphed that a terrible small-arms fire for about twenty minutes was heard in the direction of Colenso; at ten o'clock he telegraphed that everything was quiet again.

Nellthorpe, Colenso.—The direct telegraph office at Nellthorpe signals to-day, according to reports just arrived, that the sharp rifle fire of yesterday evening was only a false alarm. Lights were seen on a hill by our men (probably signals made by English spies), and after a few shots had been fired by our advance guard our whole line of battle seemed on fire; we also heard that in the morning a large number of the enemy with wagons had retreated across the Tugela.

Tuesday, 26.2.00.—The captain of the despatch-riders, Prinsloo's camp, Ladysmith, signals under date of to-day, Sunday night, that the enemy have entrenched their positions very strongly; in some places they are lying at a distance of 100 paces from our burghers. Yesterday the Krugersdorp positions were heavily bombarded. The enemy have now withdrawn all their wagons across the river, also most of their guns. Two of their camps on this side of the river they have also removed to the other camp under Hlangwane Kop because we had bombarded it. It may be that the enemy is going to make an attack at another point.

Wednesday, 28.2.00.—General Lucas Meyer signals from Meyer's camp, near Colenso, yesterday, 5.15 P.M.: The enemy is in possession of the Krugersdorp positions, our burghers are fighting bravely. The telegraphist at Prinsloo's camp signals to-day: Last night at 11.55, in the direction of Lombardskop, rifle firing was heard; again at 1.15 in the same direction sharp rifle firing and several guns were heard; now all is quiet. Lombardskop is a Boer position to the east of Ladysmith; the fighting was probably with the Ladysmith garrison, who were trying to break through.

There is one bulletin which gives the following depressing account of the state of the garrison at the beginning of February.

Bethlehem Official Report.

The chief of scouts wires from Prinsloo laager, near Ladysmith: A deserter who appears to me trustworthy, and who is now being kept by us under close surveillance, reports to us that Ladysmith is on its last legs, and for the last twelve days the troops have only received half a pound of horse flesh and one biscuit daily. They are in state of starvation and very discouraged, the oxen are sick and their flesh has been condemned by the doctors. The troops numbered 12,500 when the siege began, and of the 7,500 now left about 2,000 are ill with fever and dysentery and 1,200 are wounded. They expect to be relieved towards the 10th of this month, and if this fails they will try to force their way out. White is suffering from fever since the 4th instant, and Hamilton is now commanding. There are forty guns and sixteen Maxims. After January 6, the whole town was surrounded with dynamite laid in holes one hundred paces distant from each other, and connected by electric wires. At the storming of Platrand their loss was 570 killed and approximately between 700 and 800 wounded, including forty-four officers dead and wounded. Jameson, Colonel Rhodes, and Willoughby are still in Ladysmith.

After the bulletins describing General Buller's last advance on Ladysmith there is unfortunately a gap in the series, and there is

no record to be found of the relief. But there are a few more items of interest relating to the Natal side of the war. One of these is in a bulletin of March 26, which runs as follows :

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 19.

According to intelligence the enemy appear to be under the impression that we have sent our chief forces from here to the Orange Free State, therefore they are suddenly marching in that direction. Even the soldiers who were on the way to Cape Colony have come back from Durban in order to put their new plan into execution.

And the same bulletin says that the report that the English had landed at Beira is untrue, but that people in Lourenço Marques say the governor of Beira is to be arrested for allowing arms to go through. The last piece of news contained about General Buller in the bulletins refers to a little fight near Glencoe which disturbed for a moment the monotony of General Buller's inaction. In this account the hopes of the Boers seem to have got the better of the facts, as it appears that the Boer attack was repulsed with ease. But it must be confessed that this is the only serious case of misrepresentation that I have come across.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 24.

Natal.— . . . Commandant-General telegraphs from Glencoe, April 10: We attacked the enemy early from three sides and found that they are unexpectedly strong; round the camp are fortifications consisting of trenches and walls. We forced our way in and bombarded the camp at a distance of 4,500 mètres and planted shell after shell in the camp, so that now every one is either down or has retreated. The enemy bombarded us with three large guns, but fortunately no one was wounded; the bombardment is still going on from both sides; the enemy is now opening fire with rifles. Later reports have been received by Commandant-General Meyer that the enemy has fled in the direction of Ladysmith; the enemy must have suffered severely; no loss on our side.

The above quotation is a rare instance of the Boers perverting what was at most an undecided action into a victory to themselves. But their inability to see the significance of great movements is more striking. When Lord Roberts had begun making his advance it is interesting to note how blind the Boers were to the signs of their approaching defeat. It will be remembered by those who have studied the war that in two quarters Lord Roberts allowed the Boers to obtain temporary successes in order to be able to concentrate all his forces before the main attack. On the extreme east of his main line at Colesberg and on the extreme west at Koedoesberg the Boers obtained temporary successes at the expense of their central position. General Macdonald was sent up early in February

with the Highland Brigade to divert the Boers' attention in the direction of Magersfontein. The brigade advanced to a position on the farther side of the Modder River, and then after an indecisive engagement, which was certainly not to the advantage of the English, they retired again. This was only a feint to divert the Boer attention from the advance meditated under French for the relief of Kimberley. But the Boers seem to have been quite blind to the object of the attack, and regarded the result of the British advance as a distinct victory for themselves. This is evident from the following extracts :

Bethlehem Official Report.

Magersfontein : Friday, February 9, 1900.—General de Wet at Magersfontein wired yesterday : We fought on Wednesday from 4 A.M. to 6 P.M. At about four o'clock the enemy were strongly reinforced with extra guns, which compelled me to divide our small force to beat them off, as they extended their line in order to surround us. We forced them back until it was quite dark ; but owing to our small number we were unable to drive them across the river, so we descended from the hill to take up another position. . . . Our loss three killed and six wounded, that of enemy considerable. We could easily occupy Koedoesberg, as we have been very strongly reinforced, but as there is no water there it would be useless. We are now occupying very good positions.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 2. February.

The following is a complete report from General de Wet regarding the fighting at Koedoesberg : On Sunday afternoon, 4th instant, it was reported from our western positions that Koedoesberg was in possession of the enemy. I immediately ordered General du Plooi to reconnoitre with 100 men, and he reported that the enemy were on the hill, whereupon I started with 300 men and arrived on Monday 4 P.M. at Koedoesberg, when I found that the largest force of the enemy was on the southernmost point of the hill. The hill is about 2,000 yards long ; the enemy had strongly fortified the hill, and also had a strong reserve force under the hill at the drift on the other side of the river. I immediately attacked the hill from the north at three points, and fought without interruption till 8 P.M., when we had got half up the hill. As there were no positions for us on the hill, and no water, I retired to within half an hour's distance from it. We remained there on Tuesday, 6th instant, to wait for reinforcements of guns and ammunition. The same evening Commandant Cronje reached us with 200 burghers and a gun. Wednesday, 4.30 P.M., we climbed the hill. Commandant Froneman with eighty Ladybranders marched along the west or river side, and fought the whole day with great bravery until nightfall. We fought the enemy on the hill, and reached our former positions towards 4.30. That afternoon about 1,000 mounted infantry with two guns marched from the east of the hill for the purpose of surrounding us. I at once descended the hill with thirty-six burghers, as I had no more available, and with God's help I drove back the enemy under a heavy gun fire. The same evening we again retired to within half an hour, as we were satisfied that even if we did take the hill it would be of no use to us owing to want of water. On Friday we discovered that the enemy had fled to Tweerivieren. We went over the battlefield and found three bodies, which we buried. Through God's mercy our loss was only three killed and six

wounded, nearly all slight. The enemy's loss must be considerable, judging from the graves. Major Albrecht worked his gun splendidly, and kept on firing notwithstanding that the enemy bombarded him with six guns. The enemy had altogether ten guns and three Maxims. . . .

The enemy, consisting of 4,000 or 5,000 cavalry, with about twelve guns and a large number of wagons, are now marching to Blauwdraai.

General de Wet reports from Wintershoek: Have just returned from battlefield; enemy no longer visible. Took further six prisoners (two wounded), and also found further seven killed. Our burghers captured a number of rifles and a small Maxim, which has been destroyed. The resident justice of the peace reports the battlefield has not yet been completely inspected. The fighting line was six miles; the prisoners now number twenty-nine. One died last night from his wounds. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Delisle was commander. Captains Amthill and Waldy were killed.

Similarly, on the other side about Colesberg considerable satisfaction prevailed with regard to victories which Lord Roberts had no doubt anticipated, and which really, if the Boers had only known, revealed the weakness of their position. Near Colesberg General French had been guarding a wide extent of country against the Boer invasion directed against the important railway junction of Naauwpoort; for months he had kept the Boers at arm's length, and had even obtained some successes against them. At last, when Lord Roberts came, General French was withdrawn with some of his troops, and at the same time the Boer forces in that part of the country were reinforced. Consequently, towards the middle of February, General Clements, now in command of the English, had had to withdraw and to concentrate all his forces at Arundel, so as, at any rate, to stop the Boer advance on the junction. The Boers, who were in much greater force than the English, naturally gained some successes in the latter's enforced retreat; but the object of the English had been gained—they had protected the important junction, and they had also diverted valuable Boer troops from the position against which the main English attack was to be made. To this also the Boers appeared to be blind, and they only insist in the following extracts on their purely local successes, without in the least realising what the cost of these successes would be.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 2.

Chief Commandant de Wet wires from Colesberg: Report just received that the enemy has deserted his advanced positions to the west of this place near Coleskop. An unofficial report says enemy have also abandoned their positions to the east. They are probably flying to Rensburg Siding. The same commandant wired later: Have just heard from Lieutenant Smith that fighting General Cilliers is at this moment in the enemy's camp. They have, therefore, probably retired. There are still about sixty tents standing.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 3.

Wednesday, February 14.—The captain of the scouts at Achtertang reports: Yesterday I took a patrol in the direction where the fighting took place the day before yesterday. On reaching the positions I found that the enemy had fled in great haste from all the kopjes on the previous night, leaving behind their whole camp, consisting of 100 tents, a large quantity of provisions, fodder, clothes, water-bottles, cooking apparatus, two water-carts, rifles, ammunition, and bayonets. Between the said kopjes and the enemy's camp a large number of coats and other men's clothing were strewn about, which gave the burghers a splendid opportunity of providing themselves with clothes and other necessities. The commandants of Philippolis and Wepener informed me that the enemy had given up all their positions during the night, and there is no doubt they have fled to Rensburg Siding. We found about fifty of the enemy's dead on the kopjes. It is impossible to state their total loss, as nine of their ambulance wagons were busy removing dead and wounded. Their loss must be very great. Ours were eight killed and twelve wounded. Also at Coleskop there is no sign of the enemy. The brilliant victory of our burghers at Jaasfontein has had a great effect, and is of great importance to our arms. Our burghers were divided along an extended fighting line. Now they can concentrate again. General de la Rey also reports from Achtertang that he sent to look for the enemy's wounded in the hills yesterday in order to nurse them and to bury their dead. We took sixteen prisoners. General Schoeman further reports that the day before yesterday heavy fighting took place near General Grobler's laager, the enemy losing 150 in killed and wounded, and nineteen prisoners, including eleven wounded. The enemy fled in great disorder.

Colesberg: Wednesday afternoon.—Chief Commandant de Wet wires to-day: This morning about 5 A.M. I arrived at Rensburg Siding to attack the enemy. We found the station deserted, but about 300 men were marching southwards. We beat them with loss on our side of one killed and four wounded, one dangerously. Of the enemy about seventy-five escaped, the others being killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The enemy has now arrived from the direction of Rietfontein with guns, and we are firing at each other with heavy guns. We hope to drive them back from here. A considerable quantity of fodder and bags has been captured at the station. This afternoon the telegraphist of Colesberg wired: '104 prisoners have just arrived here, of whom some were slightly wounded.' One of the outposts reports that horses sufficient for several weeks have been captured again.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 4.

February 15.—The acting captain of the scouts at Achtertang reports: I have just returned from the battlefield at Rensburg Siding. It is a fearful sight to see the dead and hear the moaning of the wounded. The enemy were generally shot down whilst running away across a bare plain after being driven from the kopjes. It appears there had been a fearful panic amongst them. In their camp they left behind more than 100 pack-horses, fodder, a couple of hundred bags of onions and potatoes, also salt, &c. As far as I rode from Jaasfontein to Rensburg Siding the road was strewn with thousands of cartridges, cases of meat, clothing, &c.

On the other hand, there is quite justifiable jubilation on the successful surprise of a convoy, which, for some unexplained reason, had not been properly guarded.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 6.

Modder River: Saturday, February 17.—General de Wet¹ wires to-day *via* Koffyfontein: In the fighting yesterday we took altogether fifty-eight prisoners; it was a gigantic labour to load the wagons in the laager we had taken possession of. Altogether we captured eighty wagons and 2,800 oxen. I left with 200 men in the direction of Ronddavell's Drift, and after riding one hour and a half we came upon the patrol of the enemy hidden in a kraal. We summoned them to surrender, which they did, and we took fifty-eight prisoners, including three lieutenants—Samson, Black, and Myburgh—Sergeant-Major Davitt, four sergeants, and four corporals. I found also forty saddled horses, and fifty-eight Lee-Metford rifles.

Still there seems to have been absolutely no attempt at concealing the news of Cronje's surrender, as soon as it became known, or even in publishing the rumours of it before the news was actually confirmed. Thus on March 1:

War Report. No. 10.

Chief Commandant de Wet telegraphed *via* Petrusberg, dated yesterday: It is reported by Kaffirs, who have arrived at Petrusberg from General Cronje's laager, that the General is said to have surrendered. I cannot believe it.

Again, on March 2, Commissioner Steyn of Petrusberg telegraphs:

War Report. No. 11.

J. P. M. vd. Linde, of Kaffir River, arrived here on parole with his wife and five children yesterday. He was in the British camp at Paardeberg Drift, and reports that there are still fifty-seven women and children. He cannot state the number of prisoners with certainty, but he knew that twenty-two of our burghers had been killed and eighty-seven wounded. Three guns and three Maxims were destroyed by our men before they surrendered.

Finally, on March 8 full information had arrived, and news was sent from Koffyfontein that

(War Report. No. 14).

A trustworthy person who arrived here to-day from Jacobsdal tells us that according to English official reports 3,600 burghers surrendered, and according to the statement of Boer prisoners the loss of General Cronje during the removal of his head laager was about 150 killed and wounded; that some of our wounded were sent to Kimberley and the remainder to Jacobsdal, and most of the rifles were burnt, and the guns (except our howitzers) were made useless; that according to an estimate of the ambulance the enemy's loss was between 5,000 and 6,000 killed and wounded. He saw himself 140 buck wagons of English wounded

¹ This must be Piet de Wet, because on the afternoon of February 14 Christian de Wet was telegraphing from Rensburg, more than 100 miles away from Waterval Drift on the Riet River, where this exploit took place on the 16th, and Christian de Wet is generally called chief commandant. In this respect Dr. Conan Doyle's history on p. 322 should be corrected.

on the road to Jacobsdal, whilst a further number were conveyed also direct to Tweerivier. It is clear that the reason why all the wounded were not conveyed *via* Jacobsdal was to keep their number as secret as possible.

This latter figure for the number of our wounded and killed is enormously exaggerated, as the official returns only give about 1,500 of the killed, wounded, and missing in the week spent by the British army before Paardeberg.

The next bulletin of interest in the sequence of events is an elaborate proclamation of Steyn's to his fellow-citizens, which speaks for itself. No one in England, at any rate, would feel anything but admiration for the spirit in which the State President expressed the determination of his Government to carry on the struggle.

Official Report. No. 17. March 19, 1900.

PROCLAMATION.

Hereunder is a proclamation issued this day, of which please distribute as many copies as possible amongst the public.

Whereas a certain proclamation has been distributed amongst the burghers of the Orange Free State purporting to be signed by Roberts, Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief in South Africa; whereas in the said proclamation all burghers of the Orange Free State are warned to abstain from further resistance to Her Majesty's Government, and to the troops under his command; therefore I, Marthinus Thennis Steyn, State President of the Orange Free State, proclaim and make known to all burghers of the Orange Free State that the Republic of the Orange Free State still exists, and that its government is still actively engaged in fulfilling its duties. That the said proclamation is null and void within the limits of the Republic of the Orange Free State. That every burgher summoned to personal commando service is in every case obliged to respect and obey such summons, and shall in case of disobedience be liable to punishment in conformity with Martial Law. That any burgher rendering in any way assistance to the enemy, or any burgher who lays down his arms without absolute necessity to protect and save his life and property, and shall thereby give advantage to the enemy, shall be considered guilty of high treason, and shall be treated with the utmost rigour of the law. And any burgher obtaining knowledge of any act of high treason on the part of any burgher shall be obliged to immediately communicate the same to the proper authorities, failing which he shall be considered guilty of and punished for high treason.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the Orange Free State at Kroonstad this 19th day of March, 1900.

M. T. STEYN, *State President.*

By order, P. J. BLIGNAUT, *Government Secretary.*

Warn burghers that if they publish or assist in publishing the enemy's proclamation, verbally or otherwise, or refrain from warning people against the proclamations which have been published, they will be guilty of high treason and the blood of their fellow-burghers who are still bravely fighting for country and people. Any person guilty of being employed to spread proclamations or other documents injurious to our cause must be arrested and imprisoned. Go round

yourself in the district and employ R. D. M., and appoint other persons, if necessary, to assist you in the work, and to open the eyes of the burghers to the danger of those treacherous proclamations. Persons buying cattle for the enemy must also be arrested, also persons selling voluntarily to the enemy.

In subsequent bulletins there are various instances quoted of Boers arrested and punished for surrendering or for distributing Roberts's proclamation.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the bulletins is the account which Christian de Wet telegraphs of his surprise of the convoy and guns at Koorn Spruit. Unfortunately it just happens that the bulletin that contains this report has been somewhat damaged in the feed-bag, so that there are some gaps in it, but enough remains to give a clear idea of what happened on the Boer side. It will be remembered that a convoy and force coming from Ladybrand had joined General Broadwood at the Waterworks of Sanna's Post, and that on the morning of March 31 a considerable British force was assembled under him. Early in the morning they found themselves shelled by Boer guns from an impregnable position, so the General sent on the main body of the convoy with the two horse-batteries Q and U on the way back to Bloemfontein. In the middle of the open plain, however, on the way thither, there was a deep ravine called Koorn Spruit, in which some more Boers were posted in ambush. As the wagons on the convoy came down into the ravine they were silently seized by the Boers and driven up on the other side to avoid suspicion. Finally, one battery of guns also came right up to the ravine without any scouting, and five of the six guns of U Battery were captured. Q retreated 1,500 yards, and there fired on the Boers, and escaped with only the loss of two of its guns. This is De Wet's account of the occurrence—short, to the point, and unblemished by any boasting, which such a remarkable achievement, if anything, would have excused.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 21.

The following telegram received from Chief Commandant C. de Wet, Klip Kraal, Koorn Spruit, *via* Brandfort, to His Honour State President at Kroonstad, begins: 31.3.00.—We marched last night from the farm Vrede of Mr. Marais on Ost Spruit, distributed our commandos in two divisions, and I went with Commanders Nel and Fourie to the said farm with 400 men and Chief Commandant P. de Wet went with Generals Cronje, Wessels, and Froneman, Commandant Theron of Bethlehem, and General Von der Merwe, who has been appointed in place of ex-Commandant Vilonel as acting-commandant before Winburg, with 100 men and six guns, one Nordenfelt, and one small Maxim. They marched within 3,000 or 4,000 yards of the enemy, who were encamped near the waterworks on the eminence between Modder River and Koorn Spruit. The whole force of Sanna's

Post, Thabanchu, and Newberry, had fled to this place from Ladybrand during the night, of which, however, we knew nothing, only that their wagons were on the way yesterday afternoon. We took up our position at four o'clock this morning, after going for three hours on horseback during the night. I took up a position at Koorn Spruit on the upper and lower side, where the main road from Bloemfontein crosses Koorn Spruit. When the news began to . . . we saw their big guns exactly on this side of Sanna's Poort. As I had [? no guns] with me I resolved to wait until the guns on the side of P. de Wet fired at them, as I was then fully convinced that the enemy from Thabanchu and Newberry were between us. Our guns then began to fire at them from the east, when they fled with the greatest speed to the drift where we had positions. I succeeded, as the burghers obeyed and did not fire a shot or show themselves from the sides of the spruit until the enemy were near us. We allowed them to approach until they were close to the ravine with their guns, as they knew nothing of us. As soon as we fired they retired in full force to within 1,500 yards from us, but we succeeded in killing at once the horses of four or five of the six or seven guns, thus preventing them from retiring, and the artillery were obliged to leave the guns to their fate, and only escaped with two guns to the above-mentioned distance of 1,500 yards up to the station buildings on the other side of Koorn Spruit, from where they opened a heavy fire on us, both rifle and gun fire, which lasted about three hours and a half, and they also left the two guns in the lurch, and fled in full force to . . . and were pursued by us, chiefly by the men of Bethlehem and Winburg, who then came over from their position in my direction. The dams of the Waterworks in the Modder River prevented those men from crossing quickly. We took about 200 prisoners. In the fight they took the killed and wounded away. On the battlefield between me and where the men stood there remained . . . of the enemy. We also took . . . mule wagons. There were . . . killed and five wounded on our side . . . Lt. . . . Attaché (Dutch Indian Army). . . .

According to the official reports, the number of English dead and wounded was rather under 600, but it will be seen from the following extracts that the English losses mounted very rapidly in the Boers' estimation :

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 22.

Brandfort : April 6, 1900.—Captain Reynders telegraphs: Two of my men have just come in from the Waterworks at Sanna's Post, reporting that Chief Commandant C. P. de Wet gave battle to the south of Thabanchu in the direction of Kaffir River. We took 459 prisoners and twelve wagons and carts, and there were 100 British dead and wounded. Our loss, three dead and five wounded. . . .

A telegram received from De Villiers at Dewetsdorp begins: Waterworks retaken, made 900 prisoners, 600 dead and wounded. On our side five dead and nine wounded.

There are several other incidents, such as the fighting about Stormberg, the relief of Kimberley, and a good deal of desultory fighting about Brandfort, which are touched upon in these bulletins, but they are hardly of sufficient interest to make them worth reproduction. There are several bulletins, however, relating to

the investment of Wepener which may be of interest. It will be remembered that Wepener is a town in the south-east of the Free State, where Colonel Dalgety with a small garrison found himself isolated at the beginning of April and surrounded by the Boers. The attack on the place by the Boers was one of the most determined which they made during the course of the war, and the resistance of the small garrison one of the most heroic made by the English. It was finally relieved by the diversions created by the other English forces operating nearer Bloemfontein, though, as will be seen by the following report, the Boers often thought they were on the point of being successful.

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 22.

Official report from Wepener, April 9. This morning, at sunrise, fight with guns and small arms. The enemy were attacked at three points. . . .

Wepener: April 10, 1900.—Captain Kirstein telegraphs from Jammersdrift, April 9, 1900: There was heavy fighting to-day from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the evening; on our side there were seven wounded and killed. The loss of the enemy is unknown. Wepener is taken possession of by our burghers (*sic*); the enemy is entirely surrounded by our burghers, and the force of the enemy is about 1,500. We took many of their positions. The burghers are full of courage, and wanting to go forward to break the force of the enemy. We all hope that the enemy will soon surrender.

On the following day De Wet, who seems to have been a better judge than this captain, telegraphs from Hoffmans Rust near Wepener:

Bethlehem Official Report. No. 24.

The fighting still continues; the entrenchments of the enemy are such that it seems to me it may be some days before we can drive them out.

And on April 12 he telegraphs that fighting still continues, though he is hopeful that if he can gain some point of vantage the English will have to surrender. But he only admits nineteen casualties on his own side.

On the 13th Captain Kirstein reports that fighting still goes on, and on the same day De Wet is hopeful that the English will surrender on the following day; the Boers are still hopeful as late as the 20th, though the siege had to be raised on the 24th.

It is much to be regretted that these bulletins have arrived in so fragmentary a condition; but enough of them is extant to show that at any rate in the Free State the farmers were not put off with grossly untrue accounts of the state of the war, and that even in official veracity the Boer is not quite so bad as at one time the bellicose spirit of the Jingo papers thought it necessary to paint him.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

THE RESULTS OF WILD BIRD PROTECTION.

WE ought by this time to be able to point to definite results from the legislation for the protection of birds which has been added to the statute book since the year 1880. This is not the place to give a history of these Acts, which is, moreover, told in a very clear and practical way in Messrs. Marchant and Watkins's book on this subject.¹ It is sufficient to say that the law has taken more birds under its protection year by year, and that any County Council, by applying to the secretary of the Local Government Board, can now get practically any area 'specially protected,' which means that no eggs may be taken there in the breeding time. They can also ask for particular birds of local rarity or interest to be protected all the year round, which things the Secretary of State usually grants with a cheerful mind; and all that remains for the local authorities to do when the birds are granted this protection is to see that they get it, which is not always quite the same thing.

Perhaps the best results of the Acts are seen where local societies exist for the protection of birds. As soon as a body, and not an individual, tries to set the law in force, it receives support from public opinion. The private person who tries to do the same runs the risk of being regarded as a persecutor of his own species. Several of these societies employ regular watchers to look after specially protected areas during the breeding time. This does immense good on bits of coast like the Chesil beach, or the Norfolk sandhills, or the Suffolk and Essex coasts and marshes, near Orfordness or the mouths of the Blackwater and Essex rivers. Egg gathering on these shores was formerly a regular business. When the birds swarmed on the shingle and marram it was an attractive if mischievous occupation, and when only occasionally indulged in by local egg pirates did no great harm. The walk across the sea marshes, over which the fresh wind blew the hot sands like fine rain from the sandhills beyond, with peewits and redshanks shrieking over-

¹ Wild Birds' Protection Acts, 1880-1896. By J. R. V. Marchant and W. Watkins. London: R. H. Porter, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

head, to the foot of the 'marram hills' and shingle binks, where the eggs of terns, ringed plover, peewits, and 'shanks' were to be had in any number for the trouble of picking them up, and then the taking of a swim in the shallow sea beyond, had in it a spice of sport and adventure. But besides these occasional raiders there were and are the professional egg robbers, who take the eggs, some to sell in the markets, some to send to dealers. One family on the Suffolk coast owned to having taken 3,000 eggs in one season. Though not so bad as the egg trade in Labrador, where ships were freighted with the spoil, the damage done was very serious.

The bird-watcher's work is a new form of gamekeeping, of the humane kind. There are many who would willingly exchange duties, and spend the six weeks of early summer between the marshes and the sea, enjoying the salt air and glancing lights from sky and ocean, and counting up the daily increase of the eggs and young of the white-winged birds of Neptune's poultry yard.

As a rule, it is easy to get competent watchers, but not quite so easy to induce them to give evidence if a raid is made. The writer overheard an old fowler, who was so employed, refuse to produce the eggs which he had taken from the offenders, and which were needed as *pièces de conviction*, on the ground that they were addled, and that he had thrown them away because they smelt unpleasant. Recollecting the fine mixture of fish-heads, dead crabs, seaweed, and cabbage stalks in his garden by the quay, I thought this an unnecessary piece of delicacy. But it passed for the occasion.

Breakers of the law are often most ingenious in their excuses. They usually pose as the injured party. This is seldom better done than by a couple of soldiers back on leave, who were 'pulled' for taking eggs on a protected foreshore. They arranged for a number of sympathisers to be present, who supported their arguments by obvious approval. Their story was that, being back home for a short interval after fighting the enemies of their country—when one of them had killed two Matabeles 'to speak to,' besides others he might have killed, but did not claim, as he wasn't sure if he had shot them—they had gone down on a Sunday morning to get some eggs, as they always used to when they lived at home. That they had been stopped, their eggs taken from them, and, to add injury to insult, were now

summoned. 'How should they know what laws had been made "behind their backs" when they were away at the war?' they asked indignantly. It was all most ingeniously done, and though the printed notices were posted opposite the houses where the men were staying, they were not unnaturally let off without a fine.

But on the particular spot where these men were poaching there are now some five or six hundred pairs of terns, lesser terns, shore curlews, redshanks, and peewits nesting, where ten years ago there were not one-sixth of the number.

In regard to birds in general, the English public have little to reproach themselves with. Our bird population is enormous, innumerable, and still increasing. You see nothing like it on the continent of Europe, even though in particular places, such as the swamps of the Danish coast or of Andalusia, or on the Dutch polders, or in the Pontine marshes, particular species make a great show. But nowhere do common birds—rooks, sparrows, blackbirds, thrushes, larks, finches, yellow-hammers, tits, robins, and the rest—swarm as they do in the fat and smiling fields and lawns and woods of England.

But this is not exactly the result which was aimed at by such a wide scheme of wild bird protection as is now part of the law. Its object was rather to extend help to birds which, though naturally numerous, are also very local in their breeding-grounds, and to increase the number of rare kinds which had been killed down or driven away by persecution. Sea-fowl, for instance, and shore-fowl are very numerous locally; but they only breed on the coastline or near it. Consequently, if you take a map, the narrow line round the coast represents the sole superficies of these birds' breeding ground, while the whole of the middle of the map is possible nesting-ground for the rest. The rock-fowl were the first of all birds to be protected in the precipices where they build. To these homes of the brood of the sea are now added miles after miles of sandhills, tens of thousands of acres of marshes and 'saltings,' of fen and foreshore, shingle banks and bennet-dunes on the eastern coast, the nesting-ground of the sorely persecuted shore birds and wild fowl. Lastly, there are particular haunts of special birds, islets where the eider ducks or shearwaters or stormy petrels breed, or inland bits of forest or fen, where the rough-legged buzzard or marsh harrier or bittern is expected to return, or where the large grebes or bearded tits still remain.

The County Councils themselves have as yet no reports on the

subject, which seems rather illogical, as they took a good deal of trouble in the matter. But they are generally able to refer to some local society for the protection of birds, or some resident—often the person who induced them to take action in applying to the Secretary of State for ‘orders.’

The following summary of results, where not based on personal visits to a number of favourite bird haunts in Britain, is taken partly on the information of these willing correspondents, who have done so much to protect bird life in their own districts, and partly from the reports of local societies for the protection of birds or for the study of county natural history, such as those which flourish in Norfolk and Essex.

In Thomas Bewick’s county, where the English feeling that bird life and rural beauty are inseparable first found expression through the old engraver’s wood-blocks, a bird which he specially desired to see more numerous is now found breeding all over Newcastle. This is the starling, which was quite a scarce bird there in Bewick’s time, and which he often said it would be a pleasure to see nesting in his neighbourhood. So, too, the flycatchers and woodpeckers flourish exceedingly in the county; and on the islands off the coast the sea-fowl, carefully protected, multiply. The eider duck’s nests in the Farne islands rose from 10 to 200 in a short time, owing to the protection given them by the proprietor.

In Cumberland, according to the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, the Acts are producing good results. Black-headed gulls, terns, and other shore fowl increase under Lord Muncaster’s protection at Ravenglass, and a colony of lesser terns at Allonby becomes stronger every year. Crows, rooks, sheldrakes, starlings, and lesser terns show the greatest addition to their number, but goldfinches and linnets are almost exterminated by bird-catchers, and the mountain linnet or twite has become rare. Passing to the opposite corner of the island, excellent results are seen on Exmoor, and along the Cornish and Devonshire coasts of the Channel. On Exmoor the buzzard and the peregrine falcon, which with all the larger hawks are protected (both birds and eggs) in Devon, have become almost common birds. When the staghounds are out both species are constantly seen, and there is every chance that the buzzard will increase. The whole race of seagulls are now under the special protection of the fishermen of the South Devon coast. The movement is quite voluntary. It

came about in this way. Four winters ago two large ships passing up channel in a dense fog were warned of their approach to the rocks by the incessant calling of the sea-fowl, which had greatly increased in numbers and tameness since they had been protected by the Devonshire County Council. The birds found out that the ship was near and flew out through the fog, being now no longer afraid of man, and looking to receive food. This story passed from village to village all along the coast, where lately the fishermen had in the same way been guided home in sea fogs by hearing the gulls. Now they say that any person who shoots a gull 'is no friend to the sailor.'

By common consent, *all* shore fowl should be protected in the breeding season, but unless special orders are applied for by the County Councils only the birds are protected, and not their eggs. The logical course was to get the eggs also placed under the shelter of the law *everywhere* along the coast. But as shore birds like terns and stone plover often breed in colonies, the counties began by getting orders to cover particular bits of coast, like the Wells sandhills in Norfolk and Chesil Beach in Dorset. Then they thought they would like to protect the shellducks and redshanks in the sandhills and marshes, and so obtained orders like that which protects birds' eggs from Cley Beech to Hunstanton, all along the North Norfolk shore. Lastly, the counties of Suffolk and Essex boldly took the whole foreshore of their coasts under protection, and made it absolute, as far as the creeks on the Thames side of Foulness, opposite the Maplin Sand. This extends all up the tidal waters of rivers like the Crouch, into the heart of Essex, and round the islands of Mersea, Horsea, and Foulness. In Essex immense ranges of salt marsh which the sea only occasionally covers are thus protected, as well as freshwater marshes under reclamation, and ranges of sandhills. Taking the case of Essex alone, the results are most promising. This is partly due to the public spirit of the county authorities, but also to the support they meet with from private individuals, among them being the owners of 20,000 acres near Epping Forest, who have joined Mr. E. N. Buxton's Epping Forest Bird Protection League, the members of which agree to protect all owls and hawks (except sparrowhawks), magpies, peewits, herons, and kingfishers. Besides this, every kind of wild bird frequenting the open or public lands in the county is protected in the breeding season, and 'scheduled' birds are protected in Epping Forest all the year round. Lastly,

the eggs of *all* wild birds found on the foreshores are protected from Harwich lighthouse to Shoeburyness.

Though the Essex coast is so inaccessible and remote, the steady 'egging' for market threatened many kinds of birds with extermination. It had been as rich in shore fowl and wild fowl as it was in decoys. Now there are only two decoys working in Essex. Gulleries (several), colonies of terns, and ringed plovers, and in the marshes redshanks, oyster-catchers, and snipe, and in the sand-hills the harmless and beautiful shellducks, were once as common in Essex as they are now in the preserved 'dunes' and 'polders' in Holland opposite, where I have seen them swarming on thousands of acres as thickly as of old. Parts of Essex were indeed so full once of breeding wild fowl and shore birds, that they might have taken a local name from them, as did the island of 'Eyre-land' by the Texel opposite.¹ The young shore fowl used to be fattened. Fuller says that there was an island of 200 acres near Harwich, called 'Pewit Island' (pewits were black-headed gulls), of which they 'were in effect the sole inhabitants. On St. George's Day precisely they pitch on the island, seldom laying more than six or fewer than four eggs. Great is their love to their young ones, for though against foul weather they make to the mainland (a sure prognostication of tempests), yet they always weather it out on the island when hatching their young ones, seldom sleeping while sitting on their eggs (afraid, it seems, of spring tides), which signifieth nothing as to securing their eggs from inundation, but is an argument of their great affection.' Fuller is always good reading when he deals with what he calls the 'natural commodities' of a county, and he adds to this sympathetic and quite correct description of the gulls that the young ones when taken to be eaten consist only of bones, feathers, and lean flesh, 'which hath a raw gust of the sea,' but that they are fattened by the poulterers on curds and gravel, which are meant both as food and physic, and that their flesh thus 'recruited' is most delicious.

The era of young seagull pie will probably not return; but the Essex Bird Society's report says that, owing to an inundation which has made Pewit Island a swamp, this ancient gullery seems likely to be re-established. In spite of the great inundations of 1898, which broke the Essex sea-walls, and the high tides which flooded the salt marshes, the following reports show

¹ Cæsar notes that in his time the savages on the islands near the mouths of the Rhine lived on fish and birds' eggs.

that birds have increased there in the short time since the fore-shore was protected. Bearing in mind that total destruction overtook many breeding-grounds which looked most promising (I have myself seen three miles of shore dotted with eggs all along high-water mark, on the edge of a protected salt marsh in Norfolk), the report is very promising.

The concrete results are that the ringed plover have increased generally. The terns have been saved from extermination, and will soon, it is hoped, recover their numbers as fast as they have at Wells. Until lately they were raided every year by professional egg robbers, who took the eggs and *stuffed* the poor little terns, shooting the old ones later on when the 'season' opened to stuff with them.

Mr. George Hope, of Havering Grange, informs me that at Havergate Island he heard that Arctic, common, and lesser terns all did better than usual this year, and that he saw more himself, and that he has seen a black tern (a species which once bred in England, but now does not).

Outside the sea-walls are half-dry saltings along scores of miles of the Essex shore. The birds seem to have learnt that they are now safe there, and nest in numbers where they did not before. It was there, unfortunately, that last year's high tides overtook them. Gulls are increasing fast, mainly the small black-headed kind. But several pairs of the lesser black-backed gull have appeared, and stayed all the summer through on certain marshes. It is believed that these birds have returned and bred there.

The oyster-catchers have been seen nesting in a fresh locality, and the shellducks, the largest of all shore fowl, are reported to have bred. Shooting shore fowl, which is an ancient Essex industry, is not allowed till August 15, which saves the birds being murdered by Bank Holiday trippers. Suffolk should come into line on this point, for it is absurd to be protecting birds on August 1 at Harwich, while they are allowed to be shot across the river at Felixstowe.

In Norfolk, the home of rare birds from the earliest days of natural history, and of Sir Thomas Browne, the first of our English ornithologists, the concrete results of the 'legal status' now held by birds are most striking and most encouraging. Even the occasional visitor, who compares what he saw ten years ago with what he sees now in the 'meal marshes,' or on the Prince of Wales's heaths at Dersingham and Wolferton, or again on the ancient

sheep-walks of Roudham Heath or Thetford Warren, or on the Broads, that absolutely dissimilar and duck-haunted region, or on the meres of Scoulton and its fellow pools, sees the most astonishing and delightful increase of some birds, and can see others, quite numerous and established, which most people have only seen stuffed in the halls of country houses or in museums. It is difficult to know where to begin in the calendar of protected birds now common in Norfolk, even though during the winter they are regularly shot. But let us take the list of ducks, which, next to game birds, are perhaps the most characteristic species of that county.

Besides the three valuable species which form the mainstay of sport, the common wild duck, teal, and widgeon, there are many other kinds, most of them very beautiful in plumage and shape, which were once quite common in the county, but which had practically disappeared except on a very few carefully preserved waters. Some, like the gadwall, were lost as entirely as the black tern and spoonbill. In the last few years they have reappeared in a way which has surprised those who know the county, and had made an approximate ornithological census a few years ago.

One of the prettiest of the wild ducks is the shoveller: a very few always haunted the Broads, but it was a scarce bird as early as 1815. Now it has increased generally throughout the county. The writer saw a dozen on the wing at once on a broad not five miles from Norwich; and near the northern meres, as well as private broads, it nests freely. The tufted duck was so rare that its nest was not discovered until 1873, when Lord Walsingham found one on his estate. Now it is quite common in the Merton district, and has spread elsewhere. For a bird which was so scarce that its nest was not known to have been found in the county, to multiply as the tufted duck has is phenomenal, and shows what protection will do. One gentleman, writing to Mr. J. H. Gurney and Mr. Thomas Southwell, in whose report to the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society the subject is dealt with at length, says that ten years ago tufted ducks were uncommon near Thetford, and gadwalls unknown. The first pair of tufted ducks was shot only three years ago; now *hundreds are seen in a day*.

The story of the gadwalls which were turned out by Mr. Fountaine at Narford fifty years ago, and have now spread over North and Central Norfolk, is well known; but many other

species are extending their range as well, notably the pochard and the big shellducks. These are coast birds, though in Sir Thomas Browne's days they used to come inland and nest in the rabbit-burrows in the warrens. But their favourite haunt was all along the sandhills from Brancaster to Holne Point. Ten years ago there were almost none left, except on Lord Leicester's property facing Holkham. Now they may be seen by any one travelling along the line from Lynn to Hunstanton in spring, on the hillsides and heaths on the Sandringham estate.

The line runs at the foot of some low sandy hills, covered with heather, and with birch-trees and swamps at their feet. The hillside in April is dotted with pairs of sheldrakes sitting outside the burrows in which they are then laying their eggs. Their conspicuous black and white plumage shows plainly on the dark hillside, and perhaps twenty pairs are in sight at once. Red-shanks in the marsh below, snipe, pheasants, peewits, and wild ducks, all crowd to this royal sanctuary at the foot of Wolferton Heath.

Among the happiest results of the modern feeling about birds is the conversion of the whole of the Thames above the tideway into a 'protected area.' This was not done by an order of the Secretary of State, who, by existing law, would have had to make separate orders for each bit of the river in different counties, and often, where it divides counties, would have been obliged to deal separately with each bank. The Thames Conservancy used their powers, and summarily put a stop to shooting on the river throughout their whole jurisdiction. The effect of this was not seen all at once; but little by little the waterfowl began to return, the kingfishers to increase, and all the birds along the banks grew tamer. Then the County Councils of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire forbade the killing of owls and kingfishers, and this practically made the river and its banks a sanctuary.

The water-hen are so numerous that at Nuneham Lock they run into the cottages, and at other locks the men complain they eat all their winter cabbages. As many as forty at a time have been counted on the meadows. Mr. Harcourt has also established a wild-duck colony on and about the island at Nuneham. The island has a pond in the centre, with sedges and ancient willows and tall trees round. There the really wild ducks join the home-bred ones in winter in scores. Lower down, the scene on late summer days is almost like a poultry-yard, with

waterfowl and wild pigeons substituted for ducks and chickens. Young water-hens of all sizes pipe and flutter in the reeds, and feed on the bank within a few feet of those rowing or fishing, and their only enemies last summer were the cats, which, attracted by their numbers, used to leave the cottages for the river and stalk them, while the old water-hens in vain tried to get their too tame young safe on to the water again.

Though kingfishers increased fast, they were less in evidence. They are naturally shy after years of persecution, and always kept mainly at the back of the willows, away from the river, so long as the latter was crowded with boats.

It was not till November that I saw the kingfishers at play, as I had long hoped to do, in such numbers as to make a real feature on the river. It was a brilliant, warm, sunny morning, such as sometimes comes in early winter, and I went down before breakfast to Clifton bridge. There the shrill cry of the kingfishers was heard on all sides, and I counted seven, chasing each other over the water, darting in swift flight round and round the pool, and perching on the cam-shedding in a row to rest. Presently two flew up and hovered together, like kestrels, over the stream. One suddenly plunged, came up with a fish, and flying to the other, which was still hovering, put the fish into its beak. After this pretty gift and acceptance both flew to the willow, where, let us hope, they shared their breakfast.

This year, for the first time, I saw a coot on the river in summer. Unlike the water-hens, these are very shy birds. A resident, who has shot and fished all his life near that part of the Thames, informs me that he has only once seen a coot there. This bird remained quite tame for a fortnight, in the height of the boating season. It took its departure late one fine evening. It rose from the river, and, flying in a slant, reached a great height above the stream. It then 'fetched back' on another slant, rising higher still. A third time it came back, this time being only a speck in the sky, and so mounted till out of sight—a proper start for a long migration flight. 'Off to the sea' was probably its direction.

On the whole, modern bird protection promises to be an unqualified success. It seems to affect not only resident birds but migrants. The only generally distributed species which scarcely maintain their numbers are the goldfinch and the swallow tribe. Against this we may set the progress made by all the shore and

sea birds, the numerous increase of the woodpigeon and rock-dove, of the turtle-dove, though it comes over seas; the results of the protection of various wild ducks in Norfolk; the multiplication of 'sanctuaries,' the increase all over this kingdom and in Scotland of the various owls, the increasing frequency of visits by the bittern, the spoonbill, and the rarer terns, the cessation of useless bird-catching, the repopulation of the Thames banks by water-fowl, the reappearance of the larger grebes on many waters, even in Richmond Park, the increase of the eagles in Scotland, and the semi-domestication of the wood-pigeon in London.

What is needed now is a comparison of the regulations in different counties and a simplification of the close times. Some elasticity is needed where wild fowling is part of the business of a few of the coast gunners, but even they benefit immensely in the end by proper restrictions common to all. Scotland has now, for the purpose of bird protection, been divided into two portions, each of which conforms to the same rules. After a few more years of experiment, some such partial conformity will probably be found best for England. The only further restriction which might perhaps be recommended is the disuse of punt-guns on the coast. They wound and frighten more birds than they kill, and disturb the flocks at sea, where they would otherwise be safe. Shore gunning does little harm after September, and provides sufficient amusement, with no great loss to the birds.

C. J. CORNISH.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

II.

LIKE Mr. Matthew Arnold, I am a 'feeble unit' of the Great Middle Class, and I dwell among my own people. The district of Suburbia in which stress of financial weather has compelled me to seek anchorage is inhabited exclusively by the Middle Class. Our only link with the much-loved aristocracy of our native land is the Dowager Lady Farringford, who lives in one of the large houses in Stucco Gardens. It is a rather rusty link, for Lady Farringford's (like the owl's in Gray's 'Elegy') is an 'ancient solitary reign.' She must be getting on in years, for it will be remembered that she once met Lothair at dinner at Mr. Putney Giles's—she, at any rate, has not forgotten it—but her natural force is not abated, and her social sway is still acknowledged by the inhabitants of Stucco Square, Stucco Street, and Upper and Lower Stucco Place. As to the solitariness of her reign, she probably likes it, feeling (with John Wesley) that there is 'no hurt,' but rather great advantage, in 'an authority which I exercise solely, with no colleagues therein.' The appearance of a second coronet in the Gardens would seriously disturb Lady Farringford's equanimity. By destroying her solitariness, it would shake her authority. But at present she has to encounter no rival titles more formidable than those of Lady Le Draughte (widow of the famous accoucheur Sir Grosvenor le Draughte); an ex-Lady Mayoress; and the derelict wife of a K.C.I.E.

Turning from the summit to the base of the social edifice, I note that our parish contains no poor, unless the dependent classes who grow parasitically on the seedy splendour of Stuccovia can be dignified by that name. This is quite as well; for, if we had any poor, they would fare badly in a district where social claims on narrow incomes leave little margin for almsgiving, and where the Church directs its efforts towards culture rather than comfort. Last year our Vicar—the Rev. Lancelot Ludovic Soulsby, for I love to write his name at full length—yielding to pietistic pressure, organised a Parochial Mission, but conducted it on lines peculiarly his own. He obtained his missionaries from the Kyrle Society, and they preached on the Social Gospel of Æstheticism

to an audience composed of maidservants and laundresses, with two helpers from the livery-yard, and the jobbing gardener who looks after the Square. The Mission, though unattended by any visible effect on the ethics of the parish, left one permanent memorial in the shape of a Parochial Men's Club and Institute. In this 'temple of luxury and ease' (to quote Mr. Gladstone's description of what the National Liberal Club was *not* to be) alcoholic drinks and smoking are forbidden, and cards discountenanced. But there is a 'Saturday Social' of music, readings, and lemonade; and physical culture is represented by a boxing class, where anæmic clerks and shuffling shopmen pay an annual subscription for the privilege of being knocked down by the curate.

In brief, as I said at the beginning, our parish is a stronghold of the Middle Class. We are well aware that it is the fashion to laugh at us. We have never forgotten that Charles Kingsley (who was one of us) turned against us, declaring that the House of Lords contained all the genius and all the virtue of the country, and that it would soon monopolise all the beauty. This rankled; and before we had recovered from the smart, we were assailed in the opposite quarter and were told by eloquent canons that true hearts were only found in slums, and that the possession of a fixed income was incompatible with moral rectitude. Now, like the reforming Lord Grey, 'I stand by my order' (though a humbler one than his Lordship's), and I profess that dispositions as kindly, and consciences as tender, and principles as strict may be found in Suburbia and Stuccovia as in Mayfair or Bethnal Green. Our participation in the national mourning of last month was as genuine as that of the aristocracy or the democracy, and helped to explain Lord Salisbury's cryptic remark that, if he wanted to know what the Middle Class thought, he applied to the Queen for information. Sorrow makes people sincere, and grief ennobles them. The Middle Class is seen at its best in mourning. But there comes an end to all things—even to the obsequies and panegyrics of a peerless Queen—and, in the reaction from grief, I confess that we did not show to equal advantage.

The Vicar's lecture on the Historical Basis of Punch and Judy, with limelight illustrations (for the benefit of the Parochial Club), has been postponed indefinitely. Mrs. Soulsby has given up her Thursday At Homes till after Easter, and has crowned her parlourmaid's cap with a black bow of unusual dimensions. This is our way of observing Court mourning, and is copied from

the crape band which encircles the arm of Lady Farringford's footman. All this is as it should be; but though ceremonial tea-drinking is abandoned, we come together, as it were fortuitously, in the Vicarage drawing-room. Generally the curate, Mr. Bumpstead—'Blazer Bumpstead,' as his Oxford friends call him—and I are the only representatives of our sex, and we chivalrously replenish the samovar, and hand sugared cakes to the parochial ladies of St. Ursula's, Stucco Gardens. 'A foolish saint, my dear,' grunts old Lady Farringford, 'with her eleven thousand virgins. She would have done much better with half the number of young men.' Well, the eleven thousand, or some of them, with their mothers and married sisters, drop in to tea at the Vicarage in spite of the formal abandonment of the At Homes, and their conversation shows a marked reaction from the gloom of last month. 'Where did you go to see the procession?' 'Mr. Bounderley gave us such good places at his club.' 'I thought the King looked so ill.' 'Did you? We thought he looked much better than when we saw him at the garden-party.' 'Oh! we shall have plenty of chances of seeing *him* again. I could only look at the Emperor. How *splendid* he looked! and it was so nice of him to come.' 'Yes,' interjects a Cambridge friend of the Vicar's who had just slipped in, 'he is quite the nicest Emperor I know. I once sat between him and Mommsen at dinner at Potsdam, and, do you know, I found myself all the time talking to the Emperor—he was then prince—in preference to the professor.'

Here, as the conversation began to soar dangerously high, we Stuccovians turn hastily to less exalted but safer themes. 'Will there be Drawing-rooms after Easter?' 'Well, I have a cousin in the Lord Chamberlain's office who said he shouldn't be surprised if there were.' 'She had them, I believe; but then it was only an uncle, and that makes *such* a difference.' 'Well, I don't mean to go this year anyhow. I shall wait till my girl comes out. Dear Lady Farringford offers to present her, and of course it would be much cheaper—only one train instead of two—but I really think I must make an effort and go. It will be such a happiness to see the dear child and the King together.' 'Will he kiss her?' 'Well, that's what I want to know. Lady Le Draughte says she was kissed by King William.' 'Really! I always knew she must be rather old, but had no idea she remembered William the Third.' 'William the *Fourth*, mamma; how *can* you be so absurd?' 'Well,

I said William the Fourth, didn't I? And in those days they had Drawing-rooms in the evening. George the Fourth did—or was it George the Third?' 'How much nicer that must have been! I wonder if the new King will go back to them. What do you think, dear Lady Farringford? You understand these things so well.' 'Well, some of the women would be very thankful for the change, I know that. Those made-up complexions, like Mrs. Bounderley's, look terrible in the daylight.'

Thus flows the sparkling stream of question, answer, and exclamation; and the male mind involuntary reverts to Mr. Gilbert's couplet:

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like this for ever;

but presently the stream curves into a new channel. Dress becomes the topic. Our visitor from Cambridge, who is a bachelor, comes out strong on drapery and chitons. 'Oh! a mourning Drawing-room will be excellent. All women look their best in black; all girls in white. Mrs. Soulsby, I *hope* you'll go, and do give a Drawing-room tea after it. I should so love to see you in black, with jet, like Night.' And then the floodgates are opened, and a deluge of millinery carries all before it. Mr. Soulsby slips in for his cup of peptonised milk, and is 'oppressively bland and fond' as he greets his friend from Cambridge. 'Blazer' Bumpstead thinks it is time for him to go and prepare, by a breather on his bicycle, for the pastoral duty of pounding a draper's assistant at the parochial club. And I go forth companionless to leave a card on our local M.P., Mr. Bounderley, whose name was heard in the above-reported dialogue.

Mr. Bounderley is one of the mysteries of politics; and I—alas! an idle man—have devoted some time and care to the work of ascertaining what he was and how he came to be where he is.

By the device of comparing Dod's Parliamentary Companion with the Pall Mall Guide to the House of Commons—or, in other words, what our Member would have us believe about him with what his detractors allege—I have arrived at certain conclusions. Joseph Barrington Bounderley was the son of Joseph Bounderley of Newington Butts, by a daughter of — Barrington, Esq. He was born in 1840, and educated at University College School. He seems to have gone early into the City, and to have reached an important position in a house which, in the sixties, had practically a monopoly of the clay-pipe and dolls'-eyes business. In 1875

he emulated that good apprentice who founded the Ducal House of Leeds, and married his master's daughter ; nor is this wonderful, for although his figure has run to seed, he is still *très bel homme*, with a waxed moustache and an ensanguined complexion. Soon after his marriage, he deserted Newington for the more eligible locality of Stuccovia, then first raising its head amid cabbage-beds and market gardens. In the year of his translation he took the decisive step of dropping 'Joseph' from his signature, and has since been known to his friends and the world as 'J. Barrington Bounderley.' Of late he has developed a hyphen between the names, and his wife is Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley, to the unspeakable indignation of Lady Farringford, who 'remembers them when they came, my dear. No one would speak to them in those days. He was something in the City—no human being knew what. She was a pawnbroker's daughter, and her fortune was made out of teaspoons. At least that's what people said. Of course, it mayn't be true, and one should never repeat that kind of story ; but really, when I hear them calling themselves *Barrington-Bounderley*, and pretending to be cousins of dear Eric Barrington, I cannot restrain myself.'

Once domiciled in Stucco Street, Mr. Barrington-Bounderley lost no opportunity of establishing his position. He volunteered to carry the plate in church (coloured almsbags had not then been introduced), and not seldom he presided at Penny Readings. He entered public life by the lowly door of the Vestry, and conquered more worlds by becoming a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and of the School Board for London. As time went on, his neighbours noticed that he went less and less to the City ; and a rumour went abroad that the business (whether it was clay pipes or teaspoons) had been turned into a company, and that Mr. Bounderley had benefited by the conversion. As he went less and less to business, he went more and more to Boards. The creation of the London County Council was a fine opportunity. He became one of the representatives of our district, and his great speech on the 'Quality of the Underclothing supplied to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade' was published as a pamphlet, with a commendatory note which ran something like this :

'Berkeley Square : Tuesday.

'DEAR BOUNDERLEY,—You have handled this difficult and delicate matter with excellent tact and skill. You have soothed

the public sensitiveness, without wounding the manhood of the Brigade. I pledge myself to the truth of every word in your pamphlet, and wish it the widest circulation. Neither our flannels nor our empire must be suffered to shrink.

‘Yours,
‘R.’

It now became evident, even to the dullest onlooker, that Mr. Bounderley meditated some decisive move. ‘Never tell me that he cared for schools, or drains, or hospitals,’ cried Lady Farringford. ‘I always said all that was imposture. What he cares about is getting on. And that odious woman would give her eyes to be an M.P.’s wife.’ *Rem acu tetigisti*, dear Lady Farringford. Mr. Barrington-Bounderley had resolved to write himself M.P., and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley saw her way to challenging your social supremacy in Stuccovia. When first he dwelt among us, Mr. Bounderley was not known to have any political opinions. ‘My interest is in social work,’ he would say; and the statement endeared him to the elect spirits who gathered round Mrs. Soulsby’s tea-table. But when repeated elections had demonstrated beyond a doubt that Conservatism had got Suburbia, in Australian phrase, ‘by the wool,’ Mr. Barrington-Bounderley disclosed his interior convictions. He was a Progressive Conservative. As such he joined our Constitutional and Unionist Association, and soon put new life into a rather somnolent concern. Before long he was its president; and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley superseded Lady Farringford as Dame Dominant of the Primrose League. ‘Not that I mind,’ said the dowager; ‘I always thought the whole business vulgarity itself; and the subscriptions were endless. It is just the thing for people like the Bounderleys—jobbery by means of snobbery!’

The plans were well laid, and the psychological moment was at hand. Our good old member, General Tufto, injudiciously made a night of it at the Conservative Club, on the occasion of a dinner to Mr. Arthur Balfour; and ‘gout, flying upward, soared with him to another clime.’ The vacancy occurred suddenly. Neither side was prepared with a candidate. Three members of the Constitutional Association met with closed doors, and implored Mr. Barrington-Bounderley to stand.

His address came out next morning. He was profoundly attached to our great institutions in Church and State, and would

resist to the last any attempt to dismember the Empire. He would support the Crown, the House of Lords, and the Established Church, as the surest guarantees of popular freedom. He was keenly in favour of better Housing for the Poor, and would throw his whole heart into Social Reform. At the same time, we must be careful that philanthropic zeal should not lead to increase of fiscal burdens; and, while earnestly deprecating the evils of intemperance, he would never consent to interfere with the legitimate enjoyments of the toiling masses. So vote for Barrington-Bounderley.

BOUNDERLEY AND THE UNION!

BOUNDERLEY AND BETTER TIMES!

BOUNDERLEY AND AN OPEN BIBLE!

BOUNDERLEY AND PURE BEER!

The contest was short, sharp, and decisive. The Liberals, stunned by this sudden thunderbolt, could not find a candidate. The Social Democrats, in back parlour assembled, ran a crystal-souled enthusiast who polled six votes, and was shortly afterwards convicted of cheating the Metropolitan Railway Company out of a threepenny fare.

Barrington-Bounderley was returned triumphantly. Lord Salisbury sent him a telegram of congratulation; and the Constitutional cause was saved. Since that memorable day the seat has not been challenged; and it is but bare justice to say that our Member works hard to keep it. His life is one long public meeting. He never leaves a letter unanswered. He subscribes to every benevolent object. Though, as an enemy discovered, he deals at the Stores, he has stated in a public address that (like General Goldsworthy) he employs 'thirty-three local tradesmen.' He toils like a galley-slave to get his constituents into the gallery of the House of Commons, and he gives their wives strawberries and tea on the terrace. At Christmas each of us receives a triptych of white and gold, which, being opened, discloses Mr. and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley simpering at one another across a Union Jack. Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's *Crèche*, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's Innocuous Sweets-Shop, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's School of Popular Calisthenics, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's Ladies' Association for Reforming Workhouse Bonnets, are among the most valued and most popular institutions, not only of our parish, but of our borough. She has been presented at Court by

the wife of a Cabinet Minister. She has written her name at Marlborough House, and bounded over the green sward of Buckingham Palace. Her neat little victoria (though horsed from the livery-yard in Stucco Mews West) has quite eclipsed that archaic landau which—for carriage-painters are expensive—still bears the arms of the late Lord Farringford ; and her evening parties, graced by Taper, Tadpole, Mrs. Ranville-Ranville, and the Stiltstalkings, are voted by the frivolous an improvement on Mrs. Soulsby's Thursday afternoons.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

AFTER a year of public excitement, when one's interest and sympathy have gone with the straining energies of the country, now, while still large thoughts of destiny bear on one's mind and great issues still are toward, some gentle refreshment is necessary, and it is pleasant to contemplate the social English as they were in a quiet time, not our own, but not unfamiliarly remote. Consequently I have betaken myself to Anthony Trollope, an old and constant friend, and for months at a time almost my only reading in fiction. There was an essay in a magazine about him some time ago which I read with surprise and indignation. It had a Good Samaritan air towards a neglected unfortunate. It picked Anthony Trollope up, so to speak, and, having brushed him down, called the attention of passers-by to the fact that in spite of many unlucky deficiencies he was not altogether an unrepresentable object. It is the recollection of that essay that moves me to hazard one on my own account. I was surprised. That Anthony Trollope should be neglected by the great mass of readers was likely enough. He was popular in his own day, because people recognised in him the accurate picture of their human and other surroundings. But few people care about accurate pictures of their fathers' surroundings, and his other qualities are not those which command popular success. His plots are not startling, and his language is quiet and unpretentious. But that a writer who had made a study of him should think him an object for affable encouragement was remarkable. I imagine that few students of fiction and few students of social history have not a better appreciation of his excellence and value.

To begin with his value for the history of manners, he is by far our greatest realist since Fielding. Miss Austen uniformly approaches him in her own field, but that field was a very much smaller one than his. George Eliot approaches him in some passages of some of her books, but in the rest she is in no way his competitor. Lovers of Dickens are apt to attribute to that great master of sentiment and caricature the perfection of every conceivable quality; but I hardly think the well-advised of them would claim for him a literally exact portraiture of manners; and

it is in that sense I am speaking of realism, putting any esoteric views there may be about a higher realism on one side. A comparison with Thackeray may perhaps help my estimate. Thackeray was by far Trollope's superior in the perception of the humours of life and in a humorous presentation of them, but in fidelity to the facts of life, or at least the facts which eye and ear tell one finally, he was by far Trollope's inferior. Thackeray would seize on a mode of eccentricity and exploit it to its full value, but even in this he would exaggerate for effect. Fred Bayham and Paul de Florac would be all the better for a little less exuberance. With commonplace people and incidents he was careless. Even when moralising in his own person, he could write, to take a trivial but conclusive instance, of a gentleman 'bawling out the odds he would give or take' on a racecourse. But you are defied to find in Trollope a remark or an action out of keeping with the character concerned. I would give a pound for every such instance found by an objector, if he would give me a penny for every strictly consistent speech or instance I might find in return. One might go further than the mere details of speech and action, and compare these authors when they are dealing with the same significant situation in social or domestic life. An instance is the treatment of an unhappy marriage in 'The Newcomes' and in 'The Claverings.' Both Sir Barnes Newcome and Sir Hugh Clavering were hard and selfish men who misused their wives. And when due allowance has been made for the fact that Barnes Newcome was a cad and Hugh Clavering a gentleman, which is the more characteristic and the truer picture: Barnes Newcome swearing at his wife before servants and flinging sarcasms at her about nothing, or Hugh Clavering instinctively chilling his wife's affection with persistent and unstudied indifference and curt reasonableness? I have no doubt which of these *ménages* is the more human and interesting; the Newcome one is empty violence, and, as it were, abstract evil, and the Clavering a subtle exposure of conflicting temperaments. But on the point of realism only, remembering that Barnes was a snob, a slave to convention, and had married 'above him,' we must surely pronounce that his violence and causeless cruelty are exaggerated; while Sir Hugh is natural throughout—merely a heartless man who was quite sure he was treating his wife fairly, and was right in chastening her sentimentality and 'trash and nonsense.' If it is added that all of us have met many Hugh Claverings and few

of us a single Barnes Newcome, it might be replied that common experience is irrelevant, that the creation of an exceptional character might be the greater feat. But surely that is only the case if the exceptional character is true to itself. If you find Barnes Newcome 'convincing' or 'inevitable,' or whatever the proper phrase of criticism may be, there is an end of it. But at least it is a serious question if he be so, and there can be no question about Sir Hugh. Other parallels might be given, but I dislike finding fault with Thackeray; to me it always seems a sort of domestic treachery, like abusing one's friends to strangers. Nor would it serve to make comparisons with Mr. Meredith. Characters portrayed with splendid realism he has given us, like Squire Beltham in 'Harry Richmond,' far and away greater in profundity and effect than anything in Trollope. But Mr. Meredith is seldom a realist, and his general absorption in psychology forbids the discursive panorama of life we find in Thackeray and Trollope; and, after all, no number of comparisons can prove the justness of my opinion. If, however, one is content to keep to the superficialities of life only, I think that no one will dispute Trollope's absolute and minute trustworthiness. It was amply endorsed by those who could test it by experience, and we may accept it without misgiving.

The æsthetic value of it, as an end in itself, varies of course with temperament. Merely to note small differences in the manners of the last generation from those of my own is to me a very great enjoyment, and the smaller, the subtler they are, so much the better. I can read carefully every word of the conversation at a dinner party in the palace at Barchester without a moment of weariness, however commonplace that conversation may have been. The little differences in modes of address, the existing point of view intellectually and morally, the social values and distances of this or that distinction in class—all this I love to ponder and carefully to compare with my memory of such commonplace conversations conducted by the present representatives of the people in the book. This, as I said, is an end in itself. But the broader and more bravely soaring minds of other people, impatient of trivialities, would not necessarily waste their time in the same relaxation. These trivialities of manner and address, these intellectual and moral points of view held by commonplace people, imply many important facts of our social system, and the subtle changes in them may connote great

changes to be gradually produced in that system. To take, for example, the changes in the intellectual and active importance of women in everyday social life: I do not refer to exaggerated and generally ineffective propagandism, but to the gradual changes which every experienced man or woman of the world acknowledges. Trollope's evidence on this point is of a very sound value, chiefly, in my opinion, because like all the other trustworthy records of the past, it is a corrective to exaggerated ideas about the former backwardness or present advance of women, but also because it shows in what ways the avowed attitude of women has changed, as it has changed. Or to take public affairs. Those of us who make it our business to study them, or hope haply some day to influence their course, are necessarily dependent on current sweeping generalisations about the temperament and views and intellectual condition of our fellow countrymen. Statesmen and politicians and publicists, those who speak and those who write about public affairs, are in this matter, necessarily for the most part, at the mercy of generalisations which may or may not be true, which appeal to their sense of probability, but which they cannot test. 'If there is one thing certain about the English people . . .' says the speaker or the writer; but does he really know this certain thing? Daily life, converse with different classes and sets of people, help to correct inevitable ignorance in those who avoid the disaster of getting into a socially narrow groove. And I maintain that Trollope's books are a most useful assistance, because by showing tendencies in development they very greatly increase the value of contemporary observation.

But of course the value of this realism, as a means and not as an end, is conditioned by its extent, and it has been alleged against Trollope that his scope is narrow, that he only deals with a section of the upper middle class—with parsons and civil service clerks. The allegation is quite untrue. The chief male personages of most of his books are, to be sure, parsons and civil servants. If he had drawn no other characters than these, it is no narrow scope of observation which includes Bishop Proudie and Bishop Grantly, Archdeacon Grantly, Mr. Arabin, and Mr. Slope. Surely here are types of human nature and social tradition and moral and intellectual equipment sufficiently diverse? This same consideration holds in a less degree of his civil service clerks. Johnny Eames and Adolphus Crosbie, and the trio of 'The Three Clerks,' with their colleagues and official superiors, make up a

tolerably extensive fraction of humanity in its essentially different qualities and capacities. But his subsidiary persons in these clerical and civil service books come of many classes and types of training and character. It would be too long to give instances enough to establish my remark, but I cannot refrain from mentioning Mr. Sowerby, an original and brilliant study of a familiar result of changing social conditions. Moreover, there are other books; 'The Claverings,' in my opinion one of his very best, has little to do with parsons, and nothing with civil servants. Sir Hugh Clavering and his brother Captain Archie, Count Pateroff, the inimitable Doodles and 'the man who dusted his boots with his pocket-handkerchief'—these distinct and different people are worlds apart from parsonages and Somerset House or Downing Street. And think of his gallery of women, prudes and coquettes, dowagers and adventuresses, bullies and slaves, beautiful and ugly! And remember that he has done several times what Thackeray, hardly did once: he has drawn interesting, clever, and individual women who were also good and serviceable. All this array of characters is paraded in detail; you follow them in their rising up and going to bed, their businesses and pleasures and meals and love-affairs, their financial distresses—which no one but Thackeray in the case of Sir Francis Clavering, has described with such minute knowledge and appreciation: modern novelists are all so rich—and their deaths and burials. A narrow field? It is as big as China.

So much of Trollope's value as a realist. But I am by no means minded to stop here. Dr. Garnett, whose study of Trollope in 'The Dictionary of National Biography' is most exhaustive and appreciative, nevertheless commits himself to the statement that 'he never creates—he only depicts.' It is an almost distressing instance of the modern taste for irresponsible paradox that so sound and scholarly a critic as Dr. Garnett should make this reckless assertion. The man who gave Mrs. Proudie to the world 'never creates'! It takes one's breath away. Whatever be the fate of Trollope's books generally, it is at least certain that Mrs. Proudie will live as one of the great creations of English fiction. So completely realised she is that thousands and thousands of unimaginative readers have known her as familiarly as they know their nearest relations; and she has not been known to them merely by phrases and peculiarities of manner, but in her full, vigorous character. To say that this is mere observation is

really monstrous. Trollope never listened to the intimate colloquies of bishops and their wives, but who doubts the absolute truth of Bishop and Mrs. Proudie's? Dr. Garnett indeed directly contradicts himself on this point. 'His success in delineating the members of social classes, such as the episcopal, of which he can have had but little personal knowledge, is most extraordinary, and seems to suggest not merely preternatural quickness of observation and retentiveness of memory, but some special instinct.' Trollope, as a matter of fact, had a considerable personal knowledge of clergymen, and, even if he knew but few bishops, had plenty to go upon in drawing them. But when a writer has produced such a character as Mrs. Proudie, seen all round and through and through, to say that he 'never creates' but has 'some special instinct' is to play with words. This 'special instinct' was an imaginative and sympathetic power of realising the complete characters of people whom either Trollope could only know in their outside aspects, or invented altogether: why this power should be distinguished from creative genius, or how the distinction is to be made, I must leave to subtler critics. But I should very much like to know in what way Mrs. Proudie is less of a creation than Becky Sharp, for I do not think Dr. Garnett would suggest that Thackeray 'only depicts.'

The fact is that the exact portraiture of manners—in which sense of realism I claimed that Trollope was a great realist—though his most valuable quality for history, is not his greatest gift in point of intellect. It was the gift readiest to his hand, and one with which he was for the most part content. But when he chose, when the subject attracted him, when he took the trouble, he could go deeply into the sources of character. He wrote plainly; he hated any parade of philosophy; he would have scoffed at the word 'artist;' and it is true enough to say that he did not take his vocation of novel-writing very seriously. But it is not true that because a man does not take his work seriously therefore his work is not serious. One would, indeed, wish it were true—if only the converse were true also, and the multitude of contemporary mediocrities, who prate about their wonderful aims and inspirations, by virtue of their prating made themselves worth the trouble of reading. When Trollope went deeply into character he did so not because he took his work seriously, but because the subject interested him. That does not matter; what matters is that he did go deeply into character on occasion, as

Mrs. Proudie and her husband, as the persecuted Mr. Crawley, and as a dozen other results are extant to prove. It is done without parade, and, except perhaps in the case of Mr. Crawley, is done without an appearance of continued intention; but it is done all the same. With a few hints and suggestions, with a few casual asides, Trollope has shown often that the whole nature of a type of human being is clear to him. It may be the case that the manner is not that of an artist—that it is rather that of a man of the world wishing to interest and fearful of wearying you; but none the less is the result most interesting, and respect for the knowledge and intellect which produced it most clearly due. Too much has been made of the fact that Trollope was regular in his habits and wrote so many words a day. It is a sign of the crude and unsympathetic character of our literary appreciation that we should be reminded of this fact whenever Trollope is mentioned. He had been trained to task-work and punctual habits, and he found them convenient. Why not? A man's intellect is not necessarily the worse because its working is not dependent on sunshine or rain, on the society he has been frequenting, on the thousand other irrelevant accidents of life. To be able to set them aside does not mean that a man is stupid, but that he is strong. A poet might not be able to do this. But Trollope's method is one of prose; it works with sound knowledge of life on the lines of reason. Imagination was needed too, and, as I contend, he used it in full measure. But it does not follow that because he wrote so many words a day he had not previously thought out what he was going to write. The form of his work was sufficiently pedestrian to allow him to use what his gift of imagination had provided for him at such a time as he chose. That is all, and that is to his credit. There is no need to apologise for an intelligence because it is not only great, but alert and ready for use, nor any need to apologise for Trollope at all; and I trust that my remarks may not be so interpreted.

G. S. STREET.

NAPOLÉON IN CORSICA.¹

AN EPISODE OF 1789.

THE outbreak of the Revolution found Napoleon in garrison at Auxonne, and at the date of the fall of the Bastille he was within a month of completing his twentieth year.

Towards the end of September 1789 he arrived at Ajaccio on six months' leave. This was his third visit since he left it for the first time as a boy ten years earlier.² As before, on his arrival he took the affairs of his family in hand with merciless rigour, and regulated the food, the work, and even the sleep of the household with a vigilance that there was no escaping. But matters more important soon occupied him. The state of the island at that time was remarkable; an Irishman might find some analogy to that of his own country when English authority has been repressing popular manifestations at a time when England herself was seething with new ideas. The old *régime* lingered on in Corsica long after it had disappeared in France: the French garrisons bore the white cockade when the tricolour had been universally adopted in the French army; all public despatches came through the hands of the military governor, and none of the decrees of the Assembly had been published. Still, accounts of the momentous events happening across the water had reached the islanders, and they were already fermenting with the new ideas. But it would be a fallacy to suppose that the Corsicans were raging against priests and nobles in the abstract. Their hatred was only directed against the class which ruled them under the name of France, against the privileged members of the nobility who were attached to the French connexion by titles, pensions, and favours, and against the contempt which the French

¹ The best account of these strange episodes in Napoleon's youth will be found in two books, written early in the century—Nasica's *Jeunesse de Napoléon* and Coston's *Biographie de Napoléon*. The latter is chiefly founded on tradition, and the former was written by a Corsican barrister of position who knew all the parties to the drama, and understood local politics. Jung's *Buonaparte et son temps*, 1880, is untrustworthy, because grossly partisan in an anti-Buonapartist sense. Masson's *Napoléon inconnu*, 1895, contains invaluable documents of this period. M. Chuquet's *Jeunesse de Napoléon*, vol. 2, 1898, is a clear and impartial account brought up to date.

² His father had died in 1785,

residents showed towards the conquered race. For revolutionary France their feelings were sympathetic. Of the representatives which Corsica had sent to the States General, Buttafuoco, who represented the nobility, himself gorged with French favours at the expense of Corsica, dragged in his wake Peretti, the representative of the clergy, in supporting the existing *régime*. The representatives of the third estate, Salicetti and Cesari, took the popular side, and through the letters of the latter most of the news from France had penetrated to the island. During the first months of the Revolution, events in Corsica resembled on a small scale events in France. There were outbreaks and outrages in various parts of the island, and affairs were made a great deal worse by the feebleness and indecision of the Vicomte de Barrin, the Commander-in-Chief of the French forces. The followers of Paoli, who had been exiled to Tuscany, began to trickle back by tens and twenties, and altogether such a state of things existed as might be expected among a fiery and half-civilised folk who had been groaning beneath foreign oppression for twenty years, and now were feeling the first stirrings of the new doctrines which had already intoxicated their conquerors. To restore order, the representatives at Paris drew up a scheme for the establishment in the island of a central committee, elected by localities, enforcing its decrees by a National Guard, and acting in harmony with the Assembly in Paris. This scheme was of course opposed by Buttafuoco, Barrin, and all the supporters of the old *régime*, with arguments familiar enough in all dealings with subject populations, which amounted to this, that if the people received self-government they would massacre one another and break the French connexion. The popular party were as vehemently in its favour.

Such was the state of affairs when Napoleon reappeared in his native island, burning to avenge her wrongs, and to put into execution the doctrines of Raynal and Rousseau with which he was imbued. He found a strenuous helper in his elder brother Joseph, who had imbibed at the University of Pisa the same revolutionary views that Napoleon had picked up in France. Like him, he was ambitious and determined to play a great rôle in the politics of Corsica. Joseph was to be its Mirabeau, Napoleon its Lafayette. The one was in his twenty-first year, the other barely twenty; yet by dint of audacity, unsleeping activity, and devouring energy, they were, in two years' time, well on the road to the satisfaction of their ambitions, and that in the

midst of a crowd of rivals much older than themselves, many of them survivors of the War of Independence, and dignified by the friendship of Paoli.

It was not long after his arrival that Napoleon began to take an active part in Corsican politics. His extraordinary energy is as conspicuous now as at any time of his life : he harangues, he intrigues, and is soon recognised as one of the leaders of the revolutionary party in Ajaccio. Public attention is the more easily directed to him because he is a representative of the ruling class. Like Parnell, he deserts his caste to head the people. His father had been a member of the committee of twelve nobles who acted as a kind of consultative body for the French Ministry. This committee issued a manifesto in October, strongly deprecating the proposal to give the Corsican Communes self-government and a National Guard on the French model. To this the patriots at once replied in a fiery document, dated October 1, the first signature to which is that of Buonaparte, 'officier d'artillerie,' so at this time he was evidently quite prepared to undertake any responsibility which might be involved in the act. Masson, Chuquet, and Jung all agree that the document was the work of Napoleon himself. It is a curious fact that Joseph did not sign it, though Fesch the future cardinal did, and old Archdeacon Buonaparte's¹ name is to be found there. This document is well worth study ; though somewhat extravagant in language, it puts the Corsican case with remarkable lucidity, and answers point by point the manifesto of the Twelve. That a young artillery officer of twenty should thus criticise the Government he served is indeed sufficiently startling ; but startling conduct was the order of the day in France, and it proves at all events that his patriotism was proof against his fears. Logically the Corsican case was overwhelming. Granting the application of the revolutionary doctrines to all mankind, there was no reason why Corsica should stand on a different footing from France.

Napoleon was probably of sufficient experience to be aware that a mere document, however eloquently worded, would not sway the National Assembly. 'Le papier souffre tout,' but practical demonstration is worth reams of eloquence, and he was by nature the most practical of men. The problem now was to prove to France that Corsica was in earnest, but the people of Ajaccio were hardly prepared to rise to the occasion. There were two reasons why Bastia should prove a more suitable place to strike :

¹ Napoleon's great-uncle.

it was the residence of the Governor, and the Governor was notoriously feeble and vacillating. To Bastia therefore he went with that eye for the enemy's weak point which was so clearly to distinguish him in after-years. For an account of his proceedings in Bastia, we are obliged to rely on the *Souvenirs of Romain*,¹ an old comrade of Buonaparte's, but they appear to be worthy of acceptance wherever they can be tested. He took with him two boxes of tricolour cockades, which had been forwarded to him from Leghorn. He arrived at Bastia on a Saturday. On the Sunday morning all the citizens wore the cockade, and a deputation waited upon the Governor to request him to adopt the popular emblem. This, after some hesitation, he consented to do, but would not allow his soldiers to discard the white.

This was not enough for the patriots, who wanted the soldiers to fraternise with them; so a fresh deputation waited on Barrin, requesting him to allow the formation of a National Guard. Barrin, with the love of half-measures which marks the timid, refused the request, but gave leave for the soldiers to wear the national colours. The next step taken by the revolutionary party was a rash one, even in the face of Barrin's weakness. Every man who had a weapon,* at a given order, brought it out into the street, and began to clean it to demonstrate that, if driven to extremities, the people could defend themselves. Barrin was not allowed rest. Deputation after deputation was poured upon him. 'Why were the cannon of the citadel directed upon the town?' 'Will the Governor give the peaceable shopkeepers arms to protect themselves?' While the unhappy Barrin is hesitating, there is a struggle in the street and a few citizens and two soldiers are killed; but before he was aware of this, Barrin had been frightened into visiting the popular assembly held in the Church of St. John. Here he found himself in the midst of a howling mob clamouring for arms or the Governor's life. As was to be expected, he gave way. He issued orders, first for 200, then for 500 firearms, to be distributed. While his officers were hesitating, the crowd invaded the citadel, seized all the arms they wanted, and fraternised with the garrison, finally escorting Barrin back in triumph. Colonel Rully, who had taken the anti-popular side, had to escape secretly to France.

Thus the insurrection in Bastia had been extraordinarily successful. Strange to say, Jung hardly notices it, but there is little

¹ *Souvenirs d'un officier royaliste*, par M. de R. (Paris, 1824).

doubt that Napoleon organised and carried the business through. True, he took no open part in the struggle, but there are good reasons for believing that he arranged and directed it. Romain says that he sat all November 5 in a house near the harbour, superintending the operations. Then the revolution only broke out after his arrival; he distributed the cockades, and there must have been some one of real genius in dealing with men to combine the people, to foresee Barrin's vacillations, and to strike at the right moment. All these are grounds for attributing the principal part in this successful movement to Napoleon. When Barrin is again in command he at once orders him to return to Ajaccio, where on his return he joyfully announces that 'our brothers of Bastia have broken their chains into a thousand fragments.'

The time that followed must have been one of much anxiety for Buonaparte. Supposing the Assembly in Paris took an unfavourable view of the events which had occurred, nothing could save him from the loss of his position in the army; but the result, as it was so often to do in the future, fully justified his audacity. The letter of explanation from Bastia was laid before the Constituent Assembly by Salicetti, and after an eloquent debate Corsica was declared an integral part of the French Empire, all the decrees of the Assembly should run there, and the towns were to elect their own municipalities, as in France. Not satisfied with merely condoning the irregularities of the past month, the orators of the Assembly heaped eulogies on the sturdy islanders. They compared their country to Ithaca; Roland called it 'the patrimony of liberty;' and for some years good republicans looked upon it as the possible last refuge of Freedom. Indeed, it was suggested (when the Coalition was seriously threatening the Republic) that the *élite* of Liberalism should retreat there, 'like the Athenians to Salamis,' to recuperate their energies for a final struggle. The decision of the Assembly became known in Corsica in December, when the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Te Deums were sung, and all save the 'loyal garrison' were wild with the prospect of a 'union of hearts' with their former oppressors. But the Assembly had done more than merely condone the past and grant equality of rights. They contemptuously rejected the claim of Genoa to the suzerainty of Corsica, and, on the proposition of Mirabeau, decreed that Paoli and the other exiles should be allowed to return to their native soil, the proposer expressing his regret that his youth had been 'soiled' by participation in the expedition of 1769 against the island. The return of

Paoli being decreed, the Corsican patriots were instructed to take no steps until his return; but it is difficult, as all experience teaches, to 'put bounds on the march of a nation' when the would-be controlling power is a prey to anarchy. The reins were thrown on the horse's neck, and the men on the spot seized them.

The period of suspense had been passed by Buonaparte in characteristic manner. The people of Ajaccio (without awaiting instructions) proceeded to elect a municipality. It was highly desirable that Joseph should find a place there. Though he was under the legal age for holding such an office, Napoleon by incessant exertion procured his election,¹ and himself became a member of the newly formed National Guard, taking sentry-duty, and altogether behaving as an exemplary member of the volunteer force. According to Joseph,² both Napoleon and himself caught the fever, which necessitated a further demand of the former's extension of leave; this he obtained for four months from June 15. Anarchy now reigned in Corsica, as in France, and it might well have seemed desirable to form some temporary body to bring the island into unity. We now find both Joseph and Napoleon actively engaged in promoting the formation of a central committee for the whole island, to which every place of importance was to send delegates. The committee was to meet at Bastia in April; but Ajaccio was as jealous of Bastia as Sydney is of Melbourne, and the project nearly fell through; finally, however, the tact and earnestness of Napoleon carried the day, and the Ajaccians agreed to take part in the meeting. Thus a temporary form of home rule was set up, which was illegal, but did something to stem the torrent of anarchy. Yet it was by no means entirely curbed. There were continual outbreaks in different parts of the island, and conflicts between the French garrison and the National Guard. In March there was another desperate conflict at Bastia, in which Rully lost his life, and in June there was a serious rising at Ajaccio, as to the extent of Napoleon's complicity in which it is difficult to come to a definite conclusion.

The outbreak took place on June 25. On the 24th Joseph had sailed for France, along with the rest of the local deputation sent to greet Paoli at Lyons. It is highly improbable that—if, as Jung asserts,³ the whole rising had been planned by the Buonapartes

¹ *Nasica*, p. 99.

² *Memoirs*, i. 43.

³ Apparently based entirely on a statement, very confused, in Renucci's *Storia di Corsica*.

along with some others—he would have left the day before. In any case, Napoleon took no active part in the struggle itself.

The causes were the same as those which had led to many other disturbances in the island—the desire to get rid of unpopular officials, and the wish that the National Guard should occupy the citadel. In effecting the latter object the people failed; in the former they succeeded. The municipality seized and arrested the objectionable persons, and they were shipped off to France. If Napoleon had anything to do with the revolt, he kept himself in the background, as at Bastia. The commandant, La Ferrondière, who was a man of very different calibre from Barrin, wrote very bitterly of Buonaparte, who, he said, ‘*fermente sans cesse.*’ Nasica alleges that he came out of his house, attracted by the cries of the crowd, and was forced to take the lead; and that, by so doing, he saved the lives of the obnoxious French agents and secured their being imprisoned instead of shot.

Probably the truth is that he was preparing for an outbreak which occurred before he intended it. In any case, he seems to have drawn up and certainly signed the account of the occurrence which the municipality forwarded to Paris on June 28. This was the third manifesto of the kind he had been responsible for since he arrived in September. It certainly bears traces of his style, and gives an account of the events of the last year from the popular point of view.¹ It opens with the somewhat grandiloquent phrase, ‘The Palladium of a nation’s liberty is public opinion;’ but that was very much the style of the popular writer and orator of the day. The only curious thing about the use of the word is that when using it the writer must have had hazy notions about a ‘Palladium,’ for in some notes made by him at Auxonne next year we find the following: ‘Palladium—belonged to the Trojans’!

In July Paoli arrived. The hero was received with transports of delight, and a Congress was at once opened to settle the affairs of the island. At this Congress Joseph and Napoleon were both present, the former as a representative of Ajaccio, and the latter spent his time in haranguing the peasantry of the district and distributing money. An attempt to secure Joseph’s election as Deputy failed, and his brother, who still ‘*fermentait sans cesse,*’ had to be contented with seeing him chairman of the Directory for Ajaccio.

¹ Masson tries to make out that the author was Joseph, which is impossible, for he was undoubtedly in France.

Meanwhile Napoleon was becoming more furiously Jacobin every day. In July the two brothers were only saved by the intervention of a brigand chief from being massacred by a band of Catholic fanatics at a religious procession in Ajaccio. This 'gentle outlaw' was afterwards made an Inspector of Woods and Forests in Corsica by the First Consul.

In October Napoleon's leave expired, and it would seem that he twice was prevented by bad weather from crossing. At any rate, he was in no hurry to return to his regiment, for he took an active part in the formation of a Patriotic Club at Ajaccio in January 1791, attended all the debates, and took the leading place in them, and on one occasion proposed to present Mirabeau with a complete Corsican costume, including a gun! His last public proceeding was to write a most violent and insulting letter to Buttafuoco, who was still one of the deputies to the National Assembly. If Napoleon felt any resentment that Paoli failed to appreciate his abilities, he did not show it; and he left for France on February 1, accompanied by his young brother, Louis, aged thirteen.

In about ten days' time he arrived at his quarters, having outstayed his already extended leave by three months and a half, but he was well provided with certificates from the municipality of Ajaccio, testifying to his patriotism and lofty republican sentiments, and also to the fact that he had tried to leave in October, but had been prevented. His colonel not only welcomed him, but backed up his demand for arrears of pay, which was granted by the War Office!

In looking back over the fifteen months which had elapsed since he was last with his regiment Napoleon must have found that he had learned much. The sombre and thoughtful youth had made his first essay as a man of action, and not without satisfactory results. He had conducted a popular rising to a successful issue. In the recognition of Corsica by France which followed he had learned the lesson that violence and illegality may have more effect than the most eloquent appeals to justice and the rights of men. His genius in cajoling and managing his fellows had made itself felt in his successful efforts to procure the election of Joseph to public posts, and he had learned the adroit use of grandiloquent and startling phrases in his harangues at the Club. We have now the future maker of *coups d'état* in germ.

W. B. DUFFIELD.

MY MOTHER'S DIARY.

BY MARY WESTENHOLZ.

DURING the war between Denmark and Germany in 1864 my mother kept a kind of diary. She was at that time twenty-four years old and lived at home with her father, who was a clergyman and a widower, and then parson at Vinding, a little village south of Veile in Jutland.

The diary begins on February 1, the day after her only brother, the dear companion of her childhood, had left for the army in which he was a lieutenant, but as, up till the date of the arrival of the German troops at Vinding, it only relates facts that are well known to those who took an interest in the war, and of no interest to those who did not, I have omitted the first part, and in the latter part left out all notes on political or military affairs.

After the loss of Dannevirke on February 5, my uncle Christian's regiment had retreated to Dybbøl. Here he remained, partaking in the gallant defence of this fortress till the final struggle on April 18, in which he was killed. Another part of the army had gone further north, passing through Vinding, and by this time camping on the hills north of Veile, so that, though the Danish troops were continually coming and going at Vinding, no one had been quartered there for more than a day and a night. On March 8 the Germans marched into Jutland, and from that day up till the end of May they made Vinding, and the country thereabout, one of their standing quarters.

THE DIARY.

March 9th.—The Germans have come. This morning, at the break of day, they passed on the high road; a short time after we heard our outposts shooting, and later, at about noon, the shooting began and lasted incessantly till darkness set in. I felt neither fright nor anxiety about our men. I suppose I was stunned—at least I felt bodily weak to a degree that I have never known before. Father and I walked up the hills, from whence

we could see across the Fjord. We saw the smoke from the cannons and could discern different detachments moving about. The sound of the cannons is better than is that hard scratching noise of the guns. At each step I took I felt as if I must collapse, and yet, as I have said, I am perfectly certain that I was not frightened. At about 8 o'clock, in pouring rain and pitch-darkness, the German troops came back. An Austrian colonel, a lieutenant and twenty men, infantry, fell to our lot here at the parsonage. I was too busy arranging for the night to go in for supper. All the rooms are occupied, we have only got our two bedrooms; the dining room must do as sitting room and study too, and must be shared with the officers at meals. We shall have to sit down with them. I have determined I *will not* talk German with them. Letter from Christian—I suppose the last for a long time to come. He is all right and in good spirits.

March 10th.—Oh! what a come-down I have had! They have been resting to-day, and at home for all meals. At dinner the colonel spoke to me, and, true to my resolution, I answered him in French. He immediately changed from German into French, and then it appeared that while he spoke it fluently I could not manage even the simplest sentences, and after a few clumsy attempts I had to recur to German. The colonel behaved very gentlemanly, he not even smiled at my discomfiture, but I hardly dared to move or lift my eyes from my plate during the rest of the meal. It was a most painful experience, but perhaps it was as well that I got this snub at the very start and so was brought down to my level from the high horse I intended to ride, though father warned me. War puts you in your right place, it seems, as quietly and simply as school and society do, and after the first shock you soon find it a relief to feel that no one expects you to act the *rôle* you intended for yourself. Supper went off quietly and peacefully without many remarks on my side. The colonel is a quiet, delicate-looking man. I don't like the lieutenant; he is very handsome and very conceited, far too officious for an unwelcome guest.

March 12th.—It is wonderful how quietly you settle down to any kind and way of living if it be inevitable. Here we are with the house full of enemies, scattering and distributing our winter stores of food and fuel; everything turned upside down; no news, nor any prospect of news, from Christian, the war, or the outer world at large, and yet the days pass as if this were the natural

state of things. What I cannot patiently put up with, is the way our poor horses are treated. They are hardly ever at home, but toiling away from morning till night on those wretched roads. Jens and I both cried when he was ordered out with them to-night after a long drive and waiting in the rain half day. In my anguish I went in and spoke to the colonel about it. He said he was very sorry, but could not help it. Father was vexed at my interference.

March 15th.—The officers are away most of the day, and only come back for supper. The days are busy, but the evenings are my great trial. Father and the colonel play at chess, and I am left to the mercy of Lieutenant Ferch. I hardly know how to hold my own against that man, with his odious compliments and attempts at familiarity. What right has he to speak of the beauty and fairness of Danish girls? How dare he hint at the impression my appearance made upon him? Should not a gentleman forcing his way into your house as your enemy, be blind and deaf to all such things? To-night I spoke to father about it. He was very sorry for me, but asked me to try not to notice it, as he cannot see how he can interfere without causing me greater annoyance still; but he will not play at chess with the colonel any more. The fuel is going fast enough as it is, or I would have a fire in my room at night. That being out of the question, I think I will go to bed immediately after supper, as long as these men are here.

March 18th.—Thank God they are gone. From feeling uncomfortable I came to be frightened. When at last Lieutenant Ferch found out that he could in no way please me, he decided to do what he could to tease me. Whenever he could catch me alone, he would, with mock humility, offer me the coarsest flatteries, and when in answer I only turned my back on him, he would insult me with excuses that were not meant to be taken seriously. I cannot see that I have been to blame. I have given absolutely no provocation, but treated him civilly from the very beginning. *C'est la guerre*, I suppose, and I have realised what it means to have your enemy and conqueror in the house. I have been very miserable, but they are gone now, and the house is our own again.

March 19th.—We have had second or third hand, but quite reliable, news from Christian. He is seeing hard fighting now, but he is safe and all right. I know it is just what he wished—to

be in the middle of it all. Now and then we fancy we hear the cannons at Dybböl. I have been perfectly happy these last two days, moving unhindered about the house, enjoying all my little daily duties and pleasures. The hyacinths in the pots are coming out; I found snowdrops in the garden to-day, and the little new lambs have been frisking about in the sun in the yard to-day. The very air seems full of hope and promises.

March 26th.—Poor old Lotte's foal was born to-day—in the byre. I think she felt it; she did not look the least proud, as she did last year in her nice comfortable box. She looked anxious, or is it I who see my own anxiety reflected everywhere? I know now we can hear the shooting down at Dybböl, especially during the night, when there are no sounds in the house. Our peace is at an end—last night brought a new invasion. An Austrian captain with twelve dragoons and as many horses—thence poor Lotte's degradation. The captain came in for supper, a gentlemanly-looking man of about thirty. Nothing offensive about him or about his manners. No excuses or regrets for the trouble and discomfort he causes. Neither the mock humility nor the commanding arrogance, alike offensive in the conqueror; but a quiet business-like acceptance of an unpleasant but unavoidable situation. He and father talked a great deal about the war and its chances. He speaks quite openly, and told us about our army and its movements—mostly sad news. It seems to be the general opinion amongst the German officers that all our undoubted valour and perseverance in the defence of Dybböl is wasted.

March 30th.—I was alone with Captain Freileben to-night at supper, father having been called away. He related different little incidents from the Italian campaign of '59—he served during that war, and so, thank God, knows what defeat means too. He took no notice of my silence, but went on talking till the meal was finished, and I rose, then he immediately went away into his own room.

April 2nd.—No news except those cannonades! O those dreadful cannonades!—telling us that they are wounding and killing without pity or cessation down at Dybböl. They keep me awake at night, and make me feel faint and sick during the day. We are very busy now, with the house full of people, who have to be fed and warned—and dried, too, for it is pouring down incessantly—at any time of the day or night. I lose my temper ten times a day. When I look at father's quiet dignified countenance, never ruffled by even the strongest provocations, I

feel ashamed of myself. What would Christian say if he saw me? I cannot help it. I feel desperate with impotent rage. What makes it hard is that my greatest trouble is caused by our own servants. My blood boils when, coming into the kitchen, I find them flirting and laughing with those German soldiers, and all my remonstrances are of no avail. The other day, in my great indignation, I burst in upon the captain, saying that I would not, and could not, stand his men in the kitchen. He was exceedingly sorry, he said, to hear that they had been intruding. Would I only tell him where I wished them to have their meals and warm themselves a little?

'I don't know, and I don't care,' I went on, still red-hot.

'But I cannot order them to stay out in the rain, can I?' he said.

'I wish you would take them away altogether,' I said in my misery.

'I wish I could, and I am sure they wish it too. But I cannot, and meanwhile what are we to do to make ourselves as inoffensive as possible?'

'I am sure I cannot tell,' I said. Then, feeling that I had gone too far, I added, perhaps as sadly as I felt it, 'I suppose we must just try to make the best of you.'

'Thank you,' he said quite gravely, which made me almost smile as I went away, for I had been very rude, even more in my manners than in my words. I do not know what he said to his men, but yesterday and to-day they have been a little more subdued. It is disgraceful, but still, I fear, it is the case that our own Danish girls encourage their familiarities.

April 6th.—The days pass, one very much like another. Through the kind assistance of Captain Freileben we got our post yesterday, a few newspapers and some letters, amongst which two from Christian, the one more than a week old, the other one only two days. He is well and quite cheerful, hoping against hope. They are doing hard work with but scanty comfort and rest betweenwhiles. When I read his letter I felt almost grateful that I am not left in idle comfort, but have my part in the work and the trouble, though small honour to me, fretting and impatient as I am. The servants are causing anxiety again. Father has asked me to let the two maids sleep in my room, nominally that the men may have their room to sit in, but virtually to keep them out of mischief during the night at least. I hate it, and they hate it, for though they are very kind and considerate to me

in everything else, they are tacitly determined that they will not do all the hard work, only to be cheated out of the fun you may get out of having a kitchen full of a host of serviceable gay young men. Under these circumstances, with my heart full of bitter contempt, I feel unjustly impatient with everything and everybody, and can barely manage to treat the captain civilly. I think he is a nice man, kind and considerate to his men and horses, and frank and respectful to father and me. If he were not a perfect gentleman, I think he would often resent my way of treating him. As it is, he always seems to understand the case. I really think that if I were to walk into the room on my head instead of on my feet, he would just offer me a chair, and pretend not to notice any difference. What would happen if he took offence at my roughness I cannot tell, for however hard I try I cannot check the intense irritation with which I feel loaded from the end of my hair to the tip of my toe.

April 8th.—The captain said to-day at dinner that he does not think the roads quite safe for me; besides the soldiers, there are a lot of tramps about. I said nothing, but I *will not* give up my daily walk, the only time of the day when my mind is a little peaceful and I feel less wicked. The poor little foal does not thrive.

April 12.—When I passed through the lobby to-day on my way out, I met the captain coming in. He stopped me and asked me where I was going. I was vexed, and answered him curtly, 'To the mill.'

He did not seem to notice my manner, but made me explain where and how far away the mill is, and when he understood he said decisively, 'It is too far for you to go alone.'

I said I was not afraid.

'But I am,' he said.

'Is this meant to be an interdiction?' I asked.

'Miss Langsted,' he said quietly, 'will you let me accompany you?'

I said I had rather go alone, and he answered:

'I cannot allow it, it is not safe; but you shall have one of my men, he will be some protection at least.'

'Thank you,' I said bitterly; 'but under these circumstances I prefer to stay at home.'

He shook his head sadly, and as I turned to go back into the house he called after me, and while I waited he said, 'Will you not ask your father's opinion, and we will both abide by his

decision,' and as I made no answer he added, 'Will you not agree to that?' I made a consenting movement with my head and left him. Father thinks I ought to comply with the captain's wishes. I have told him so, and there is an end of my only recreation.

April 17th.—I do not go outside the garden any more except when father sends me to see some one in need of help or sympathy; then I am always escorted by some Frantz or Joseph. I generally talk to them, often to find out that they are almost as tired of this life as I am, far away from their country as they are and with absolutely no interest in this war.

April 18th.—The cannonade has been something terrific last night and all day. The captain says this must be the beginning of the end or the end itself. In this way the defence cannot be carried on for days, hardly for hours; the fortifications are mere gravel-piles. The shooting has ceased to-night, the dead silence is almost more ghastly than were those ominous bum! bum! bum! One cannot help wishing for their recommencement—for what else?

*April 30th.*¹—I thought I should never write again, never, or at least not for years to come, take an interest in anything. From the moment the blow fell, I have been filled with a craving desire always and at all times to rise and go out of the house, leaving everybody and everything, and walk, and walk, and walk, further and further away out into the haze or the blue sky, where my brain should stop thinking, and my heart throbbing, and my weary soul and body find rest. But these are all selfish thoughts. Hundreds all over the country, amongst them my own dear father, are suffering like me, yet doing their work faithfully and bearing their burden without complaint. And you do get accustomed to mental suffering. You come to look at it as the natural state. It is only when the days of happiness are brought vividly back to you, it is when you compare how it was with how it is, that you throw up your hands in despair. Our loss has made no difference in our daily life. The days that followed after we knew have passed exactly as did those before the news reached us—in a busy monotony. Father says the captain showed real warm sympathy when he was told. Till to-day I have hardly spoken to him all those days. I broke down to-day, and it happened in this way. The poor millers have lost their only son too. He was here yesterday evening to see father—he looked an old man. His wife is more in bed

¹ My uncle Christian was killed on April 18.

than out of it, or she would have come too, for she was longing sorely to see us. So I said I would try to arrange about going to see her to-day. Accordingly I asked for a man this morning, and one was left at home to go with me at any time I might wish. As the captain was to be away all day, supper was fixed for a late hour, and about 4 o'clock I started with my escort. I stayed at the mill longer than I intended to do, and when I came out I was startled to see that the day had almost passed away, and twilight was setting in. It was not raining, but the mist was thick and heavy. It was quite dusk, when, having passed out of the woods and got on to the high road, we heard a carriage coming behind us. It did not go very fast, and when it passed us the officer on the back seat called out to the coachman to stop. When he got down and advanced towards me, I saw to my horror that it was Lieutenant Ferch. I pretended not to see his outstretched hand, and merely bowed. He asked me how I came to be out so late, and offered to take me home in his carriage. I said I could not think of taking him so much out of his way, but he declared that he was in no hurry, and when I, still more emphatically, declined his offer, he said that then he must at least have the pleasure of my company as far as our roads ran together, and without asking for my permission he ordered Joseph to get on to the carriage, drive on, and wait for us where the roads parted. I still remonstrated, but having greater aversion to let the men hear what he might say than to bear it alone, I at last gave in and nodded consent to Joseph. The moment the carriage drove off my heart sank within me, and I felt I had been wrong in sending away Joseph. Here was I alone on the highroad with a low-minded man, who wished and had it in his power to insult me. I made up my mind not to say one word to him, and I stuck to my resolution while I walked on as fast as I could. With my cheeks burning and my heart full of hate and rage, I had to listen to his expressions of false sympathy in our 'heart-rending sorrow;' but I only hurried on. Disappointed that he could not make me speak to him, he grew still more impertinent, and, walking close up to me with his hand upon my arm, he said things that I blush to think of about my beauty and coldness. My knees began to shake under me, and my heart stood still at the thought of what might happen if they gave way and I should have to stop walking. At that moment we heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the road behind us. Lieutenant Ferch let go

his hold on my arm, and, stepping out into the middle of the road, I stood still waiting, determined to ask for protection from whoever it might be. It was Captain Freileben returning home at the head of his little force. He halted when he saw me, and going up to him I said, 'O Captain Freileben, take me home.'

'Miss Langsted!' he called out almost severely, 'how is it that you are here without any of my men?'

I looked at him without an answer, but Lieutenant Ferch now stepped up, and, saluting, he tried to explain the situation, laughing awkwardly the while.

'You of course are free to walk or drive just as you please, Lieutenant, but I must request that you do not interfere with my orders to my men,' said the Captain sternly, and when Lieutenant Ferch was going to make excuses, he checked him, saying, 'Thank you, I understand. I will send one of my men for your carriage.'

I had kept close to him and quite unconsciously caught hold of the reins of his horse. He seemed not to notice it, but let me lead it on in that way while we walked on in silence till the carriage coming back carried off that mean, odious wretch; then, dismounting, he gave his horse to Joseph, and sent him home with the other men, while he himself walked on with me.

'I am sorry for this annoyance, Miss Langsted,' he said after a while, 'but will you now believe me? it is not safe for you to go about the country in this way—a common soldier is not protection enough as things stand just at present.'

'How could I tell?'

'I told you!' he said reproachfully.

'Yes, but I never thought I had anything to fear from the officers.'

'The officers! Miss Langsted. Ah! I am sorry to say His Majesty's uniform is no better than the sun, warming unjust as well as just.'

I tried to smile, but broke down in a little gasp. 'Oh, I am so glad you came.'

'Was it bad enough for that?' he said smiling.

'Yes. it was,' I said. Then, after a moment's silence, he said very seriously:

'Miss Langsted, why will you not let me accompany you when you must go out as far and as late as this? I would try

not to be more troublesome than Joseph has shown himself to be.'

I could not tell him that I would not like to be seen walking about the country with a German officer, so I simply said, 'It is very kind of you, but I think I must give up going about.'

'Well, that is one way of solving the problem.'

'And of easing your conscience,' I said ungenerously.

'I am glad you see it as a question of conscience,' he said quietly, and then added, 'I wish I might trust that you regard my part in this deplorable war in the same light.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean what I say. This war against a small weak country has no attraction whatever to the army. No real soldier but deploras it. But we are here on duty—bound to do our best. It is a question of conscience.'

'Maybe you are right,' I said.

'Maybe!' he said indignantly. 'Surely you cannot doubt. What is there in the life I am leading to satisfy a soldier's wishes and ambitions, and don't you think there is much in it to hurt and pain a man and a gentleman?'

'I cannot tell.'

'Yes, you can. You understand my men and are kind to them, so you must understand my feelings too. Here am I, sorely against my own wish, causing pain and trouble, and witnessing great sorrow and suffering, without even the right of offering my sympathy.'

'You and father talk a great deal together.'

'I am treated most considerately by you both,' he said. 'I was not complaining, only I am sorry that you will not let me do what little I can to make this life less burdensome to you.'

I hesitated one moment, then my self-command gave way, and throwing my arms round one of the great poplars that stand by the road, I hid my face against its stem, and sobbed aloud. He walked a little way on, and coming back, he stood silently waiting, till, having composed myself, I turned round and we walked on again. After a while he began to speak about the foal that is recovering, about horses in general, and little by little about his home. His parents are both living, he has two brothers, the only sister died last spring. 'It was something like your sorrow to all of us,' he said quite simply. I tried to say I was sorry, but could not trust my voice, but when we came

home I held out my hand, and thanked him for taking me home. It is the first time I have shaken hands with one of our enemies. I do not like to think of it, and yet I feel that kindness and generosity bind man to man, as well as do nationality and patriotism.

May 5th.—Manure being the one plenty by which this war has blessed us, Jens and I are planning great things in the garden. He has plenty of help too—the dragoons stopping a great deal at home just at present are always willing to help him in that kind of work. What a strong inborn love we all have for the soil! I wish I could take the same interest in the garden as I used to do. How I should then enjoy all this superfluity! Now I stand looking on thinking all the while. To what end? The captain takes a great interest in it; apparently he is very fond of gardening and knows a good deal more about it than I do. He gives me much advice that I am sure is good. He offered to get me some seeds to-day. I declined, saying that I did not think they would thrive in our climate. He pressed me to try them. ‘I know the soil would just suit these plants,’ he said. ‘Perhaps it would, but they might not suit the soil,’ I said dryly. He felt the snub, and I felt sorry, for he had been so eager and interested, and the day was bright and mild, but how could I agree to cultivating German seed in good Danish soil? What pleasure would there be in seeing it grow and thrive?

May 8th.—The captain now almost invariably comes back at twelve and dines with us. And in the evening he stays with us either in the dining room or in the garden. He and father have long discussions about the war, and, sadly enough, seem to agree upon most points. I can hardly bear to hear them talk like that. I know father is as true as steel to his country, and yet he can go on evening after evening discussing our defeats, mistakes, hopes, and chances with this German officer. The hard things and painful truths they say to each other do not seem to hurt or wound either of them. I seldom join in the conversation, except now and then to ask about something I do not understand, when the captain always takes great pains to explain.

May 9th.—To-day I have had my first long walk since the unfortunate one to the mill. Father wished me to go to Slagballe about some oats, as he could not go himself. When at dinner I asked the captain if I could go, he smiled and said, ‘Well, how are we to arrange it? Will you let me come and meet you?’

We fixed on a time and place where to meet, and I have had a good long walk. The captain waited for me at the cross road, and, the day being fine and warm, I could not resist the temptation to go through the lovely woods and home by the fjord. I was longing for the sea, that I had not seen for months. We did not talk very much. Now and then he would call my attention to some little plant or tree and tell me how they grew and looked at home with him in a more favourable climate; and on the whole he was right—I did not find him more troublesome than Joseph.

May 11th.—I never knew a man so fond of nature as is the captain. I thought I knew our garden out and in. But about every tree and bush and plant he can tell me little secrets that I have never known. It is like going into a new, interesting world.

May 14th.—I will have no more walks with the captain. I will ask him if I may now go alone, and if I may not I will stay at home. It gave me a dreadful shock when, to-day, I felt disappointed because Joseph was to accompany me to the post office, instead of the captain offering to meet me, as I had expected him to do. What would I say of any other Danish girl enjoying the company of a German officer before the signatures to the truce had had time to dry? Oh, I wish he were gone! Oh that this miserable war were at an end and we might settle down to the ordinary state of things and——ah me! What then? What then?——'

May 18th.—One of my wishes has been granted. The captain told us to-day that he has got his marching orders and shall be off on Tuesday morning. He was at church to-day. I know it, though I did not once lift my eyes from my prayer book. After dinner he asked me to go with him to the fjord that he might show me some of the seaweeds he has been talking about. I said I could not come, and I have kept my room all this bright Sunday afternoon, many thoughts and feelings passing through my head and heart. Strongest—oh, no! God help me! not strongest, but very strong—the humiliation it is to feel that I could not honourably and innocently have gone this walk with him. And this hardly a month after Christian's death! What have I done that shame should be added to my sorrow?

May 19th.—Judge not, for ye understand nothing. I have condemned the servants, finding no words hard enough for their behaviour, and all the time I myself have been no better, it seems. Yet I solemnly declare I have been unfailingly loyal to my people

and my country, and am so at this moment, though I cannot prevent my heart from aching and bleeding.

After supper the captain and I were left alone in the sitting-room, father having been called away. It was raining. I sat sewing by the window, and he was busy at the dining-table arranging some papers. For some moments we went on in silence, and I was just planning an escape, when suddenly, without the least introduction of any kind, he said, 'Miss Langsted, is my case quite hopeless?'

'What do you mean?' I said, horror-stricken, my hands dropping into my lap.

He went on with his work, and without looking up he said: 'May I tell you what I mean?'

'How can I know?' I answered; 'but remember this, Captain Freileben, you may say nothing to me that the whole house, the whole parish, no, my whole country, might not listen to.'

Then he looked at me and said slowly, 'Miss Langsted, I love you more than all the rest of the world.'

'How dare you say such words to me,' I said, and at that moment I shook with indignation.

'I would gladly say them before the whole parish, the whole country. Yea, before God and man,' he answered.

'And I blush at the thought that any honest man or woman might ever hear of such words having passed from you to me. How can you be so cruel? What have I done to deserve such punishment?'

'You are innocent. You are not to blame yourself,' he said sadly.

'Oh, that it could come to this—that such a thing could ever come to pass!'

'Miss Langsted,' he said, 'you must try to be just—at least to yourself. We two have been thrown together a great deal for months; we have come to know something of each other, and I have come to love you dearly. I have told you so, because I could not help it, and there the matter is at an end—for you at least. To-morrow I vanish out of your existence. The memory I leave behind me ought not to be hard to bear. To know that your enemies love and bless you is not a thing to blush for.'

Neither of us had moved from where we sat, nor had our voices been raised, though we had both spoken passionately. Now, as I made no answer, he resumed his work and said nothing more. I

did not dare to move, but sat with my head averted trying to hide that I was crying. When father came in a little later he went straight up to me to tell me something. I saw he was startled when he looked at my face. He made no remark; but when I came to say good-night to him, he put his hands on my shoulders, and gazing at me for a moment he said, 'You could never forget that you are a Danish girl, Mimi, could you?'

'No, father, never,' I said firmly, looking him straight in the face, though the tears stood in my eyes. Nor could I. No, not for one moment. Not even to save my heart from breaking.

May 20th.—The captain left this morning. He said he would, if he could manage it, come and say good-bye on his way south again before he leaves the country, and then he shook hands with father and me. The house is empty, and we have been busy all day scrubbing, cleaning, and airing. To-night, for the first time for months, we have sat in our drawing-room, the silent companions of our sad thoughts.

May 30th.—We have been away for two days. We went to Sønderborg to visit the grave. We found it among many others all covered with flowers, red and white, red and white, and marked with little wooden slabs on which the names were written, 'Lieutenant Christian Langsted, killed at Dybbøl, April the 18th.' Father uncovered his head, and, calmly and solemnly as in church, he said the Lord's Prayer, but his voice trembled when, after a moment's silence, he added, 'The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the Lord's name.'

'O father,' I said, 'how happy he was to die at that moment!'

'Yes, there is no troubling Why? in his case.'

'But why are we to live? Why must we go on suffering?'

'Each of us must give our life as it is asked of us. One by dying; another by living. Thank God, my son died bravely and manfully, true to his duty and his country. May you, my daughter, live bravely and manfully, true to your duty and your country! Amen!'

I said nothing more, but when father went to see the clergyman and make some arrangements with the churchwarden, I stopped behind in the churchyard, roaming about amongst the fresh graves, restless and miserable in soul and spirit, not so much mourning our loss as revolting against the demands of the future. At last I sat down in the grass near Christian's grave, and, with my hands folded round my knees, rocking to and fro, I moaned aloud in

hopeless despair. But God took pity upon me, and sent my beloved brother to help me. Little by little his image rose before my inner eye. I saw his kind face, with its bright sunny smile, I felt the pressure of his strong faithful hand, and over me crept that feeling of security and comfort which his presence never failed to impart to me since we were little children up till the day we parted for the last time. And I heard his dear voice, that boisterous, cheerful, soft, and tender voice that could cheer and comfort me, as no other voice can ever do, say, as he has said to me a hundred times during our childhood when I was physically or mentally upset, 'What does it matter, Mimi? Only go on like a brave girl.' And peace and rest crept over me and into my soul. The tears came, I could not stop them, when father came for me nor on the way home; they are falling on the paper here; but what does it matter if I can only go on as a brave girl? No praise to you that you can go on when you feel fresh and strong, while the day is bright and the roads are smooth. No, it is now that I am called upon to prove that I am 'a brave girl?' And I will rise to the call. May God grant me strength to follow it!

June 24th.—Captain Freileben was here to-day to say good-bye. He came quite unexpectedly. To-night his regiment is stopping at Fredericia on its way south, and he had obtained some hours' leave. We had just had supper, and father and I were in the garden. I was pruning the peachtree on the wall, and father was looking on smoking his pipe. He must have walked his horse on the grass alongside the road up the hill, for I had heard nothing till, looking up, I saw him across the fence. Father called out really pleased to see him. We shook hands, and I went for Jens to come and take his horse. When I came back, father had taken him into the house, and there I found them talking away in the drawing-room. He would not let me get him anything to eat. 'I can only stay a very short time, so you must please sit down and let me look at you. Just as a cat may look at a king, you know,' he said, smiling.

And I sat down. Hardly conscious of the present, I listened to his voice as to some far, far-off music that is going to die away the next moment. He told us where he had been and about the people he had met, many of whom were our friends. He asked about the foal, the garden, and other objects of mutual interest, till, looking at his watch, he rose to take leave.

'And are we never to meet again?' he asked.

My head dropped—I could not look him in the face. I know they both looked at me for a moment. Then father spoke, and his voice sounded sadly in my ear. ‘I sincerely believe you are a good and a just man, Captain Freileben. I know you have been a generous and forbearing enemy and conqueror—you have won our sincere regard. Still, when I consider the grievous state into which your countrymen have brought my unhappy country, when I remember the fresh graves I have just visited covering Danish men killed by your bullets, I cannot—no, I cannot think that I could ever welcome you in any home that may be mine.’ Here father stopped. I do not know for how long. Neither of us moved, and then he went on, ‘But I am an old man, captain, and do not look far ahead. Time may change many things, and you two are young, so I am only speaking for myself.’

I stole my hand into my father’s, and, looking up at the captain, I put out my other hand to him and said as audibly as I could, ‘Goodbye, Captain Freileben.’

He took it and held it a moment while he said, ‘Be it then goodbye—and God bless you, dear.’ Then I pulled it lightly and he let it go. We took him to the stables, and after he had got his horse we followed him out on the road, where we shook hands with him once more, and stood watching him while he rode quickly down the avenue. He was gone. Father put his arm round me, and I rested my head against his shoulder. Then he bent over me and said, ‘God bless you, dear; you are a good girl.’

So I have been blessed twice to-day—in my own language and in the language of our enemy—by the two men I love and honour best in all this world, and I can think of both living and dead with peace in my heart.

Here my mother’s diary ends, but between the leaves lay this letter from my father:—

June 1, 1867.

MADAM,—Do you remember your father’s last words to me, when we parted three long years? They have lived in my memory and my hope has fed upon them.

When he closed his door upon me, he left me one little spark of light; on that I have kept my eyes when I was most inclined to feel sad and despondent. His very last words to me were, ‘Time may change many things, and you two are young.’

Time has changed many things to me. My father died last

autumn, and I have left the army and settled down, a peaceful farmer, in my old home.

But time has wrought greater changes than this: have not the battle of Sadowa and the peace of Prague wiped out some of the bitterness you felt against my country and my people? I admit that they cannot wipe out our wrong towards you; but does not the fact that we have become fellow sufferers, with a mutual enemy, make some difference in your feeling towards us?

Time has been too busy arranging all these great things to have any time left for a little trifle like myself. I am unchanged. My wishes, my hopes, my feelings, and my aspirations are the same as they were three years ago. One of these has been gratified—I have changed the sword for the spade; but before I settle down finally I must know the fate of my little light. I must know if there is any chance of its growing strong and bright so as to illuminate my whole existence, or if I ought to extinguish it, and work on in the grey twilight that may linger behind.

Therefore, I write to you, dear lady, to ask this favour of you, that you will find out for me whether time and its work has so changed your honoured father that I might hope to enter his house as a not unwelcome guest.

To you yourself I put this question: If I obtain your father's permission to visit you, am I then entitled to feel that I may come with the same aspirations, hopes, and wishes, as any honest man may bring with him to the home of any pure and good girl?

With kind and respectful regards to Pastor Langsted, believe me to be truly and faithfully yours,

MAX. FREILEBEN.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

THE folding-doors which led from the bedroom opened, and the Christian Scientist came in. She was a woman of about forty, with two features and no complexion. The mouth was of that mobile type so common in Americans much given to eloquence or mastication. The black eyes, though large, had a peculiarly beady expression. The dress was of some dark unsympathetic fabric—possibly Bismarck-brown alpaca.

‘Mrs. Stapp, I think.’

‘I am Mrs. Imogen B. Stapp,’ she answered, as though that mouthful of ill-assorted syllables contained the life history of a woman of many sorrows. In conversation she used banjo strings instead of vocal organs. Her apartment was not more attractive than her personality. For although the sitting-room was lavishly furnished with travelling-trunks and Oxford Bibles, the general effect was not cosy. True, variegated rugs had been thrown over the more important trunks—huge Saratogas like misshapen Noah’s arks; book-markers were protruding from some of the Bibles, but the inherent dreariness of the lodging-house drawing-room remained.

‘I have heard a great deal of you from Miss Barlow, whose mother you completely cured of cancer shortly before her death.’

‘So she died, did she?’ said Mrs. Stapp, in a tone which implied that some silly people had a foolish hobby for dying, no matter what the Stapps of this world might do. Then she asked with a weary smile of interest:

‘What did Mrs. Barlow *think* she died of?’

‘I doubt whether she had any personal opinion. She was never a woman of strong views. But the doctors maintained that she died of cancer. Of course, they did not know how completely she had been cured.’

Sadly Mrs. Stapp answered, ‘Of course, when the doctors are called in the end can’t be far off. Would you,’ she said, fixing me with the beady eyes, ‘if you had constructed a lordly palace, call in a charlatan who had never built a pigeon-house nowheres to give his views on architecture? Would you do that?’

‘Personally, that is almost the last thing that I should do—in the case you mention.’

‘Very well then,’ she said, clinching the matter, as I thought. ‘Or would you, if you had built a temple, employ a prominent incendiary to tend its lamps?’

‘Probably not,’ I answered. ‘But it would waste your time and mine if I attempted to give you even an incomplete list of the things which I would not do under given but improbable circumstances.’

‘Maybe yes. Maybe no.’

She viewed the matter quite fairly.

‘My own case, Mrs. Stapp, is this. I was so astounded at your successful treatment of the late Mrs. Barlow that I am anxious to consult you about myself. I am——’

She took up her parable and walked about the room with it.

‘Healing physical sickness is the smallest part of Christian Science. It is only the bugle-call to thought and action, in the higher range of infinite goodness. The emphatic purpose of Christian Science is the healing of sin; and this task is a million times harder than the cure of disease, because, while mortals love to sin, they do not love to be sick.’

‘Nine men out of ten, madam, are opposed to it *in toto*.’

‘And in every other city as I’ve ever heard of. Hence their comparative acquiescence in your endeavours to heal them of bodily ills, and their obstinate resistance to all efforts to save them from sin.’

‘Sin,’ I said, ‘is not my main trouble, though I should be far from denying the important part played by sin in our social life. It may be, indeed, that I am not quite as free from sin as I very often fancy I should like to be. I readily admit the difficulty of curing people whose normal condition is to any great extent sinful. But, with me, sin is not chronic. I sin, if I may say so, on and off.’

‘Many bright young minds begin that way,’ she commented sadly.

‘For the last five or six years I have been stationary in this respect. I don’t want you to think that I am better or worse than I actually am. I simply wish to state my case. I am not a bad man. Nor am I vain enough to pose as a bad man before women. I am merely a man who suffers from a cold in the head.’

Mrs. Stapp glared at me with the expression of a *chef* who had

been asked to cook a dog biscuit. After a minute's inspection she said, 'You have no cold in your head.'

'Pardon me. This is hardly a matter in which one can be deceived. People who are absolutely unbiassed in the matter tell me that I undoubtedly have a cold. They locate the alleged cold in my head. They have nothing to gain by my having a cold. Why should they lie? They are not in a court of justice. Outside a law court I maintain that the natural instinct of humanity is to tell the truth—certainly about other people. Besides, you may notice that I speak through my nose. I am only half American. So that ought not to be, ought it?'

She showed no scintilla of sympathy. Her demeanour was indeed rather more scientific than Christian.

'You complain of what doctors call nasal catarrh,' she said.

I sniffed plaintively in acquiescence.

Then came the deliberate statement, 'You are the perfect man.'

Of course I am happily conscious of such merits as are mine. But that I am in any sense the perfect man is possibly an exaggeration. For instance, I have a slight stoop. All the authentic statues of gods and heroes are singularly erect. True, the resting Hercules seems to be somewhat stooping. But Hercules had a much more massive frame than mine. He was altogether of stouter build. Still Mrs. Stapp desired to be courteous. Therefore I did not rebuke her in the least degree.

'Pray, put my personal appearance on one side, madam. Address yourself simply to the cold which my friends say that I have in my head.'

'When I said that you were perfect, I did not allude to you in particular. All men are made perfect.' Then, in a tone which strained the banjo strings to breaking point, she added, 'The Creator don't want the creature to have no cold in its nasal.'

This was doubtful grammar, but it seemed a sensible observation in its way.

I am aware that bad English is often good American, so I hazarded the observation: 'Nohow.'

She received it with enthusiasm. The word or words seemed to bring to her nostrils a whiff of hominy or buckwheat cakes, or whatever cattle-food is the staple diet of American Scientific Christians. She launched out into eloquence; she swam in irrelevant verbiage.

‘Matter, as matter, has neither sensation nor personal intelligence. As a pretension to be mind, matter is a lie, and “the father of lies.” Mind is not in matter, and spirit cannot originate its opposite, named matter. According to science, spirit no more changes its species, by evolving matter from spirit, than natural science, so called, or material laws, bring about alteration of species by transforming minerals into vegetables or plants into animals—thus confusing and confounding the three great kingdoms. No rock brings forth an apple; no pine-tree produces a mammal, or provides milk for babes.’

‘I know little of arboriculture, madam, but I believe not. Certainly, no tree of that sort is indigenous to northern climates. Possibly at Kew Gardens some specimen of the sort——’

This almost brought her to the point.

‘You have no cold in the head,’ she repeated. ‘There never was no cold in your head and won’t be this side Jordan. What seem to be disease, vice, and mortality are illusions of the physical senses. These illusions are not real, but unreal. Health is the consciousness of the unreality of pain and disease; or, rather, the absolute consciousness of harmony and of nothing else. In a moment you may awake from a dream of sickness to a truer knowledge of Being, and the health this brings; but the demonstration of the Science of Mind-healing don’t by no means rest on the strength of human belief. To sense, the lion of to-day is the lion of six thousand years ago; but, in science, spirit sends forth its own harmless likeness.’

After waiting for a reply she added, ‘Don’t it?’

‘Personally, Mrs. Stapp, I know lamentably little about lions. I have never shot at anything larger than a grouse, and I have never actually shot anything larger than a setter bitch. Still, in six thousand years I should think that lions must have made some sort of stride.’

With intense scorn she answered, ‘Well, the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy thinks not. I guess there ain’t many people who know more about lions and what not than she do.’

‘There used to be a big German at the Hippodrome who had quite a number of lions which he——’

‘Say, have you come here to talk about menageries or about that cold that you ain’t got anyways?’

‘The object of my visit, from which we have, I fear, somewhat

strayed, was to induce you for some small pecuniary consideration to cure my alleged cold.'

'You want me to treat you?'

I nodded.

Then, deliberately and as though revealing a priceless secret, she said,

'You have no cold. What you think is cold is sin.'

'I cannot recall the precise occasion of any particular sin which seems likely to have affected me in that way. But,' I added jauntily, quoting from a comic opera of my own,

'No man of ordinary mind
Can keep his brain entirely lined
With all the times
Of all the crimes
Which he cannot remember.'

'Gilbert is no shakes as a scientist,' was her comment.

I was rather pleased than otherwise at the unconscious compliment.

'Have you faith?' she asked suddenly.

'I may say that with a little care I can believe in almost anything, except, perhaps, hair restorers.'

Mrs. Stapp looked a little doubtfully at me.

'It really isn't my fault that I am not anxious to believe in hair restorers—unless you particularly wish it. The fact is that an uncle of mine once bought the recipe of a hair producer and made a fortune by selling it as a depilatory. *Wilson's Whiskerine* was a drug on the market. But *Austin's Eradicator* is a household word in ultra-hirsute circles. That shows the power of faith. If there be one thing, Mrs. Stapp, that I believe in more firmly than anything else, that thing is faith.'

This seemed to satisfy her, and she agreed to treat me. The treatment consisted in my reading a magazine which she handed me whilst she read a volume of her own selection.

'Where do I begin?'

'Anywheres.'

'Do I read this work aloud?'

'No, you merely assimilate it.'

I tried to. But for an invalid this sort of literature is scarcely soothing. A mere man must be in robust health to enable him to 'assimilate' a magazine conducted by Mrs. Baker Eddy.

'Has not the Truth in Christian Science met a response from

Professor S. P. Langley, the young American astronomer? He says that 'colour is in *us*,' not 'in the rose;' and he adds that this is not 'any metaphysical subtlety,' but a fact 'almost universally accepted, within the *last few years*, by physicists.'

Professor Langley was to me a complete stranger. An astronomer, however young, however American, is not of necessity an authority on roses or any metaphysical subtlety. I turned to another page.

'The lecturer, the teacher, or the healer, who is indeed a Christian Scientist, never introduces the subject of human anatomy; never depicts the muscular, vascular, or nervous operations of the human frame. He never thinks about the structure of the material body. He never lays his hands on the patient, nor manipulates the parts of the body supposed to be ailing.'

In fact, his duties seem to be as negative as those of an official in a government office. If good Americans after death go to Paris, surely good young War Office clerks would find charming post-mortem billets as lecturing, teaching, or healing Christian Scientists in the United States.

I reached with some feeling of relief a passage where the Rev. Eddy became autobiographical and dealt succinctly with finance.

'The author never sought charitable support, but gave full seven-eighths of her time without remuneration, except the bliss of doing good. The only pay taken for her labours was from classes, and often those were put off for months, in order to do gratuitous work. She has never taught a primary class without several, and sometimes seventeen, free students in it; and endeavoured not to take the full price of tuition only from those who were able to pay. The student who pays must of necessity do better than he who does not pay, and yet will expect and require others to pay him. No discount on tuition was made on higher classes, because their first classes furnished students with the means of paying for their tuition in the higher instruction, and of doing charity work besides. If the primary students are still impecunious, it is their own fault, and this ill-success of itself leaves them unprepared to enter higher classes.

'People are being healed by means of my instruction, both in and out of class. Many students, who have passed through a regular course of instruction from me, have been invalids and

were healed in the class; but experience has shown that this defrauds the scholar, though it heals the sick.

‘It is seldom that a student, if healed in a class, has left it understanding sufficiently the science of healing to immediately enter upon its practice. Why? Because the glad surprise of suddenly regained health is a shock to the mind; and this holds and satisfies the thought with exuberant joy. This renders the mind less inquisitive, plastic, and tractable.’

I felt that I preferred to retain the cold in my head rather than risk the mental disasters which might ensue from further acquaintance with Mrs. Eddy’s peculiar publication.

I looked at the Scientist. Apparently she was greedily engaged in assimilation of some sort.

‘Excuse me, Mrs. Stapp, but is the Rev. Eddy what you would call—from a scientific standpoint—entirely sane?’

She closed her book with a bang.

Rising from the table, and focussing the beady eyes on me, she said, ‘Six thousand years ago the brainiest men in Boston didn’t know but what the world was flat. If you’d told them as how the world was round, like oranges, you’d have been located in Dottyville asylum right away.’

Mrs. Stapp’s enthusiasm for the Rev. Eddy annihilated centuries and space and sense. My respect for Science left me speechless.

‘Say, do you know Mrs. Amanda D. Belcher?’

‘Not even by name, I regret to say.’

‘Heard of Rev. Emily H. Doty?’

‘I do not move very much in clerical circles.’

‘Doctor Lizzie T. Harmony, 137 to 143 West 48th Street, between 6th and 7th Avenue, Poughkeepsie, is new to you?’

‘Quite. In fact, all the arithmetic connected with her is a revelation to me. But as samples of genuine American names these you mention are of absorbing interest.’

‘Well,’ said Mrs. Stapp with an air of triumph which seemed to me neither Christian nor Scientific, ‘they have guaranteed Mary Baker Eddy *coram locus quo*.’

‘That, of course, is sufficient for me or any ordinary thinking man. But about my cold?’

‘Don’t think about your cold, don’t give way to your cold, don’t take as much as a drop of cold water for your cold, and you won’t have no cold. See?’

‘Yes, I know; but suppose I sneeze?’

‘That’s cussedness. That’s encouraging the cold. If I open the doors and windows of this room, all the dogs and cats in the neighbourhood can come in. Same with your structure. Close the doors.’

As Mrs. Stapp’s consulting-room was situated on a second floor, the windows, at any rate, afforded but an inconvenient entrance for dogs.

But I did not think it worth while to mention this, because she would have told me that I had not come to talk about canine habits, but about my cold. So I thanked her for her kindness, and for teaching me many things which I had not known before, and which I had indeed but slight hope of learning otherwise than through her.

She, on her part, offered to sell me various publications of Mrs. Eddy. They were not prettily bound; and the prices were the prices asked for editions *de luxe* of minor poets. As I had no intention of collecting ‘Eddiana,’ I bought nothing.

While preparing to leave, I said, not without hesitation, ‘One thing troubles me.’

‘What’s that?’

‘I realise that I’ve got nothing to do except to do nothing for my cold. But I have heard of a case which you treated with extraordinary success. The patient, for some reason or other, had a left leg which was fourteen inches shorter than the right. He had to wear a sort of leathern Marble Arch instead of an ordinary boot in order to equalise matters. Well, he came to you—if indeed it was you—in order to have his architectural defect remedied. You—correct me if I am wrong in any way—undertook to treat him. He went away happy, as I shall in a few minutes go away happy. In a short time his left leg began to grow. All went well. The Marble Arch was gradually lowered, and at length entirely abandoned. But unhappily your cure was so thorough, so efficacious, that the left leg didn’t stop when it ought to have. It went on growing. Now he wears the Marble Arch on his right foot. Of course he is a taller man than he was, but he is not by any means equilateral. Well, about me? Suppose I lose this cold in the head, and the cure goes on working all the same, may I not become a victim to, say, heartburn?’

Mrs. Stapp assured me that I need fear nothing of the sort, and drifted into matters of finance.

For the peculiar treatment and the pleasant conversation I cheerfully paid the sum she suggested, two dollars—'eight shillings in my money.'

Competent Christian Scientists have since told me that the ordinary charge of the Faculty is four shillings only. Possibly Mrs. Stapp considered me so much of a fool that I could not be expected to know the market price of eradicating catarrh. Or perhaps cold is harder to treat than cancer.

I may say that I followed out the Scientist's instructions to the letter. I did not attempt the cold water cure against which she had warned me. I took no recognised specific for my ailment. Within six months I had entirely forgotten about my cold. By the end of a year I had absolutely succeeded in convincing myself that I hadn't got a cold at all. I even ceased to use my nose in any degree for the purpose of communicating with my fellow-men.

So complete was my cure, both mentally and physically, that when, about eighteen months after, Miss Barlow happened to say, 'I am delighted that you have got rid of that troublesome cold at last,' I had at the moment no idea of whose cold I had got rid. Suddenly I remembered how completely Mrs. Stapp had cured me of my foolish credulity in nasal catarrh.

Till then I had, I regret to admit, even forgotten the debt of gratitude which I owed to my healer. Miss Barlow's kindly inquiry brought me to myself, and to a proper understanding of my position with regard to Mrs. Stapp.

Though I had paid her 'two dollars in her money,' I realised that a heavy obligation still remained on my side.

To go to that sensitive lady and offer her five guineas was a course which would have commended itself even less to her than it did to me. She would, I felt sure, from what I knew of the financial doctrine of Scientific Christianity, have declined the money immediately. The best and fairest scheme that occurred to me was to mention the details of my cure to such persons as seemed likely to become patients of my healer.

I tried very hard, but I failed completely. People with trivial ailments—'thin ends of wedges'—I called them in quasi-scientific language—laughed at and even insulted me. People whose health was notoriously critical—whose bodies were museums of miscellaneous maladies—said that I had insulted them.

It is astonishing how sceptical, not to say pig-headed, persons in weak health are liable to become.

As a canvasser for Stappism I was a failure. Still I persevered, until, by way of making some slight return for my anxiety on his behalf, one of my oldest friends said that he knew of an excellent authority on mental diseases in Cavendish Street. He even offered to drive me there. Then I gave up.

At this time I had rather a good bulldog, which I had humorously named 'Buller,' partly out of compliment to the General, and also because one is so tired of calling one's dogs 'Rover,' and 'Tray,' and 'Neptune.'

'Buller,' like most of his kind, owing perhaps to the modest scale on which their noses are constructed, suffered apparently from a sort of canine nasal catarrh. Here was a chance of repaying Mrs. Stapp for all her goodness to me.

I would take 'Buller' to her. I would explain 'Buller's' case to her, and ask her to treat 'Buller.' I would mention that the treatment of 'Buller' might involve some slight personal danger to herself, and would offer, say, five guineas for the course.

Unhappily, Mrs. Stapp did not care for dogs the least bit in the world; she, indeed, fortified herself in her bedroom behind the folding-doors. She even constructed a 'laager' of Saratoga trunks and Oxford Bibles.

Her last words to 'Buller' and myself were: 'Christian Science don't have no veterinary department, and don't you forget it.'

There are some debts of gratitude which it is impossible to repay.

FRANK RICHARDSON.

THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY,¹

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT,

AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

III. STAMPING OUT MUTINY.

PERHAPS the most characteristic story of Sepoy outbreak is that at Allahabad. The city stands at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, 500 miles from Calcutta, and, with its strong fortress and great arsenal, was a strategic point scarcely second in importance to Delhi. It had a population of 75,000, highly fanatical in temper. Its arsenal was one of the largest in India, having arms for 40,000 men and great stores of artillery. Yet, with the exception of the magazine staff, there was not a British soldier in the city! It was garrisoned by the 6th Native Infantry, a wing of a Sikh regiment, the 9th, a battery of native artillery, and some native cavalry.

Colonel Simpson, of the 9th, who was in command, cherished the most enthusiastic faith in his men. He looked on his cherished Sepoys as a regiment of mere dusky-skinned Sir Galahads; each one of them was as faithful as Milton's Abdiel! Some sixty superannuated British artillerymen, the youngest of them over fifty years of age, had been thrown hurriedly into the fort itself as a garrison; and Colonel Simpson strongly urged that his regiment should be taken into the fort in their place as 'a proof of confidence.' This would have been like putting a committee of wolves inside the fold!

At evening parade on June 6, Colonel Simpson read to his Sepoys the formal thanks of the Governor-General for their virtuous offer to go out and fight the wicked mutineers at Delhi. He added a glowing eulogium of their loyalty on his own account. The Sepoys cheered, Colonel Simpson and his fellow-officers adjourned to the mess-room, and no doubt discoursed with great comfort on the much-enduring fidelity of their men. Within four hours of being thanked by Lord Canning and praised by Colonel Simpson, the 'faithful' Sepoys of the 9th Infantry had

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murdered 17 officers and all the women and children of English blood they could capture, and were in full march to Delhi.

The tale is typical. At 9 o'clock a bugle call sounded from the lines—it was the signal for revolt. The men rushed to arms. The Sepoy artillerymen holding the bridge swung their guns round, and opened fire on their officers. Harward and Alexander, in command of the Native Irregular Horse, and both officers of great promise, leaped into their saddles, and galloped fiercely to the bridge to recapture the guns. When they gave the order to charge, their treacherous followers suddenly pulled up; and, followed by only three troopers, the officers rode at the guns. Alexander, rising in his stirrups for one gallant sword-stroke, was shot through the heart; and Harward had to gallop for his life.

Simpson and his officers in the meanwhile ran to the parade-ground to 'expostulate' with their men. Five officers were instantly shot down. Colonel Simpson was beginning to address a new series of compliments to his faithful Sepoys, but they turned their muskets upon him, and interrupted his eloquence with a volley. By some miracle he escaped and galloped off to the fort. He had to ride past the mess-house, and the mess guard turned out and took pot shots at him as he rode. The unhappy colonel reached the gate of the fort with a dying horse, a wounded arm, and an entirely new theory of Sepoy loyalty.

But was the fort itself safe? Its garrison consisted of the sixty odd superannuated artillerymen, a few civilian volunteers, the wing of a Sikh regiment, and a company of the 9th Native Infantry. These men held the gate, and were, of course, only waiting to open it to their revolted comrades. If the Sikhs joined hands with them, there remained nothing but hopeless massacre for the British. And only five days before, at Benares, it must be remembered, a Sikh regiment had opened fire on its officers! As a matter of fact, the Sikhs in the fort were effervescing with excitement. Mutiny was in the air. Upon whom the Sikh muskets might be turned their owners themselves scarcely knew. It was a crisis of the sort which overwhelms weak men, but gives a man of heroic will a supreme opportunity. And, fortunately, a man with all the decision and courage the moment needed was on the spot.

Lieutenant Brasyer had fought as a private in the ranks through the Sutlej campaigns, and won a commission by his coolness and daring. He possessed exactly the genius needed for commanding irregular soldiery. He was an athlete, a fine swordsman, a man of

the swiftest decision and most gallant courage. He is not unworthy, indeed, to be ranked for leadership and personal daring with Hodson of 'Hodson's Horse.' Brasyer had first to master his Sikhs, trembling on the verge of revolt themselves. Archibald Forbes has described his method:—'Standing over the magazine with a red-hot iron in his hand, he swore by Nanac, Ram Das, Govind, and all other Gooroos of the Sikhs that if his men did not promptly fall in and obey his orders he would blow the regiment to the Sikh equivalent of Hades.'

Brasyer's glance and voice, his imperious will and daring, mastered the Sikhs, and they fell obediently into rank. He instantly marched them down, with loaded muskets, to the gate, and, with the help of the artillerymen with their portfires, drove out the company of Sepoys that held it, and the fort was saved! But to master Sepoys in open revolt by Sikhs on the edge of revolt was a great feat, and shows for how much at such a crisis one clear heroic will counts.

That night Allahabad was given up to outrage and murder. Only above the fort itself flew the flag of England, and in the fort the handful of British officers, determined that the great arsenal should not fall into the hands of mutineers, were preparing to copy Willoughby's desperate example at Delhi. Russell, of the Artillery, who was in charge of the magazine, ran trains of powder into it, and stood ready to blow it up in the event of capture.

In the city itself every European or Eurasian was hunted like a rat through the streets, and slain with every accompaniment of cruelty. Outrage, in the ordinary sense, was not, on the whole, a marked feature of the Great Mutiny. The Sepoys, that is, were on fire with cruelty rather than with lust. But their cruelty spared neither age nor sex. The wife of a captain, according to one story current at the time—and perhaps not true—was literally boiled alive in ghee, or melted butter. Children were tossed on bayonets, men roasted in the flames of their own bungalows; women were mutilated and dismembered. The Sepoys plundered the Treasury, carrying off some 300,000*l.* in booty.

One detail of the Allahabad massacre peculiarly shocked the imagination of British soldiers wherever the tale was told. At the mess-table of the 9th that fatal night there sat eight fresh-faced and boyish cadets just out from England. They had not yet joined their regiments, and military life, with all its fun and excitement, lay in the glamour of the unknown before them.

When the bugle rang out on the parade-ground these eight unposted boy ensigns ran out with the other officers. They fell into the hands of the mutineers, and seven had their throats cut like sheep. The eighth, a boy of sixteen, was left for dead, but survived in spite of horrible wounds for four days, hiding himself in a ravine. On the fifth day he was discovered, dragged to the native lines, and thrust into a hut as a prisoner.

He found there a Christian catechist, who had formerly been a Mohammedan, and who was being tortured by the Sepoys to make him renounce his faith. The catechist's courage had given way, but the gallant English lad—himself only sixteen years of age—urged the unhappy catechist, 'Don't deny Christ! Never deny Christ!' Neill reached Allahabad in time to rescue both catechist and ensign. But the ensign, Arthur Cheek, died of his wounds four days after Neill's arrival. He had joined his regiment just eighteen days when murdered in this tragical fashion by his own men. It may be imagined how the massacre of 'the poor little griffins' moved the British soldier to wrath everywhere.

For a few days mutiny and riot reigned supreme at Allahabad. Then, hot from Benares, there appeared on the scene Neill with a handful of his 'Lambs,' as the Madras Fusileers, with admiring irony, were called. 'Thank God, sir,' said the sentry at the gate of the fort, as Neill rode in; 'you'll save us yet!'

Neill is one of the cluster of great soldiers thrust into sudden fame by the crisis of the Mutiny, and is hardly to be judged by the standard of smaller men and of a tamer period. He was of Scottish blood, an Ayrshire man, with a vehement fighting quality, and a strain of iron resolve, which had come to him, perhaps, from a line of Covenanting ancestry. He was a veteran soldier, accustomed to govern wild clans and irregular troops, and had held high command in the Turkish Contingent in the Crimea. On the domestic side he was, as many stern and rough-natured men are, of singular tenderness. He was strongly religious, too, though he borrowed his religion rather from the Old Testament than the New.

When the Mutiny broke out Neill found himself in command of the Madras Fusileers, a regiment which included many wild spirits in its ranks, but which, in fighting quality, was a warlike instrument of singular efficiency. Neill and his 'Lambs' were summoned from Madras by the crisis in Bengal, and Neill's best qualities, as well as his worst—his fighting impulse, his Scottish

pride of race, the natural vehemence of his temper, his soldierly hate of mutiny, the wrath of a strong man at outrages on women and children, and his fierce contempt for the feebleness shown by some of the 'arm-chair colonels' of the Bengal Army—all threw their owner into a mood in which he was prepared to dare anything to crush the Mutiny and to punish the mutineers.

The Fusileers landed on the railway wharf at Calcutta, as night fell, on May 23. The great city of Benares was on the verge of revolt, and Neill's 'Lambs' were to be hurried up by express to its rescue. The station master told Neill that unless he could get his men ashore in three minutes the train would start without them. But Neill was not the man to allow a railway time-table to stand betwixt him and the suppression of a mutiny. With an abrupt gesture, he put the station master in charge of a sergeant and a file of Fusileers. The unhappy official shouted for help, but in another second stokers, firemen, and guard were in a row against the station wall, with a couple of 'blue-caps' in charge of each. At the double the Fusileers came up the wharf, filed into the carriages, and the train, carrying the left wing of the regiment, moved off to Raneegange; thence the detachment was carried by bullock-carts to Benares. Leaving the bulk of his men to follow, Neill pushed on with the leading detachment to Benares.

Nowhere, perhaps, did English courage shine out with a clearer flame than at Benares. Benares is the holy city of Hinduism; it had a population of 300,000, fanatical and turbulent in the highest degree. The cantonment was held by three Sepoy regiments—all pledged to revolt—150 men of a British regiment, the 10th, and some thirty British gunners, with half a battery of artillery, under the command of Olpherts. But the cluster of soldiers and civilians responsible for the city—Tucker the commissioner, Frederick Gubbins the judge, Lind the magistrate, Ponsonby the brigadier, and Olpherts in command of the guns—held on to their post; kept, by mere cool audacity, the turbulent city in awe, and the mutinous Sepoys from breaking out; and sent on to other posts in greater peril than their own such scanty reinforcements of British troops as reached them. In the Commissioner, Tucker, at least, this heroic courage had a religious root. 'The twenty-second chapter of 2 Samuel,' he wrote to Lord Canning, 'was their stand-by.' 'The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer,' is the opening verse of David's song

in that chapter; 'the God of my rock; in Him will I trust. He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge.'

Neill reached the city on June 3, and found himself on the very edge of a tragedy. The Sepoys had arranged for an outbreak on the night of June 4. The native troops numbered over 2,000; the British troops, as we have seen, consisted of 150 men of the 10th, and thirty artillerymen with three guns. To these Neill added sixty of his 'Lambs' whom he had brought with him. Neill put the impress of his vehement will on the brigadier, Ponsonby, in charge of the station, and at half an hour's notice it was resolved to disarm the Sepoys.

The business was ill-managed. The Sepoys commenced to shoot, the Sikhs turned on their officers. Ponsonby, an old man, found 'the sun' and the strain of the scene too much for him, and visibly broke down. He dismounted, and Neill, who had been grimly watching the scene, said abruptly, 'General, I assume command.' Ponsonby assented in silence, and Neill instantly opened on the mutineers with grape and musketry fire, and, after a few minutes' furious shooting, Sikh and Sepoy fled. The 250, that is, destroyed, in a military sense, the 2,000!

Having stamped out the mutiny—or, rather, scattered the mutineers—Neill devoted the next two or three days to punishing it. The Governor-General telegraphed orders to push on to Allahabad, but Neill believed in making thorough work, and he wired back, 'Can't move; wanted here.' And for the next three days he kept the gallows busy, and hanged without pause or pity. The Sepoys had shot down their officers, and murdered women and children, and Neill was bent on showing that this was a performance which brought in its track swift and terrible punishment. 'Colonel Neill's hangings' were, no doubt, of heroic scale, and, looked at through the cold perspective of forty years, wear a very black aspect. But Neill, rightly or wrongly, held that to strike, and to strike hard, and to strike swiftly, was the one policy in such a crisis.

Benares being secure, Neill pushed on across the seventy miles of dusty, heat-scorched road to Allahabad. He started with only forty-four of his 'Lambs,' and covered the seventy miles in two night marches. When they reached the Ganges, almost every fourth man was down with sunstroke, Neill himself being amongst the number, and his men only kept him up by dashing buckets of

water over his head and chest. The boat pushed from the bank; it was found to leak at a dozen points, and began to sink. The 'blue-caps' relanded, and their officer, Spurgeon, called for volunteers to beat the banks of the river in search of another boat.

Almost every man able to walk volunteered, and, in the heavy sand of the river-bank, with the furnace-like heat of an Indian sun setting on fire the very air they breathed, the Fusileers began their search for a boat to carry them across to Allahabad. More than one brave fellow fell and died from heat and exhaustion. But a boat was found, the gallant forty crossed, and marched—as many of them as could still keep their feet—a tiny but dauntless band, through the gates of the fort.

Other detachments followed quickly, and Neill flung himself with all the fire of his Scottish blood into the task of restoring the British raj in the great city. At daybreak he opened with his guns, from the fort, on the suburb held by the revolted Sepoys, and then sallied out with his scanty force, and burnt it over their rebel heads. 'I myself,' he wrote to his wife, 'was almost dying from complete exhaustion;' but his fierce spirit overbore the fainting body that carried it. He armed a river steamer with a howitzer and a party of volunteer riflemen, and employed it as a river patrol. He launched the fierce Sikhs—by this time heartily loyal—on the villages.

They were wild soldiers, gaunt, sinewy, and eager—the 'Singh log' ('the lion people'), as they called themselves. Maude has left a graphic picture of the Sikhs who, at Allahabad, followed Brasyer as, with his flowing white beard, he led them in pursuit of the broken Sepoys, or hung with soldierly obedience on Neill's stern orders. 'When no fighting was on hand,' he says, 'squads of the tall, upright, Hebraic-visaged Sikhs used to march into their commanding officer's tent, where they stood at attention, in silence, with one hand raised at the orthodox salute. "What do you want, my men?" was the question in Hindustani. "May it please the protector of the poor, we want two days' leave." "What for?" "To get drunk, Sahib!" And their request, being considered reasonable, was usually granted!'

Neill, by the way, had to use these by no means ascetic Sikhs to keep his own 'blue-caps' sober. The stocks of all the merchants in the city were practically without owners, and the finest champagnes and brandies were selling at 6*d.* per bottle. For a day or two it seemed probable that Neill's little force would

be swept out of existence in a mere ignoble torrent of drunkenness. Neill threatened the whip and the bullet in vain; and finally marched up the Sikhs and took peremptory possession of all intoxicating drinks.

On June 18 the fighting was over, the British were masters both of fort and city, where, fourteen days before, they had been little better than prisoners or fugitives. Then was repeated, in yet sterner fashion, the retribution which had struck terror through Benares. The gallows in Allahabad groaned under its heavy and quick-following burdens. In his diary Neill wrote:—‘God grant I may have acted with justice. I know I have with severity, but, under all the circumstances, I trust for forgiveness. I have done all for the good of my country, to re-establish its prestige and power, and to put down this most barbarous and inhuman insurrection.’ Then he recites cases of outrage and mutilation on English ladies and on little children, with details that still chill the natural blood with horror to read.

The Sepoys, it is to be noted, when the fighting was over, took their penalty with a sort of composed fatalism, to the Western imagination very amazing. Sir George Campbell tells the story of the execution of an old native officer, a subhadar, which he witnessed. ‘He was very cool and quiet, and submitted to be executed without remonstrance. But the rope broke, and he came down to the ground. He picked himself up, and it was rather a painful scene for the spectators. But he seemed to feel for their embarrassment, and thought it well to break the awkwardness of the situation by conversation, remarking that it was a very bad rope, and talking of little matters of that kind till another rope was procured, which made an end of him!’

It would be easy to write, or sing, a new and more wonderful Odyssey made up of the valiant combats, the wild adventures, and the distressful wanderings of little groups of Englishmen and Englishwomen, upon whom the tempest of the Mutiny broke.

Forbes-Mitchell, for example, tells the story of Robert Tucker, the judge at Futtehpore. Tucker was a great hunter, and also, like many Indian officials, an earnestly religious man, with an antique sense of duty. When the Mutiny broke out he despatched every European to Allahabad, but refused to move himself. This solitary Englishman, in a word, was determined to defend Futtehpore against all comers! Believing the native officer in charge of the police to be loyal, he sent a message to him asking

him to come and make arrangements for the protection of the Treasury. This 'loyal' official sent back word that the judge sahib need not trouble himself about the Treasury; that, in the cool of the evening, he, with his 'loyal' police, would come down and dismiss the dog of a judge himself to Hades!

Tucker had a hunter's armoury—rifles, smooth-bores, and hog spears. He loaded every barrel, barricaded every door and window, and waited quietly, reading his Bible, till, when the cool breath of evening began to stir, he saw the police and the local budmashes, with the green banner of Islam fluttering over their heads, marching down to attack him. Tucker was offered his life on condition that he abandoned his Christianity. Then the fight broke out. For hours the musketry crackled, and was answered by the sharp note of Tucker's rifle. Before midnight the brave judge lay, riddled with bullets and pierced with many spear-thrusts, dead on his own floor. But all round his house were strewn the bodies of those who had fallen before his cool and deadly aim.

Later on, at Kotah, a similar tragedy took place, the story of which is told by George Lawrence. Major Burton, the Resident at Kotah, with his two sons—one aged twenty-one, the other a lad of sixteen—and a single native servant, held the Residency for four hours against native troops with artillery, and a huge crowd of rioters. The Residency was at last set on fire, and Major Burton proposed to surrender on condition that the lives of his sons were spared. The gallant lads indignantly refused to accept the terms. They would all die together, they declared. They were holding the roof of the Residency against their assailants, and, as Lawrence tells the story, 'they knelt down and prayed for the last time, and then calmly and heroically met their fate.' The mob by this time had obtained scaling-ladders. They swept over the roof, and slew the gallant three. Major Burton's head was cut off, paraded round the town, and then fired from a gun.

One of the most surprising of these personal adventures was that which overtook the Deputy Commissioner of Delhi, Sir T. Metcalfe. Wilberforce, in his 'Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny,' tells the tale, and says he heard it twice over from Sir T. Metcalfe's own lips—though Wilberforce's stories sometimes are vehemently suspected to belong to the realm of

fiction rather than of sober history. His account of Metcalfe's adventure, however, is at least *ben trovato*.

Metcalfe escaped from Delhi on horseback, hotly pursued by some native cavalry. His horse broke down, and in despair Metcalfe appealed to a friendly-looking native to conceal him from his pursuers. The man led him to a cave, told him he would save him if possible, and, striking his horse on the flank, sent it galloping down the road, while Metcalfe crept through the black throat of the cave into concealment. Presently Metcalfe heard his pursuers ride up, fiercely question his protector, and finally propose to search the cave.

On this my friend burst out laughing, and, raising his voice so that I must hear, he said, 'Oh, yes, search the cave. Do search it. But I'll tell you what you will find. You will find a great red devil in there; he lives up at the end of the cave. You won't be able to see him, because the cave turns at the end, and the devil always stands just round the turn, and he has got a great long knife in his hand, and the moment your head appears round the corner he will slice it off, and then he will pull the body in to him and eat it. Go in; do go in—the poor devil is hungry. It is three weeks since he had anything to eat, and then it was only a goat. He loves men, does this red devil; and if you all go in he will have such a meal!'

Metcalfe guessed that he was intended to hear this speech and act upon it. The cave, a short distance from the entrance, turned at right angles. He stood with his sword uplifted just round the corner, while a line of dismounted cavalry, in single file, one daring fellow leading, came slowly up the cave. As soon as the leader put his head in the darkness round the corner, Metcalfe smote with all his strength. The fellow's head rolled from his body, and his companions, with a yell of terror, and tumbling one over another in the darkness, fled. 'Did you see him?' demanded Metcalfe's friend outside. 'Do go back; he wants more than one.' But the rebel cavalry had had enough. The men who had gone up the cave declared that they had actually seen the red fiend, and been scorched by the gleam of his eyes; and, mounting their horses, they fled.

'Why did you save my life?' Metcalfe asked his protector. 'Because you are a just man,' was the reply. 'How do you know that?' asked Metcalfe. 'You decided a case against me in your court,' was the unexpected reply. 'I and all my family had won the case in the inferior courts by lying, but you found us out, and gave judgment against us. If you had given the case for me I would not have saved your life!'

Wilberforce tells another tale which graphically illustrates the wild adventures of those wild days. Early one morning he was on picket duty outside Delhi, and in the grey dawn saw two men and a boy hurrying along the road from the city. They were evidently fugitives, and, telling his men not to fire on them, Wilberforce went forward to meet them. When the group came up the boy ran forward, threw his arms round Wilberforce's neck, and, with an exclamation in English, kissed him. The 'boy' was a woman named Mrs. Leeson, the sole survivor of the Delhi massacre. She had been concealed for more than three months by a friendly native, and had at last escaped disguised as an Afghan boy.

When the Mutiny broke out she, with some other ladies and a few Englishmen, took refuge in a cellar, and for nearly three days maintained a desperate defence against the crowds attacking them. The hero of the defence was a Baptist missionary, a former shipmate of Wilberforce's, 'a very tall and powerful man, with a bloodless face, grey eyes, a broad jaw, and a determined mouth.' One by one the men holding the cellar fell. Food failed, the ammunition was exhausted, and at last, behind the bodies of the fallen, piled up as a breastwork, stood only the brave missionary, with nothing but his sword to protect the crouching women and children. 'Stripped to the waist, behind the ghastly rampart of the dead, the hero stood; and for hours this Horatius held his own. At last he fell, shot through the heart, and the bloodthirsty devils poured in.' Mrs. Leeson was covered by some of the dead bodies, and so escaped the doom of the other ladies, and at night crept out of that pit of the dead. She wandered through the dark streets, the only living Englishwoman in the great city, and saw, hanging up on the trees in the dusk, the headless trunks of white children and the mutilated bodies of Englishwomen. By happy chance she met a pitying native, who concealed her until she escaped in the fashion described, with more or less of imagination, by Wilberforce.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

II. FROM MANCHESTER.

I CANNOT pretend to have discovered Manchester as I flattered myself a month or two ago that I had discovered Stamford. Too many trains run to Manchester daily on too many lines for such self-deception to survive a moment. And yet there may be a side even to the best known fact which is not the side generally kept in view. To many people, I am sure, Manchester simply means cotton-spinning; to others it means the economic theory trumpeted by those famous tribunes Cobden and Bright; to others the political theory at present trumpeted by the '*Manchester Guardian*;' but it is quite possible to know and love Manchester without the thought of cotton, or free trade, or the Little-Englander ever crossing one's mind. For me there has always been a spiritual city, a new Manchester, built to music in my childhood, which I cannot profess to have found entirely realised in the city through which I have so often since been jolted in a cab, when the train had set me down at the London Road Station; but I have not infrequently caught glimpses of it, and I do not doubt that by and by it will be revealed. The tune to which it built itself in my imagination was that sparkling gavotte which bears its name—'*Farewell, Manchester*,' composed some time last century by a prebendary of Hereford, the Rev. Mr. Felton. The air has a name but no words; or at least no words survive; so that the fancy could paint to itself innumerable farewells of every sort and of every degree of poignancy. In that way Manchester became to me in my youth the symbol of parting; and even now the name, though called out by a railway porter, falls on my ear with a cadence full of sighs. I suppose the gavotte, or at any rate its title, had a reference to the '45, in which Manchester was implicated. We find it played in a vein of mockery the next year at the execution of poor Jemmy Dawson, who was hanged, drawn, and the rest of it in the fine old fashion on Kennington Common, with other Manchester volunteers for the Pretender. Dawson's name and fate were familiar to our very great grandmothers in

the tender ballad which the poet Shenstone composed upon the occasion. Shenstone's pastoral muse was touched by the pathetic end of poor Dawson's betrothed, who followed him to the place of execution in a mourning coach, and expired of a broken heart as her lover expired under the hands of the executioner. A sober criticism must allow that the conventional process of handling a rebel in those days does not well suit with the pastoral oat; and the ballad can hardly rank among the eternal possessions of the race.

The casual visitor to Manchester, even if he does not share my sentimental feelings for the place, may have his own reasons for regarding it as a city of tears. Nature there seems ever in the melting mood; over the city spreads a mourning pall of smoke; and the faces of the passers in the street have often a look as though they were recovering from the loss of their dearest friend, or were facing adversity with a stark heroism. But a little closer acquaintance with the inhabitants shows that this gloom is entirely banished when they meet in society. Regret at parting is only the other side of joy in meeting. At heart they are passionate lovers of their kind; and the singular openness of their manners, joined to the generosity of their feelings, leads them to find their satisfaction in common assemblies. The simpler folk upon every holiday make their way to a local Zoological Garden called *Belle Vue*, where they fleet the time carelessly in a sympathetic contemplation of the manners of the higher sort of *mammalia*. When evening draws on they dance; and on occasions of peculiar festivity the gardens are illuminated and some pageant is played representing the latest feat of arms that has appealed to popular sentiment. Not a few years ago I remember seeing the storming of Magdala and the suicide of King Theodore carried out in very realistic fashion; and a visitor to-day will find that our present African campaign contributes various animated episodes. So great is the attractiveness of *Belle Vue*, and so widespread is its reputation in the North, that (the story goes) a Scotch lassie hearing Manchester spoken of inquired if it were not situated in the neighbourhood of *Belle Vue*; and there are other stories, not to be here quoted, which compare its social joys with those of Paradise. While the light-hearted populace is thus engaged in the dance, the classes of broader culture will probably be found at the Free Trade Hall purging their passion with music. Music, the most refined and

ethereal of all the arts, is the peculiar art of Manchester. The fame of Sir Charles Hallé's concerts there spread all over England, and penetrated to the sister city of Liverpool, where an attempt was made to acclimatise them; but the æsthetic sense in Liverpool being the eye and not the ear, the attempt was not very successful. Hallé has now been succeeded by Richter; and quidnuncs at his concerts whisper one in the ear the vast sums by which the Manchester princes have secured his presence and services. I prefer to think that his exile is occasioned by the discovery in this remote corner of England of a genuine musical appreciation, which he has determined to cultivate in the interest of an Anglo-German alliance.

I have mentioned Liverpool; and indeed just as in Liverpool it is inevitable to speak of Manchester, so in Manchester it is as inevitable to speak of Liverpool. For there is a friendly rivalry between these great cities which is profitable to both. In point of situation, Manchester with a good grace concedes the advantage; only pointing out that if war should ever again come within our borders, it might be wise for Liverpool to retire on Manchester, whose situation was originally chosen for its military importance. It is incontestable that the broad estuary of the Mersey is a natural feature with which Manchester, even with its Ship Canal, cannot compete. In point of salubrity, however, the advantage is claimed by Manchester. It is pointed out that the larger rainfall more thoroughly washes the air, and that the ozone given off by the chemical waste which finds its way into the Irwell far overbalances any stray whiffs of natural sea-air that may come up the Mersey. In matters of art the two cities are content to pursue different aims corresponding to their special natural gifts. The more crystal atmosphere which Liverpool enjoys has reacted upon the optic nerves of the inhabitants, whose taste, as I have already said, is for pictures rather than music. There are many admirable collections in Liverpool, both public and private, and the merchants are to be congratulated on the encouragement they give to a living art, by not confining their purchases, like some famous connoisseurs, to the masterpieces of the dead. The comparative murkiness of Manchester has led its people to studies in which artificial light may take the place of the solar system, and its libraries accordingly are the wonder and envy of the age. So long ago as 1653 Humphry Chetham, by his will, founded the library which still bears his name, and which is housed in the charming mediæval

building, once the 'college,' or priests' house of the collegiate church, which Chetham failed to acquire, but which was bought by his feoffees a few years later. This building is the pride of Manchester folk, their peculiar and inestimable treasure, though if you are a stranger they will probably take you—such is their ironical humour—to some imposing pile like the town hall, and pretend that this is where their heart lies buried. The Chetham 'College,' as it is still called, dates back to the fifteenth century and a certain Thomas de la Warre, who, besides being lord of the manor, was also rector of the parish. Being tired, it is said, of pluralities and non-residence, he obtained a charter for making the parish church collegiate, endowed it handsomely, and gave up and rebuilt his own baronial hall as a lodging for a warden, eight fellows, four clerks, and six choristers. In the days of the blessed Reformation the college was dissolved, and the lands passed to the Stanleys. That sanguinary princess Mary Tudor made them disgorge the lands, but they kept the building, and only lost it after the impeachment of the seventh earl and the sequestration of his estates under the Commonwealth. The Puritans who used the church as a stable found the college convenient as a brew-house; from which and other purposes it was rescued by Chetham's executors, and restored to the cause of learning. Here were housed forty poor boys (now a hundred), to be educated and then apprenticed, and here was housed the famous library of books, with an income to add to their number. Chetham made his wealth as a manufacturer of fustian; and Fuller records that when, in 1635, he was high sheriff of the county of Lancaster, 'every good gentleman of birth and estate did wear his cloth at the assize, to testify their unfeigned admiration for him.' There was a delicate irony in the manufacturer of fustian leaving his property to house the products of literary persons, which is rare in testators; but in the nimble air of Manchester irony is a flower of rhetoric that blossoms freely,¹ as I have already had occasion to hint. Our own day has witnessed the foundation of another library² which casts even Chetham's magnificence into the shade.

¹ The great Brindley was not a Manchester man by birth, but his famous reply before a committee of the House of Commons to the question, 'What do you think rivers were made for, Mr. Brindley?' 'To feed navigable canals,' shows that the air of Manchester had infected him.

² By the bequest of ex-Chancellor Christie yet a third learned library falls to Manchester. *O fortunatos nimium!*

This is the John Rylands Memorial Library. The nucleus of this was the famous Althorp Library brought together by the second Earl Spencer, who was a *virtuoso* of a most princely type. Rumour says that, in order to secure specially fine and perfect copies, he would buy an entire collection rather than risk the chance of a volume he desired being bought over his head at an auction. The Althorp Library was purchased *en bloc* by Mrs. Rylands for a quarter of a million sterling: a large but not extravagant sum, as those readers will agree who know Dibdin's 'Bibliotheca Spenceriana' and 'Ædes Althorpianæ' or who have turned the pages of the recent catalogue made by Mr. Gordon Duff. The building in which the Rylands collection is housed was designed by Mr. Basil Champneys, and resembles a Gothic church with triforium and clerestory. The chapels round the nave are little cells where students may read in luxurious ease; and down the centre are show cases in which a selection of the more marvellous of the marvels lie open to the inspection of the curious. I was much struck with the perfect fit of the bookcase doors, and an attendant informed me that they were so contrived as entirely to exclude the passage of air. Presently, however, we came upon some bookcases standing open, and my conductor explained that the books in them had been attacked by mildew in consequence of the want of ventilation. This touch of nature in books, which I had always esteemed as being of human rank, greatly delighted me. 'They require,' I said, 'like us *carpere vitales auras*.' To be shown round a library is to endure that torment of pleased discontent which as children we associated with a Christmas tree. The whole effect is dazzling, but the items are too numerous to enjoy singly: you cannot fix your attention on any single beauty from a sense that you are missing others. At a Christmas tree, nevertheless, there was always something that fell to your personal possession: something which you could put in your pocket and carry home; but I did not hear that any provision of the kind had been made for visitors on the Rylands foundation. I looked into the Aldine room, but that was all. I felt it would be indecent to affect one choice copy above another. I looked into the room where were arranged the products of the first half-century of printing in the various European countries, among them the famous Althorp Caxtons, which here find a humble place among their betters, and I vowed that I would come to Manchester the next time I was ordered

abroad for my health. For the moment I consoled myself with the collection of early Bibles. The 'Great Bible' especially has always had a fascination for me on account of its Holbein title-page, which figures the Defender of the Faith handing the sacred volume to Cranmer on his right and to Cromwell on his left, who in turn hand it down to the lords and commons, who receive it with shouts of 'Vivat Rex,' while the simple people for whom the version was specially intended cry 'God save the Kinge!' But the 1541 edition always pleases me most, because, Cromwell having been decapitated in the interval, his coat of arms is erased. It would have been more to the purpose, one would have thought, to erase his head.

After visiting the Chetham College and the Rylands Library the pilgrim in Manchester is probably taken to the cathedral. This is another matter in which Manchester scores a point over its 'sweet enemy' Liverpool; for while both have bishops, only the latter has a cathedral in which to enthrone him. It has already been mentioned that Thomas de la Warre turned the rectory into a collegiate church; it was the first warden of this new college, John Huntington, who began the building of the present structure on a scale commensurate with the magnificence of the foundation. It must be allowed that no one who has not had the advantage of Manchester breeding is likely to find himself very enthusiastic over it. It came into the world too late. The exterior has a somewhat squat appearance, due to the vast breadth of the church; but the interior is more imposing, and those people who have a taste for Perpendicular architecture may find it even beautiful. Certainly the choir stalls are beautiful, and the *misereres* are famous. I may perhaps be allowed to notice here a curious misconception that exists, apparently in otherwise well-informed quarters, about the purpose served by these *misereres*, which with their quaint and elaborate carvings are so interesting a feature of the choirstalls in our old cathedrals, and not least in Manchester. I was once informed by a verger that they were so contrived that if a monk went to sleep in prayers he would tumble down with a great noise, and be exposed to the discipline of his prior. To which explanation I could only reply, 'Is that, then, why they are called *misereres*?' In a popular work upon Manchester by Mr. W. A. Shaw, Fellow of Owens College, I find the following statement, which is even more remarkable than the old verger's:

‘When a worshipper knelt to pray “*miserere nos*,” &c., this carving projected sufficiently to form some support for his head ; but we may doubt the effect on his mind if he said prayers with his eyes open.’ I do not know in what branch of learning Mr. Shaw is a master ; it can hardly be Latin or archæology ; but the picture his imagination draws of the clergy saying the Divine Office with their backs turned outwards is as grotesque as anything in any *miserere* I have ever seen. I do not profess to speak with authority ; but I can imagine that the *miserere* would form a very grateful rest for the clerical back tired with standing (say) through Mattins and Lauds. A certain lay back that I know would welcome a *miserere* during the modern anthem. As to the significance of the carvings I await with impatience the article that Mr. D. S. MacColl has promised to give us in the pages of CORNHILL. There lies before me, as I write, a criticism in a local guide-book without date, which describes the carvings as ‘in odious taste, and calculated to excite no ordinary degree of astonishment in the mind of a beholder.’ I suppose one might date the guide-book from that criticism.

An old and popular etymology of the name Manchester makes it the camp or city of *men*, and a Manchester ‘man’ remains to this day a title cherished by the inhabitants. They regard themselves, and not without some warrant, as ‘men’ *par excellence*. Perhaps this is the reason why the city has not furnished many distinguished names to more specific classes, such as poets, and why the great novelist of Manchester is a woman. Need I explain that I refer to the great name of Mrs. Gaskell ? Certainly what strikes a stranger who looks through a list of the Manchester worthies is a certain strenuousness which made them act their part, whatever it was, with vigour and determination, and a stalwart indifference to outside opinions and practice. There is a book well worth turning over, called ‘Random Recollections of some noted Divines and Worthies of the “Old Church” at Manchester,’ written by Mr. Huntington, the present vicar of Tenby, who in early days was attached to the Cathedral. They were none of them persons to set the Irwell on fire, even in its present highly charged condition ; but were one and all famous for their sterling humanity. There was, for example, a Canon Johnson, who attributed the decay of orthodoxy to the new fashion of drinking claret instead of port ; there was a doctor of divinity who told his clerical pupils that preaching was good

exercise and provocative of appetite, and that it was advisable, therefore, to take a meal after and not before the sermon; and above all there was Canon Wray. Perhaps a short extract about this sturdy ecclesiastic may be forgiven me.

He never walked to church (says Mr. Huntington), but always drove thither in his roomy carriage and pair, with footmen in dark blue liveries. In the Chapter-house he bowed to the Dean, and addressed him as 'sir,' extending his full hand to the canons, and two fingers to the non-capitular members; when a curate approached him, he had to be content with one finger. An Irish curate, thinking this the proper English etiquette, thrust out his forefinger in return, with the effect that it looked just as if they were trying to poke each other in the ribs. The old canon did not take it as a joke at all, and wondered what other people were tittering at. He had a great notion of the differences of rank and position, and he used to say that in his early days it took three things to make a Manchester gentleman: (1) to belong to the 'Pitt Club;' (2) to have a pew in the gallery of the Old Church;¹ (3) to take in the 'Times' newspaper. In his way he was given to hospitality. His dinners and his wine were excellent, and three liveried servants used to wait at table. Once a year he invited the neighbouring curates to dinner in turn, and gave them everything of the best. On these occasions he made them a speech, and exhorted them to be thankful for present mercies, and reminded them that although they must not all expect prizes in the Church, they need not remain curates all the days of their lives, for that even the Archbishop of Canterbury was once a curate. . . . One day Canon Wray religiously kept up, and that was the fifth of November. I heard the old gentleman announce it thus: 'Wednesday next, being the Popish Conspiracy, is appointed by the Church to be kept holy.' Like many clergymen of those days, he used to preach his sermons over and over again, on the principle, I suppose, that you cannot have too much of a good thing. I looked over his shoulder one day as he was endorsing his sermon. He had got quite to the bottom of the page; the first date was 1803, the last 1863.

Before leaving the cathedral I should like to quote a poem, one of the very few I have ever seen inspired by this most poetical city. It was the last thing written by the late Richard Watson Dixon, the friend of William Morris and Burne-Jones: a true poet, but best known as the author of the 'History of the Church during the Reformation.' It was found on his desk after his death, and lacks his final corrections. I quote it from the 'Newcastle Diocesan Gazette:'

MANCHESTER.

A stranger I a visit paid
To the Cathedral broad and black
That stands in traffic's busiest track
In Manchester's chief seat of trade.
Not sequestered in a close
But midst a plot of graves it rose;

¹ The Old Church was the local name of the Cathedral before the creation of the See of Manchester.

On which who seeks to enter it
 Must set perforce reluctant feet.
 'Twas from the street held separate
 By high iron rails and high iron gate.
 Cab and tram and omnibus
 To and from the terminus
 Of a great railway, full in sight,
 Hurried both ways, left and right.
 And the river black as ink
 Was gurgling, like plug-emptied sink,
 Underneath an iron bridge ;
 Wallowing o'er some hidden ridge.
 Inside the church, to week-day prayers
 Were gathered some few worshippers
 Thro' the wide nave : the choir half seen
 Were lifting o'er the chancel screen
 Their solemn matin Psalmody ;
 The boys their voices pitching high
 Above the burden of the men.
 When, lo, amid their skilful strain
 A little girl too young to read,
 A small commanding form indeed,
 Standing beside the woman large,
 Whose eye rebuked her restless charge,
 Lifted her voice, as sweet as young,
 'Mid the boys' voices as they sung ;
 From note to note the chant pursued,
 And every interval made good.
 With strange delight that voice I heard,
 Untaught, unerring as a bird.
 Wordless, without a thought of praise,
 Yet mixed with worship's holiest lays.

The names that Manchester affords in pure literature, besides that of the authoress of ' Mary Barton ' already referred to, are those of Thomas de Quincey and John Byrom. De Quincey was the child, not of commercial Manchester but of the Manchester of my early dreams. Those who know the ' *Suspiria de profundis* ' will know what I mean. Among the many literary men to whom the biographical skill of Mr. Leslie Stephen has done justice, I do not know of any one who so much needed that justice as De Quincey. Byrom's name is probably not familiar to this generation, and I am on my guard against the printers' confusing it with Byron, which would be pardonable, as the Byrons were at one time connected with the old feudal lords of Manchester. Byrom's poetry, however, had nothing except extreme fluency in common with the noble lord's. His great delight was to turn the periods of his lifelong friend William Law into rhymed couplets, a

process in which they were not improved; and he was capable of such pointless doggerel as the piece beginning:

It is worth the repeating again and again,
Is the Prayer for all Sorts and Conditions of Men.

But he was also capable of writing epigrams which for point are among the best in English. Every one knows his Jacobite verses on the King and Pretender:

God bless the King, God bless our faith's defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, and who is King,
God bless us all! that's quite another thing.

Almost as good are the lines on Handel and Bononcini. He also wrote one good hymn which the hymn books have spoiled, and one rather poor one which the hymn books have made presentable.

I have made some slight attempt to turn over the histories of Manchester, during my stay, but in truth there is very little history to record until the present century. The few facts that are worth telling about the early period are told by Professor Saintsbury in his sketch, published in 1887. Of Whitaker's 'History' the most fascinating part is the index. As a Manchester 'man' Dr. Whitaker naturally found nothing human alien to his history of Manchester. A few entries will show the wide range of his interest.

Brecches.—The Celtic shown to have been so called from the divisions of the colours upon them, 267. And the precise form of them originally, *ibid*.

Cabbage.—One of our native plants, 272.

Cats.—The Welsh appear to have been very fond of their cats formerly, 351.

Hume, Mr.—His mistakes in our history (twenty-two references).

Johnson, Dr. Samuel.—The great position concerning the English language in the preface to his dictionary, shown to be grossly unjust, 235-327. Many etymological mistakes pointed out in the dictionary itself, 241-327. And an apology made for both, and justice done to his real character, 326.

Lancelot.—A hero in the romance of Arthur. Who he was in all probability, 51.

Liturgy.—The preferableness of one to extemporaneous prayers in public worship, 467.

Odin.—A German god. Which of the classical divinities he was, 359.

Pendragon.—One created immediately before the Roman departure, 9. The contest for the office, *ibid*.

Pope.—The origin of the exorbitant papacy to be found in the spirit of the old Romans inherited by their descendants, 475.

Scalping.—Not uncommon as a judicial punishment among the Saxons of England, 132.

Socrates.—The best man that heathenism produced, 357. His vigorous mind almost lighted up the darkness of heathenism, *ibid*. And yet he was a rank idolater, and a gross polytheist, *ibid*.

Tumbrel.—See cucking-stool.

COUNT HANNIBAL.¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

THE movements of the women had overturned two of the candles; a third had guttered out. The three that still burned, contending pallidly with the daylight which each moment grew stronger, imparted to the scene the air of a debauch too long sustained. The disordered board, the wan faces of the servants cowering in their corner, Mademoiselle's frozen look of misery, all increased the likeness; which a common exhaustion so far strengthened that when Tavannes turned from the window, and, flushed with his triumph, met the others' eyes, his seemed the only vigour, and he the only man in the company. True, beneath the exhaustion, beneath the collapse of his victims, there burned passions, hatreds, repulsions, as fierce as the hidden fires of the volcano; but for the time they smouldered ash-choked and inert.

He flung the discharged pistols on the table. 'If yonder raven speak truth,' he said, 'I am like to pay dearly for my wife, and have short time to enjoy her. The more need, Mademoiselle, for speed, therefore. You know the old saying, "Short signing, long seisin"? Shall it be my priest, or your minister?'

M. de Tignonville started forward. 'She promised nothing!' he cried. And he struck his hand on the table.

Count Hannibal smiled, his lip curling. 'That is for Mademoiselle to say,' he replied.

'But if she says it? If she says it, Monsieur? What then?'

Tavannes drew out a comfit-box, such as it was the fashion of the day to carry, as men of a later time carried a snuff-box. He slowly chose a prune. 'If she says it?' he answered. 'Then

¹ Copyright, 1901, by Stanley J. Weyman, in the United States of America.

M. de Tignonville has regained his mistress. And M. de Tavannes has lost his bride.'

'You say so?'

'Yes. But——'

'But what?'

'But she will not say it.'

'Why not?'

'Why not?'

'Yes, Monsieur, why not?' the younger man cried trembling.

'Because, M. de Tignonville, it is not true.'

'But she did not speak!' Tignonville retorted, with passion—the futile passion of the bird which beats its wings against a cage. 'She did not speak. She could not promise, therefore.'

Tavannes ate the prune slowly, seemed to give a little thought to its flavour, approved it a true Agen plum, and at last spoke. 'It is not for you to say whether she promised,' he returned dryly, 'nor for me. It is for Mademoiselle.'

'You leave it to her?'

'I leave it to her to say whether she promised.'

'Then she must say No!' Tignonville cried in a tone of triumph and relief, 'for she never spoke. Mademoiselle, listen!' he continued, turning with outstretched hands and appealing to her with passion. 'Do you hear? Do you understand? You have but to speak to be free! You have but to say the word, and Monsieur lets you go! In God's name, speak! Speak then, Clotilde! Oh!' with a gesture of despair, as she did not answer, but continued to sit stony and hopeless, looking straight before her, her hands picking convulsively at the fringe of her girdle. 'She does not understand! Fright has stunned her! Be merciful, Monsieur. Give her time to recover, to know what she does. Fright has turned her brain.'

Count Hannibal smiled. 'I knew her father and her uncle,' he said, 'and in their time the Vrillacs were not wont to be cowards. Monsieur forgets, too,' he continued with fine irony, 'that he speaks of my betrothed.'

'It is a lie!'

Tavannes raised his eyebrows. 'You are in my power,' he said. 'For the rest, if it be a lie, Mademoiselle has but to say so.'

'You hear him?' Tignonville cried. 'Then speak, Mademoiselle! Clotilde, speak! Say you never spoke, you never promised him!'

The young man's voice quivered with indignation, with rage, with pain; but most, if the truth be told, with shame—the shame of a position strange and unparalleled. For in proportion as the fear of death instant and violent was lifted from him, reflection awoke, and the situation in which he stood took uglier shape. It was not so much love that cried to her, love that suffered, anguished by the prospect of love lost; as in the highest natures it might have been. Rather it was the man's pride which suffered; the pride of a high spirit which found itself helpless between the hammer and the anvil, in a position so false that hereafter men might say of the unfortunate that he had bartered his mistress for his life. He had not! But he had perforce to stand by; he had to be passive under stress of circumstances, and by the sacrifice, if she consummated it, he would in fact be saved.

There was the pinch. No wonder that he cried to her in a voice which roused even the servants from their lethargy of fear. 'Say it!' he cried. 'Say it, before it be too late. Say you did not promise!'

Slowly she turned her face to him. 'I cannot,' she whispered; 'I cannot. Go,' she continued, a spasm distorting her features. 'Go, Monsieur. Leave me. It is over.'

'What?' he exclaimed. 'You promised him?'

'I—promised him.'

'Then,' the young man cried, in a transport of resentment, 'I will be no part of the price. See! There! And there!' He tore the white sleeve wholly from his arm, and, rending it in twain, flung it on the floor and trampled on it. 'It shall never be said that I stood by and let you buy my life! I go into the street and I take my chance.' And he turned to the door.

But Tavannes was before him. 'No!' he said; 'you will stay here, M. de Tignonville!' And he set his back against the door.

The young man looked at him, his face convulsed with passion. 'I shall stay here?' he cried. 'And why, Monsieur? What is it to you if I choose to perish?'

'Only this,' Tavannes retorted. 'I am answerable to Mademoiselle now, in an hour I shall be answerable to my wife—for your life. Live, then, Monsieur; you have no choice. In a month you will thank me—and her.'

'I am your prisoner?'

'Precisely.'

‘And I must stay here—to be tortured?’ Tignonville cried.

Count Hannibal’s eyes sparkled. Sudden stormy changes, from indifference to ferocity, from irony to invective, were characteristic of the man. ‘Tortured!’ he repeated grimly. ‘You talk of torture while Piles and Pardaillan, Teligny and Rochefoucauld lie dead in the street! While your cause sinks withered in a night, like a gourd! While your servants fall butchered, and France rises round you in a tide of blood! Bah!’—with a gesture of disdain—‘you make me also talk, and I have no love for talk, and small time. Mademoiselle, you at least act and do not talk. By your leave I return in an hour, and I bring with me—shall it be my priest, or your minister?’

She looked at him with the face of one who awakes slowly to the full horror, the instant dread, of her position. But she did not answer.

He nodded. ‘As I please?’ he said lightly. ‘Very well.’ And walking to the shattered, gaping casement—through which the cool morning air blew into the room and gently stirred the hair of the unhappy girl—he said some words to the man on guard outside. Then he turned to the door, but on the threshold he paused, looked with a strange expression at the pair, and signed to Carlat and the servants to go out before him.

‘Up, and lie close above!’ he growled. ‘Open a window or look out, and you will pay dearly for it! Do you hear? Up! Up! You, too, old crop-ears. What! would you?’—with a sudden glare as Carlat hesitated—‘that is better! Mademoiselle, until my return.’

He saw them all out, followed them, and closed the door on the two; who, left together, alone with the gaping window and the disordered feast, maintained a strange silence. The girl, gripping one hand in the other as if to quell her rising horror, sat looking before her, and seemed barely to breathe. The man, leaning against the wall at a little distance, bent his eyes not on her, but on the floor, his face gloomy and distorted.

His first thought should have been of her and for her; his first impulse to console, if he could not save her. His it should have been to soften, if it were possible, the fate before her; to prove to her by words of farewell, the purest and most sacred, that the sacrifice she was making, not to save her own life but the lives of others, was appreciated by him who paid with her the price.

And all these things, and more, may have been in M. de Tignonville's mind; they may even have been uppermost in it, but they found no expression. The man remained sunk in a sombre reverie. He had the appearance of thinking of himself, not of her; of his own position, not of hers. Otherwise he must have looked at her, he must have turned to her; he must have owned the subtle attraction of her unspoken appeal when she drew a deep breath and slowly turned her eyes on him, mute, asking, waiting what he should offer.

Surely he should have! Yet it was long before he responded. He sat buried in thought of himself, and his position, the vile, the unworthy position in which her act had placed him. At length the constraint of her gaze wrought on him, or his thoughts became unbearable, and he looked up and met her eyes, and with an oath he sprang to his feet.

'It shall not be!' he cried, in a tone low, but full of fury. 'You shall not do it! I will kill him first! I will kill him with this hand! Or——' a step took him to the window, a step brought him back—ay, and brought him back exultant, and with a changed face. 'Or better, we will thwart him yet. See, Mademoiselle, do you see? Heaven is merciful! For a moment the cage is open!' His eyes shone with excitement, the sweat of sudden hope stood on his brow as he pointed to the unguarded casement. 'Come! it is our one chance!' And he caught her by her arm, and strove to draw her to the window.

But she hung back, staring at him. 'Oh, no, no!' she cried.

'Yes, yes! I say!' he responded. 'You do not understand. The way is open! We can escape, Clotilde, we can escape!'

'I cannot! I cannot!' she wailed, still resisting him.

'You are afraid?'

'Afraid?' she repeated the word in a tone of wonder. 'No, but I cannot. I promised him. I cannot. And, O God!' she continued, in a sudden outburst of grief, as the sense of general loss, of the great common tragedy broke on her and whelmed for the moment her private misery. 'Why should we think of ourselves? They are dead, they are dying, who were ours, whom we loved! Why should we think to live? What does it matter how it fares with us? We cannot be happy. Happy?' she continued wildly. 'Are any happy now? Or is the world all changed in a night? No, we could not be happy. And at least you will live, Tignonville. I have that to console me.'

‘Live!’ he responded vehemently. ‘I live? I would rather die a thousand times. A thousand times rather than live shamed! Than see you sacrificed to that devil! Than go out with a brand on my brow, for every man to point at me! I would rather die a thousand times!’

‘And do you think that I would not?’ she answered, shivering. ‘Better, far better die than—than live with him!’

‘Then why not die?’

She stared at him, wide-eyed, and a sudden stillness possessed her. ‘How?’ she whispered. ‘What do you mean?’

‘That!’ he said. As he spoke, he raised his hand and signed to her to listen. A sullen murmur, distant as yet, but borne to the ear on the fresh morning air, foretold the rising of another storm. The sound grew in intensity, even while she listened; and yet for a moment she misunderstood him. ‘O God!’ she cried, out of the agony of nerves overwrought, ‘will that bell never stop? Will it never stop? Will no one stop it?’

‘’Tis not the bell!’ he cried, seizing her hand as if to focus her attention. ‘It is the mob you hear. They are returning. We have but to stand a moment at this open window, we have but to show ourselves to them, and we need live no longer! Mademoiselle! Clotilde!—if you mean what you say, if you are in earnest, the way is open!’

‘And we shall die—together!’

‘Yes, together. But have you the courage?’

‘The courage?’ she cried, a brave smile lighting the whiteness of her face. ‘The courage were needed to live. The courage were needed to do that. I am ready, quite ready. It can be no sin! To live with that in front of me were the sin! Come!’ For the moment she had forgotten her people, her promise, all! It seemed to her that death would absolve her from all. ‘Come!’

He moved with her under the impulsion of her hand until they stood at the gaping window. The murmur, which he had heard indistinctly a moment before, had grown to a roar of voices. The mob, on its return eastward along the Rue St. Honoré, was nearing the house. He stood, his arm supporting her, and they waited, a little within the window. Suddenly he stooped, his face hardly less white than hers; their eyes met, and he would have kissed her.

She did not withdraw from his arm, but she drew back her face, her eyes half shut. 'No!' she murmured. 'No! While I live I am his. But we die together, Tignonville! We die together. It will not last long, will it? And afterwards——'

She did not finish the sentence, but her lips moved in prayer, and over her features came a far-away look; such a look as that which on the face of another Huguenot lady, Philippine de Luns—vilely done to death in the Place Maubert fourteen years before—silenced the ribald jests of the lowest rabble in the world. An hour or two earlier, awed by the abruptness of the outburst, Mademoiselle had shrunk from her fate; she had known fear. Now that she stood out voluntarily to meet it, she, like many a woman before and since, feared no longer. She was lifted out of and above herself.

But death was long in coming. Some cause beyond their knowledge stayed the onrush of the mob along the street. The din, indeed, persisted, deafened, shook them; but the crowd seemed to be at a stand a few doors down the Rue St. Honoré. For a half-minute, a long half-minute, which appeared an age, it drew no nearer. Would it draw nearer? Would it come on? Or would it turn again?

The doubt, so much worse than despair, began to sap that courage of the man which is always better fitted to do than to suffer. The sweat rose on Tignonville's brow as he stood listening, his arm round the girl—as he stood listening and waiting. It is possible that when he had said a minute or two earlier that he would rather die a thousand times than live thus shamed, he had spoken a little beyond the mark. Or it is possible that he had meant his words to the full. But in this case we may take it that he had not pictured what was to come—that he had not gauged correctly his power of passive endurance. He was as brave as the ordinary man, as the ordinary soldier; but martyrdom, the apotheosis of resignation, comes more naturally to women than to men, more hardly to men than to women. Yet had the crisis come quickly he would have met it. But he had to wait, and to wait with that howling of wild beasts in his ears; and for this he was not prepared. A woman might be content to die after this fashion; but a man? His colour went and came, his eyes began to rove hither and thither. Was it too late even now to escape? Too late to avoid the consequences of the girl's silly persistence? Too late to——? Her eyes were closed, she

hung half lifeless on his arm. She would not know, she need not know till afterwards. And afterwards she would thank him! Afterwards—meantime the window was open, the street was empty, and still the crowd hung back and did not come on.

And he remembered that two doors away was a narrow passage, which leaving the Rue St. Honoré turned at right angles under a beetling archway, to emerge in the Rue du Roule. If he could gain that unseen by the mob! But he would gain it. With a swift movement, his mind made up, he took a forward step. As he did so he tightened his grasp of the girl's waist, and, seizing with his left hand the end of the bar which the assailants had torn from its setting in the window jamb, he turned to lower himself. One long step would land him in the street.

At that moment she awoke from the stupor of exaltation. She opened her eyes with a startled movement, and her eyes met his.

He was in act to step backwards and downwards, dragging her after him. But it was not this betrayed him. It was his face, which in an instant told her all; and that he sought not death, but life! With a moan she struggled upright and strove to free herself. He, however, had the purchase of the bar, and by this time he was furious and determined. Whether she would or no, he would save her, he would drag her out. But then, as consciousness fully returned, she, too, took fire. 'No! No!' she cried, 'I will not! I will not!' and she struggled more violently.

'You shall!' he retorted between his teeth. 'You shall not perish here.'

But she had her hands free, and even as he spoke she thrust him from her passionately, desperately, with all her strength. He had his one foot in the air at the moment, and in a flash it was done. With a cry of rage he lost his balance, and, still holding the bar, tumbled backwards through the window; while Mademoiselle, panting and half fainting, recoiled—recoiled into the arms of Hannibal de Tavannes, who, unseen by either, had entered the room a long minute before. From the threshold, and with a smile, all his own, he had watched the contest and the result,

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO HENS AND AN EGG.

M. DE TIGNONVILLE was shaken by the fall, and in the usual course of things would have lain where he was, and groaned. But when a man has once turned his back on death he is apt to fancy it at his shoulder. He has small stomach for surprises, and is in haste to set as great a distance as possible between the ugly thing and himself. It was so with the Huguenot. Shot suddenly into the full publicity of the street, he knew that at any instant danger might take him by the nape; and he was on his legs and glancing up and down before the clatter of his fall had travelled the length of three houses.

The rabble were still a hundred paces away, piled up and pressed about a house where men were being hunted as men hunt rats. He saw that he was unnoted, and quickly apprehension gave place to rage. His thoughts turned back hissing hot to the thing that had happened, and in a paroxysm of shame he shook his fist at the gaping casement and the sneering face of his rival, dimly seen in the background. If a look would have killed Tavannes—and her—it had not been wanting.

For it was not only the man M. de Tignonville hated at this moment; he hated Mademoiselle also, the unwitting agent of the other's triumph. She had thrust him from her; she had refused to be guided by him; she had resisted, thwarted, shamed him. Then let her take the consequences of her choice. She willed to perish: let her perish!

He did not acknowledge even to himself the real forefront of her offence, the proof to which she had put his courage, and the failure of that courage to stand the test. Yet it was this, though he had himself provoked the trial, which burned up his chivalry, as the smuggler's fire burns up the dwarf heath upon the Landes. It was the discovery that in an heroic hour he was no hero which gave force to his passionate gesture, and which next moment sent him storming down the beetling passage to the Rue du Roule, his heart a maelstrom of fierce vows and fiercer menaces.

He had reached the further end of the alley and was on the point of entering the street before he remembered that he had nowhere to go. His lodgings were no longer his, since his

landlord knew him to be a Huguenot, and would doubtless betray him. The same reason forbade him to approach those of his faith whom he had frequented ; and, beyond the religion, he had few acquaintances and those of the newest. Yet the streets were impossible. He walked them on the utmost edge of peril ; he lurked in them under the blade of an impending axe. And, whether he walked or lurked, he went equally at the mercy of the first comers bold enough to take his life.

The sweat stood on his brow as he stood hesitating under the low arch of the alley-end, tasting the bitter forlornness of the dog banned and set for death in that sunlit city. In every window of the gable end which faced his hiding-place he fancied an eye watching his movements ; in every distant step he heard the footfall of doom coming that way to his discovery. And while he trembled, he had to reflect, to think, to form some plan.

In the town was no place for him, and short of the open country no safety. And how could he gain the open country ? If he succeeded in reaching one of the gates—St. Antoine, or St. Denis, in itself a task of difficulty—it would only be to find the gate closed, and the guard on the alert. At last it flashed on him that he might cross the river ; and at the notion his eye kindled. It was possible that the massacre had not extended to the southern suburb ; possible even, that if it had, the Huguenots who lay there—Frontenay, and Montgomery, and Chartres, with the men of the North—might be strong enough to check it, and even to turn the tables on the Parisians.

His colour returned. He was no coward, as soldiers go ; and if it came to fighting he had courage enough. He could not hope to cross the river by the bridge, for there, where the goldsmiths lived, the mob were like to be most busy. But if he could reach the bank he might procure a boat at some deserted point, or, at the worst, he might cross by swimming.

From the Louvre at his back came the sound of shots ; from every quarter the murmur of distant crowds, or the faint lamentable cries of victims. But the empty street before him promised an easy passage, and he ventured into it and passed quickly through it. He met no one, and no one interfered with him ; but as he went he had glimpses of pale faces that from behind the casements watched him come and turned to watch him go ; and so heavy on his nerves was the pressure of this silent ominous attention, that he blundered at the end of the street. He should have taken

the southerly turning; instead he kept straight on, found himself in the Rue Ferronnerie, and a moment later was all but in the arms of a band of city guards, who were making a house-to-house visitation.

He owed his safety rather to the condition of the street than to his presence of mind. The Rue Ferronnerie, narrow in itself, was so choked at this date by stalls and bulkheads, that an edict directing the removal of those which abutted on the cemetery wall had been issued a little before. Nothing had been done on it, however, and this neck of Paris, this main thoroughfare between the east and the west, between the fashionable quarter of the Marais and the fashionable quarter of the Louvre, was still a devious huddle of sheds and pent-houses. Tignonville slid behind one of these, found that it masked the mouth of an alley, and, heedless whither the passage led, ran hurriedly along it. Every instant he expected to hear the hue and cry behind him, and he did not halt or draw breath until he had left the soldiers far in the rear, and found himself astray at the junction of four noisome lanes, over two of which the projecting gables fairly met. Above the two others a scrap of sky appeared, but it was too small to indicate in which direction the river lay.

Tignonville hesitated, and even while he looked this way and that, a burst of voices heralded a new danger, and he shrank into a doorway. Along one of the lanes a troop of children, the biggest not twelve years old, came dancing and leaping round something which they dragged by a string. Now one of the hindmost would hurl it onward with a kick, now another, amid screams of childish laughter, tripped headlong over the cord; now at the crossways they stopped to wrangle and question which way they should go, or whose turn it was to pull and whose to follow. At last they started afresh with a whoop, the leader singing and all plucking the string to the cadence of the air. Their plaything leapt and dropped, sprang forward, and lingered like a thing of life. But it was no thing of life, as Tignonville saw with a shudder when they passed him. The object of their sport was the naked body of a child, an infant!

His gorge rose at the sight. Fear such as he had not before experienced chilled his marrow. This was hate indeed, a hate before which the strong man quailed; the hate of which Mademoiselle had spoken when she said that the babes crossed themselves at her passing, and the houses tottered to fall upon her!

He paused a minute to recover himself, so deeply had the sight moved him; and as he stood, he wondered if that hate already had its cold eye fixed on him. Instinctively his gaze scrutinised the opposite wall, but save for two small double-grated windows it was blind; time-stained and stone-built, dark with the ordure of the city lane, it seemed but the back of a house, which looked another way. The nearer gates of an arched doorway were open, and a loaded hay-cart, touching either side and brushing the arch above, blocked the passage. His gaze, leaving the windows, dropped to this, he scanned it a moment; and on a sudden he stiffened. Between the hay and the arch a hand flickered an instant, then vanished.

Tignonville stared. At first he thought his eyes had tricked him. Then the hand appeared again, and this time it conveyed an unmistakable invitation. It is not from the unknown or the hidden that the fugitive has aught to fear, and Tignonville, after casting a glance down the lane—which revealed a single man standing with his face the other way—slipped across and pushed between the hay and the wall. He coughed.

A voice whispered to him to climb up; a friendly hand clutched him in the act, and aided him. In a second he was lying on his face, hardly squeezed between the hay and the roof of the arch. Alongside him lay a man whose features his eyes, unaccustomed to the gloom, could not discern. But the man knew him and whispered his name.

‘You know me?’ Tignonville muttered in astonishment.

‘I marked you, M. de Tignonville, at the preaching last Sunday,’ the other answered placidly.

‘You were there?’

‘I preached.’

‘Then you are M. la Tribe!’ Tignonville muttered.

‘I am,’ the clergyman answered quietly. ‘They seized me on my threshold, but I left my cloak in their hands and fled. One tore my stocking with his point, another my doublet, but not a hair of my head was injured. They hunted me to the end of the next street, but I lived and still live, and shall live to lift up my voice against this wicked city.’

The sympathy between the Huguenot by faith and the Huguenot by politics was imperfect. Tignonville, like most men of rank of the younger generation, was a Huguenot by politics; and he was in a bitter humour. He felt, perhaps, that it was

men such as this who had driven the other side to extremities and excesses such as these; and he hardly repressed a sneer. 'I wish I felt as sure!' he muttered bluntly. 'You know that all our people are dead?'

'He can save by few or by many,' the preacher answered devoutly. 'We are of the few, blessed be God, and shall see Israel victorious, and our people as a flock of sheep!'

'I see small chance of it,' Tignonville answered contemptuously.

'I know it as certainly as I knew before you came, M. de Tignonville, that you would come!'

'That I should come?'

'That some one would come,' La Tribe answered, correcting himself. 'I knew not who it would be until you appeared and placed yourself in the doorway over against me, even as Obadiah in the Holy Book passed before the hiding-place of Elijah.'

The two lay on their faces side by side, the rafters of the archway low on their heads. Tignonville lifted himself a little, and peered afresh at the other. He fancied that La Tribe's mind, shaken by the horrors of the morning and his narrow escape, had given way. 'You rave, man,' he said. 'And this is no time for visions.'

'I said naught of visions,' the other answered quietly.

'Then why so sure that we shall escape?'

'I am certified of it,' La Tribe answered. 'And more than that, I know that we shall lie here some days. The time has not been revealed to me, but it will be days and a day. Then we shall leave this place unharmed, as we entered it, and, whatever betide others, we shall live.'

Tignonville shrugged his shoulders. 'I tell you, you rave, M. la Tribe,' he said petulantly. 'At any moment we may be discovered. Even now I hear footsteps.'

'They tracked me nearly to this place,' the minister answered placidly.

'The deuce they did!' Tignonville muttered, with irritation. He dared not raise his voice. 'I would you had told me that before I joined you, Monsieur, and I had found some safer hiding-place! When we are discovered——'

'Then,' the other continued calmly, 'you will see.'

'In any case we shall be better farther back,' Tignonville retorted. 'Here, we are within an ace of being seen from the lane.' And he began to wriggle himself backwards.

The minister laid a hasty hand on him. 'Have a care!' he muttered. 'And do not move, but listen. And you will understand. When I reached this place—it would be about five o'clock this morning—breathless, and expecting each minute to be dragged forth to make my confession before men, I despaired as you despair now. Like Elijah under the juniper tree, I said "It is enough, O Lord! Take my soul also, for I am no better than my fellows!" All the sky was black before my eyes, and my ears were filled with the wailings of the little ones and the lamentations of women. "O Lord, it is enough," I prayed. "Take my soul, or, if it be Thy will, then, as the angel was sent to take the cakes to Elijah, give me also a sign that I shall live."'

For a moment he paused, struggling with overpowering emotion. Even his impatient listener, hitherto incredulous, caught the infection, and in a tone of awe murmured, 'Yes? And then, M. la Tribe!'

'The sign was given me. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when a hen flew up, and, scratching a nest in the hay at my feet, presently laid an egg.'

Tignonville stared. 'It was timely, I admit,' he said. 'But it is no uncommon thing. Probably it has its nest here and lays daily.'

'Young man, this is new-mown hay,' the minister answered solemnly. 'This cart was brought here no further back than yesterday. It smells of the meadow, and the flowers hold their colour. No, the fowl was sent. To-morrow it will return, and the next, and the next, until the plague be stayed and I go hence. But that is not all. A while later a second hen appeared, and I thought it would lay in the same nest. But it made a new one, on the side on which you lie and not far from your foot. Then I knew that I was to have a companion, and that God had laid also for him a table in the wilderness.'

'It did lay, then?'

'It is still on the nest, beside your foot.'

Tignonville was about to reply when the preacher grasped his arm and by a sign enjoined silence. He did so not a moment too soon. Preoccupied by the story, narrator and listener had paid no heed to what was passing in the lane, and the voices of men speaking close at hand took them by surprise. From the first words which reached them, it was clear that the speakers were the same who had chased La Tribe as far as the meeting of the four ways, and, losing him there, had spent the morning in

other business. Now they had returned to hunt him down, and but for a wrangle which arose among them and detained them, they had stolen on their quarry before their coming was suspected.

'Twas this way he ran!' 'No, 'twas the other!' they contended; and their words, winged with vile threats and oaths, grew noisy and hot. The two listeners dared scarcely to breathe. The danger was so near, it was so certain that if the men came three paces farther, they would observe and search the hay-cart, that Tignonville fancied the steel already at his throat. He felt the hay rustle under his slightest movement, and gripped one hand with the other to restrain the tremor of overpowering excitement. Yet when he glanced in wrath at his companion he found him unmoved, a smile on his face. And M. de Tignonville could have cursed him for his folly.

For the men were coming on! An instant, and they perceived the cart, and the ruffian who had advised this route pounced on it in triumph. 'There! Did I not say so?' he cried. 'He is curled up in that hay, for the Satan's grub he is! That is where he is, see you!'

'Maybe,' another answered grudgingly, as they gathered before it. 'And maybe not, Simon!'

'To hell with your maybe not!' the first replied. And he drove his pike deep into the hay and turned it viciously.

The two on the top controlled themselves. Tignonville's face was livid, and of himself he would have slid down amongst them and taken his chance, preferring to die fighting, to die in the open, rather than to perish like a rat in a stack. But La Tribe had gripped his arm and held him fast.

The man whom the others called Simon thrust again, but too low and without result. He was for trying a third time, when one of his comrades who had gone to the other side of the lane announced that the men were on the top of the hay.

'Can you see them?'

'No, but there's room and to spare.'

'Oh, a curse on your room!' Simon retorted.

'Well, you can look.'

'If that's all, I'll soon look!' was the answer. And the wretch, forcing himself between the hay and the side of the gateway, found the wheel of the cart, and began to raise himself on it. Tignonville, who lay on that hand, heard, though he could not see his movements. He knew what they meant, he knew that in a

twinkling he must be discovered; and with a last prayer he gathered himself softly for a spring.

It seemed an age before the intruder's head appeared on a level with the hay; and then the alarm came from another quarter. The hen which had made its nest at Tignonville's feet, disturbed by the movement or by the newcomer's hand, flew out with a rush and flutter as of a great firework. Upsetting the startled Simon, who slipped swearing to the ground, it swooped scolding and clucking over the heads of the other men, and reaching the street in safety scuttled off at speed, its outspread wings sweeping the earth in its rage.

They laughed uproariously as Simon emerged, rubbing his elbow. 'There's for you! There's your preacher!' his former opponent jeered. And 'D——n her! she gives tongue as fast as any of them!' a second gibed. 'Will you try again, Simon? You may find another love-letter there!'

'Have done!' a third cried impatiently. 'He'll not be where the hen is! Let's back! Let's back! I said before that it wasn't this way he turned! He's made for the river.'

'The plague in his vitals!' Simon answered furiously. 'Wherever he is, I'll find him!' And he lingered, casting vengeful glances at the hay, reluctant to confess himself wrong. But one of the other men cursed him for a fool; and presently, forced to accept his defeat or be left alone, he turned away. Slowly the footsteps and voices receded along the lane; slowly, until silence swallowed them, and on the quivering strained senses of the two who remained behind, descended the gentle influence of twilight and the sweet scent of the new-mown hay on which they lay.

La Tribe turned to his companion, his eyes shining. 'Our soul is escaped,' he murmured, 'even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and we are delivered!' His voice shook as he whispered the ancient words of triumph.

But when they came to look in the nest at Tignonville's feet there was no egg!

CHAPTER IX.

UNSTABLE.

AND that troubled M. la Tribe no little, although he did not impart his thoughts to his companion. Instead they talked in whispers of the things which had happened; of the Admiral, of

Teligny, whom all loved, of Rochefoucauld the accomplished, the King's friend; of the princes in the Louvre whom they gave up for lost, and of the Huguenot nobles on the farther side of the river, of whose safety there seemed some hope. Tignonville—he best knew why—said nothing of the fate of his betrothed, or of his own strange adventures in that connection. But each told the other how the alarm had reached him, and painted in broken words his reluctance to believe in treachery so black. Thence they passed easily to the future of the cause, and of that took views as opposite as light and darkness, as Papegot and Huguenot. The one was confident, the other in despair. And some time in the afternoon, worn out by the awful experiences of the last twelve hours, they fell asleep, their heads on their arms, the hay tickling their faces; and, with death stalking the lane beside them, slept soundly until after sundown.

When they awoke hunger awoke with them, and urged afresh on La Tribe's mind the question of the missing egg. It was not the prick of appetite which troubled him. But regarding the hiding-place in which they lay as an ark of refuge providentially supplied, protected and victualled, he could not refrain from asking reverently what the deficiency meant. It was not as if one hen only had appeared; as if no farther prospect had been extended. But up to a certain point the message had been clear. Then when the Hand of Providence had shown itself most clearly, and in a manner to melt the heart with awe and thankfulness, the message had been blurred. Seriously the Huguenot asked himself what it portended.

To Tignonville, if he thought of it at all, the matter was the matter of an egg, and stopped there. An egg might alleviate the growing pangs of hunger; its non-appearance, therefore, was a disappointment, but he traced the matter no farther. It must be confessed, also, that the hay-cart was to him only a hay-cart—and not an ark; and the sooner he was safely away from it the better he would be pleased. While La Tribe, lying snug and warm beside him, thanked God for a lot so different from that of such of his fellows as had escaped—whom he pictured crouching in dark cellars, or on roof-trees exposed to the heat by day and the dews by night—the young man grew more and more restive.

While hunger pricked him, the meanness of the part he had played moved him to action. About midnight, resisting the dissuasions of his companion, he would have sallied out in search

of food if the passage of a turbulent crowd had not warned him that the work of murder was still proceeding. He curbed himself after that and lay still until daylight. But, ill content with his own conduct, and mad when he thought of his betrothed, he was in no temper to bear hardship cheerfully or long; and gradually there rose before his mind the picture of Madame St. Lo's smiling face, and the fair hair which curled low on the white of her neck.

He would, and he would not. Death that had stalked so near him preached its solemn sermon. But death and pleasure are never far apart; and at no time and nowhere have they jostled one another more familiarly than in that age, wherever the influence of Italy and Italian art and Italian hopelessness extended. Again, on the one side, La Tribe's example went for something with his comrade in misfortune; but in the other scale hung relief from discomfort, with the immediate prospect of a woman's smiles and a woman's flatteries, of dainty dishes, luxury, and passion. If he went now, he went to her from the jaws of death, with the glamour of adventure and peril about him; and the very going into her presence was a lure. And then, if he had been willing before, while his betrothed was still his, why not now when he had lost her?

It was this last reflection—and one other thing which came suddenly into his mind—which turned the scale. About noon he sat up in the hay, and, abruptly and sullenly, 'I'll lie here no longer,' he said; and he dropped his legs over the side. 'I shall go.'

The movement was so unexpected that La Tribe stared at him in silence. Then, 'You will run a great risk, M. de Tignonville,' he said gravely, 'if you do. You may go as far under cover of night as the river, or you may reach one of the gates. But as to crossing the one or passing the other, I reckon it a thing impossible.'

'I shall not wait until night,' Tignonville answered curtly, a ring of defiance in his tone. 'I shall go now! I'll lie here no longer!'

'Now?'

'Yes, now.'

'You will be mad if you do,' the other replied. He thought it the petulant outcry of youth tired of inaction; a protest, and nothing more.

He was speedily undeceived. 'Mad or not, I am going!' Tignonville retorted. And he slid to the ground, and from the

covert of the hanging fringe of hay looked warily up and down the lane. 'It is clear, I think,' he said. 'Good-bye.' And with no more, without one upward glance or a gesture of the hand, with no further adieu or word of gratitude, he walked out into the lane, turned briskly to the left, and vanished.

The minister uttered a sharp cry of astonishment, and made as if he would descend also. 'Come back, sir!' he cried, as loudly as he dared. 'M. de Tignonville, come back! This is folly or worse!'

But M. de Tignonville was gone.

La Tribe waited an instant, unable to believe it, and still expecting his return. At last, hearing nothing, he slid, greatly excited, to the ground and looked out. It was not until he had peered up and down the lane and made sure that it was empty that he could persuade himself that the other had gone for good. Then he climbed slowly and seriously to his place again, and sighed as he settled himself. 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel!' he muttered. 'Now I know why there was only one egg.'

Meanwhile Tignonville, after putting a hundred yards between himself and his bedfellow, plunged into the first dark entry which presented itself. Hurriedly, and with a frowning face, he cut off his left sleeve from shoulder to wrist; and this act, by disclosing his linen, put him in possession of the white sleeve which he had once involuntarily donned, and once discarded. The white cross on the cap he could not assume, for he was bare-headed. But he had little doubt that the sleeve would suffice, and with a bold demeanour he made his way northward until he reached again the Rue Ferronnerie.

Excited groups were wandering up and down the street, and, fearing to traverse its crowded narrows, he went by lanes parallel with it as far as the Rue St. Denis, which he crossed. Everywhere he saw houses gutted and doors burst in, and traces of a cruelty and a fanaticism almost incredible. Near the Rue des Lombards he saw a dead child, stripped stark and hanged on the hook of a cobbler's shutter. A little further on in the same street he stepped over the body of a handsome young woman, distinguished by the length and beauty of her hair. To obtain her bracelets, her captors had cut off her hands; afterwards—but God knows how long afterwards—a passer-by, more pitiful than his fellows, had put her out of her misery with a spit, which still remained plunged in her body.

M. de Tignonville shuddered at the sight, and at others like it. He loathed the symbol he wore, and himself for wearing it; and more than once his better nature bade him return and play the nobler part. Once he did turn with that intention. But he had set his mind on comfort and pleasure, and the value of these things is raised, not lowered, by danger and uncertainty. Quickly his stoicism oozed away, and he turned again. Barely avoiding the rush of a crowd of wretches who were bearing a swooning victim to the river, he hurried through the Rue des Lombards and reached in safety the house beside the 'Golden Maid.'

He had no doubt now on which side of the 'Maid' Madame St. Lo lived; the house was plain before him. He had only to knock. But in proportion as he approached his haven, his anxiety grew. To lose all, with all in his grasp, to fail upon the threshold, was a thing which bore no looking at; and it was with a nervous hand and eyes cast fearfully behind him that he plied the heavy iron knocker which adorned the door.

He could not turn his gaze from a knot of ruffians, who were gathered under one of the tottering gables on the farther side of the street. They seemed to be watching him, and he fancied—though the distance rendered this impossible—that he could see suspicion growing in their eyes. At any moment they might cross the roadway, they might approach, they might challenge him. And at the thought he knocked and knocked again. Why did not the porter come?

Ay, why did he not, for now a score of contingencies came into the young man's mind and tortured him. Had Madame St. Lo withdrawn to safer quarters and closed the house? Or, good Catholic as she was, had she given way to panic, and determined to open to no one? Or was she ill? Or had she perished in the general disorder? Or——.

And then, even as the men began to slink towards him, his heart leapt. He heard a footstep heavy and slow move through the house. It came nearer and nearer. A moment, and a small grated Judas-hole in the door slid open, and a servant, an elderly man, sleek and respectable, looked out at him.

Tignonville could scarcely speak for excitement. 'Madame St. Lo,' he muttered tremulously. 'I come to her from her cousin the Comte de Tavannes. Quick! quick! if you please. Open to me!'

'Monsieur is alone?'

‘Yes! Yes!’

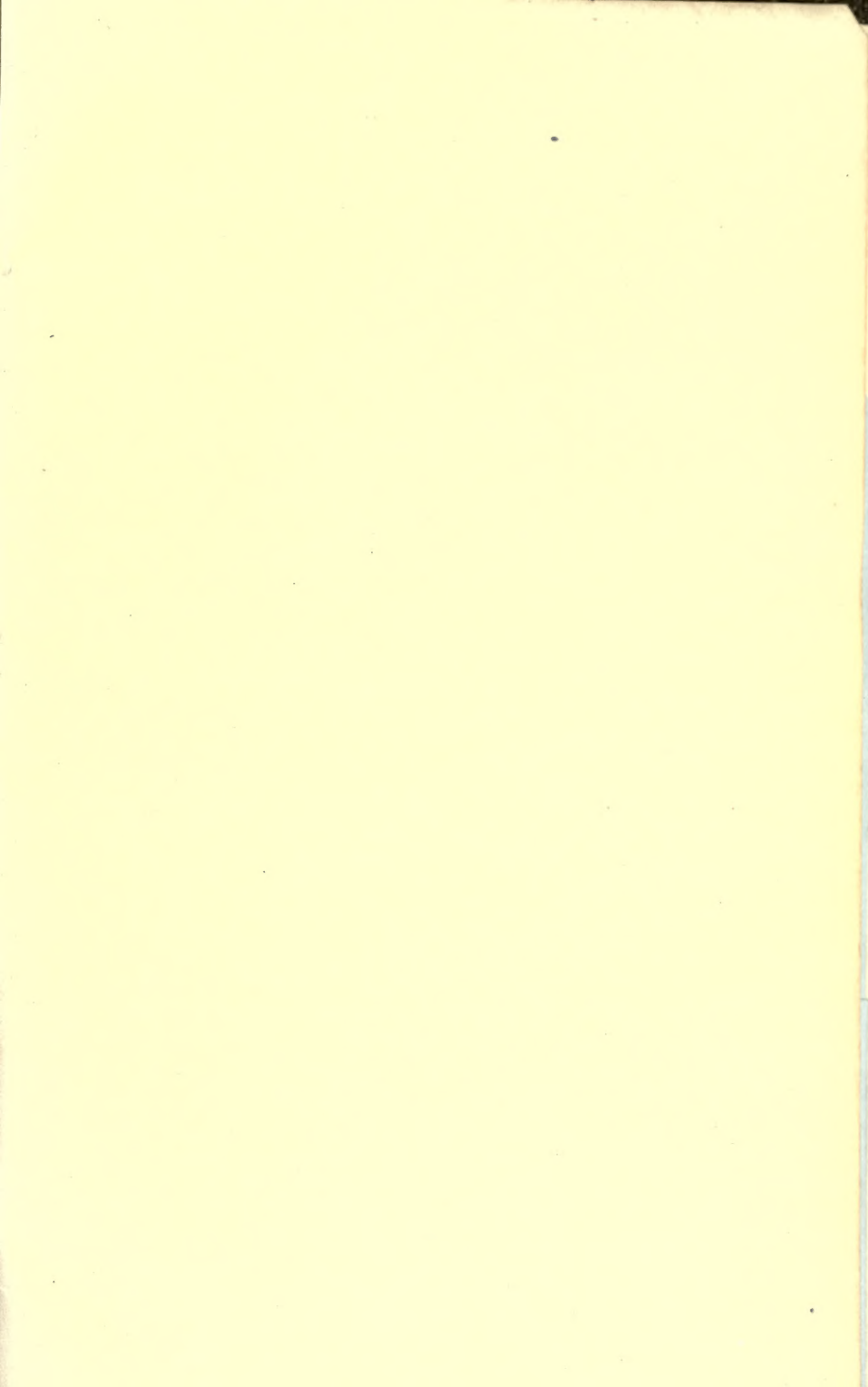
The man nodded gravely and slid back the bolts. He allowed M. de Tignonville to enter, then with care he secured the door, and led the way across a small square court, paved with red tiles and enclosed by the house, but open above to the sunshine and the blue sky. A gallery which ran round the upper floor looked on this court, in which a great quiet reigned, broken only by the music of a fountain. A vine climbed on the wooden pillars which supported the gallery, and, aspiring higher, embraced the wide carved eaves, and even tapestried with green the three gables that on each side of the court broke the sky-line. The grapes hung nearly ripe, and amid their clusters and the green lattice of their foliage Tignonville’s gaze sought eagerly but in vain the laughing eyes and piquant face of his new mistress. For with the closing of the door, and the passing from him of the horrors of the streets, he had entered, as by magic, a new and smiling world; a world of tennis and roses, of tinkling voices and women’s wiles, a world which smacked of Florence and the South, and love and life; a world which his late experiences had set so far away from him, his memory of it seemed a dream. Now, as he drank in its stillness and its fragrance, as he felt its safety and its luxury lap him round once more, he sighed. And with that breath he rid himself of much.

The servant led him to a parlour, a cool shady room on the farther side of the tiny quadrangle, and, muttering something inaudible, withdrew. A moment later a frolicsome laugh, and the light flutter of a woman’s skirt as she tripped across the court, brought the blood to his cheeks. He went a step nearer to the door, and his eyes grew bright.

(To be continued.)







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